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MY LIFE IN BASUTOLAND

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My Life in Basutoland

EUGENE CASALIS

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A STORY OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY

EUGENE CASALIS,
Of the Paris Missionary Society.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

J. BRIERLEY, B.A.

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1889.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THIS book has been placed upon the list of the Religious Tract Society because it describes in very graphic and picturesque style the planting of Christian Missions among the Basutos in the early part of this century.

M. Casalis has not attempted to write a connected history of the mission; he has only put together his recollections of the men and deeds of fifty years since, under the general title of *Mes Souvenirs.*

In a fascinating manner he sketches for us his early life in France, his spiritual education and development, and his pioneer work in South Africa. His experiences in the latter country have all the freshness of an original explorer, and they refer to a time when Moffat and Livingstone were yet unknown to fame.

The book has been very popular in its French dress, and it is hoped that it will soon find a wide circle of friends among English readers.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

It may suggest itself as an objection to some who read these pages that they deal too largely with my own personal and private experiences. To such, an account of what has been my object in writing may serve, if not as my justification, at least as my excuse.

The desire has possessed me at the close of a long life, to bear grateful testimony to the goodness and fidelity of my Heavenly Father. For that purpose it required that I should not limit myself to generalities. God has so blessed me in the career to which I was led by His providence, that in trying to tell the story of it I have been pursued by these words, 'Forget not all His benefits.' I am giving here the record of a veteran, who, having entered at the age of twenty on a course of life in which he expected only perils, opposition, and the minimum of success, found it on the contrary strewn with mercies, with deliverances, and, at times, with very vivid joys.

My book has, in fact, also arisen out of a sense of obligation towards the younger generation. My children and grandchildren wished me to gather up my reminiscences for them. In doing so, however, I have not been able to detach my thoughts from the numerous friends of their own age who I knew shared their desire.

What my readers will find here is, first, the story of how I became a missionary, then the record of my observations and adventures on the way to the field of labour, and an account of the initiatory difficulties of our work, as well as of the Divine interventions which smoothed them away. My narrative will probably be specially interesting to young people, and it is to them I dedicate it. But I know also that what pleases and edifies youth is not without charm for riper age.

I do not apologise for the particulars I give at the beginning with reference to my family. The teachings and example I found in its bosom made me a believer, and my vocation as missionary cost more to its members than it did to myself.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. PAGE

I. MY PARENTAGE AND INFANCY . . . 7

II. PREPARING FOR THE MINISTRY . . 18

III. THE MISSION HOUSE AT PARIS . . . 40

IV. DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA . . 54

V. CAPE TOWN 71

VI. EXCURSION TO PAARL DISTRICT . . 87

VII. FROM CAPE TOWN TO THE ORANGE RIVER . 98

VIII. FROM THE ORANGE RIVER TO BASUTO LAND 134

IX. ARRIVAL IN BASUTO LAND 164

X. FIRST LABOURS AT MORIAH . . . 189

XI. FIRST ATTEMPTS AT RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION . 213

XII. ESTABLISHMENT AT THABA-BOSSIOU . . 233

XIII. IN SEARCH OF A WIFE 249

XIV. THE FINAL SEAL PUT TO MY MISSIONARY VOCATION 267

XV. THE FOUNDATION OF THE THABA-BOSSIOU SETTLEMENT 276

XVI. CONCLUSION 289

MY LIFE IN BASUTO LAND.

CHAPTER I.

MY PARENTAGE AND INFANCY.

My grandfather, Jean Casalis, was a native of Araujugon, a village on the banks of the River Oloron, near Navarreux. His family derived a comfortable maintenance from the fertile lands which it possessed there. He was born in 1737. On approaching manhood he almost yielded to the temptation to escape from the disabilities which weighed on his co-religionists by emigrating to America. His mother dissuaded him from this by a letter in which were these words, often repeated to me when I was still young, 'The seed of the true Church of Jesus Christ must not depart entirely from the soil of France. It is in the Lord's power to bring us better times.'[1] Words full of faith and of wisdom, which have been realised. On my return from Africa I had the pleasure of citing them in a church which, during my absence, had been built at Navarreux, near the place where they were written.

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[1] The persecutions here referred to were those which fell upon the Huguenots, to whom the Casalis family belonged, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Yielding to the advice of his mother, my grandfather went no further than the town of Orthez, where he settled down, and entered into business. I possess the inventories which he made at the end of each year. They always terminate with words of humiliation and of thanksgiving.

My maternal grandfather, Jean Labourdette, who died a long time before my birth, left memories of an ardent piety joined to a sturdy Protestantism. He lived near Orthez, at Salles Montgiscard, in the midst of farmers, in whose concerns, both temporal and spiritual, he took a fatherly interest.

His mansion of Ségalas, somewhat lordly of aspect, situated on the border of a wood, was one of the retreats of the 'Pastors of the Desert.'[1] A window, five to six feet from the ground, opening upon his vineyards, permitted them to escape at the first alarm. My grandfather had studied law, and the poor persecuted people had continual recourse to his counsels. He shared also the perils of the pastors whom he sheltered, and more than once escaped the severities of the authorities, thanks only to the vigilance of his wife, and to the cleverly-contrived hiding-places where he concealed himself during their inquisitions. I have seen with emotion copies of various deeds in which his signature was preceded by these words, 'Made under the eye of God in the Desert.'

My grandmother Labourdette was a Mdlle. Brunet of Orthez. She had been taken away from her parents at the age of seven by a *lettre de cachet*, and shut up at Pau, in a convent of the Ursulines. She was not restored to her family until her eighteenth year, when she was supposed to be sufficiently established as a Roman Catholic.

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[1] The designation of the French Protestant pastors, who, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, led a life somewhat similar to that of the Scottish Covenanters in the reign of Charles II.

For a certain time she, in fact, showed herself an obstinate Romanist, to the great sorrow of her parents, who earnestly besought her to return to the Evangelical faith. One day, when she had been to mass in the Church of St. Peter at Orthez, her conscience was awakened by a violent thunderstorm. She then promised to God that if He spared her life she would again take her place among the persecuted. She did so; and from that moment her days were consecrated to aiding and comforting the brethren, and, above all, the pastors who, from time to time, visited the country at the peril of their life. After she became the wife of Jean Labourdette, she had during many years the honour of serving as their protectress at Ségalas.

My mother, Martha Benjamine Labourdette, was the thirteenth child of this excellent woman. Arnauld Casalis, my father, espoused her in 1810. I was their second son. Previous to my birth, which took place November 21st, 1812, they were living at Bayonne, to which place business relations with Spain had drawn them. There was at that time neither Protestant pastor nor church there, and my father felt a dislike to the idea of permitting his children to come into the world in so spiritually destitute a neighbourhood. When an increase of family announced itself, my mother accordingly betook herself to Orthez; and it was there I was born, in the town where Viret, the propagator of the Reformation in the department of Bearn, had taught theology.

Shortly afterwards my parents returned to Bayonne. The year 1814 was for them a time of great disquietude. In order to save my mother, who was of a very timid disposition, from the perils attending the investment of that town, my father had her conducted back to Orthez. Soon, however, the warnings of the battle which took place shortly afterwards there forced her to take refuge at Toulouse. Hardly had she arrived when, to escape from another battle, she was forced again to take the road to Bayonne. In one of these hurried journeys my nurse let me fall head first on the pavement. That was not the only anxiety I caused my parents. During my early infancy I was extremely delicate. It was feared I should never be reared. Who would at that time have imagined it possible that I should one day bear the fatigues of a missionary career?

When I had attained my sixth year, my father and mother, who continued to reside at Bayonne, and who regretted on their children's account the absence of public Protestant worship, sent me to Orthez, where I was confided to the care of an excellent aunt, with whom my grandfather Casalis was residing. I had there under my eyes the spectacle of the manners and of the piety of a Huguenot of the old times.

Winter and summer my venerable grandsire, spite of his eighty years, rose at a very early hour, and before beginning business devoted a considerable time to prayer and to the study of a family Bible, whose size and weight greatly impressed me. He performed his devotions in a little cabinet, in which, at a later date, I carried on my Greek and Latin studies. The liveliest recollections which I have preserved of him are those of his Sundays. On that day he permitted me to aid him in his toilette, to adjust the immense buckles to his shoes, to bring him his powdered wig, his three-cornered hat, and his long ivory-handled cane. This done, he took me by the hand, and we went together to the 'Iron Gate,' the name then given to our church at Orthez. Later, when his strength and that of my grandmother no longer permitted them to make these pious excursions, I was allowed to assist at the service which this venerable couple held at home. Nothing was omitted. There was the singing of a psalm, the repetition of the ten commandments, confession of sin, and the reading of a sermon. I observed with astonishment that my grandfather carried his respect so far as to remove his wig during prayer, exposing a skull as smooth and shining as ivory, and that he never in kneeling allowed himself either a cushion or a stool to soften the hardness of the naked floor. He generally passed the afternoon of Sunday with two or three venerable companions, whose religious habits, like his own, went back to the times of the desert.

The good aunt who lived with him devoted some hours of every day to giving me instruction. She was very pious, and possessed of a wide range of knowledge. There was at the end of the garden belonging to the house a bower of jasmine, over which in spring a beautiful lilac spread its perfumed branches. There she taught me to read, to learn the psalms of David, the sonnets of Drelincourt, and the fables of La Fontaine and of Florian. She added to these an abundance of stories from the Bible and from profane history, calculated to form the mind, and above all, the heart of a child. What tears have I not shed over the sorrows of Sabinus and Eponinus, and of their sons, Blandus and Fortis! With what admiration did the friendship of Damon and Pythias inspire me! The thought of Alexander slaying Clitus in a moment of anger troubled me sometimes in my sleep, for I was very hot-blooded, and more than one of my little comrades had already suffered in consequence. What will appear almost incredible to the privileged children of the present day is that there was not at that time a single shop in the whole department of Béarn where religious books were sold, and that it was with the greatest difficulty a New Testament was obtained for me. One I was bound to have, but it was no use putting into my hands the Bible in two volumes, with the reflections of Ostervald, which had been procured from Geneva. At last there was discovered at a grocer's shop, in the midst of a collection of primers, of comic almanacs, and of story-books, a New Testament translated by Father Amelotte, with which I had to be content.

A little later an event took place in our family circle which made a great impression upon me. My father had decided to give up his business at Bayonne, in order to come and live with his aged parents and with his children. It was high time to put my brother and myself to school, and just then the

Protestants of Orthez had founded one on the Lancastrian system, which was much talked of. My grandmother Labourdette had her own ideas on the subject of education, and as she no longer lived at Ségalas, but in the town, she determined to see the school in question, in order to decide if it would suit us. In retiring, having forgotten that the platform on which she had been sitting was two or three steps higher than the floor, she fell and broke her thigh. I met her in the street as they were bearing her home in an arm-chair. My young mind was overwhelmed with the thought that possibly she would die, and that I was in some sort responsible for the misfortune. She did not die, but she was a cripple to the end of her days. From this time my greatest happiness was to wait upon her, to help push her wheeled chair, and to seat myself on a stool at her feet.

How good she was, and what splendid stories she told! It was a great privilege to assist at her after-dinner toilette. I used to hold her mirror while she powdered her hair, already white with age, and while she adjusted her ample headdress on the high and scarcely wrinkled forehead. This done, I was charged with filling her snuff-box. Then, with a pinch of her favourite mixture between her fingers, grandmamma, with her elbow resting on the arm of her chair, would smilingly announce to her youthful attendant her intention of describing some one of the scenes in which she had taken part during her long career. And what a *répertoire* was that of an active and intelligent woman born in 1736!

She had had to do more than once with the officers of the mounted police charged with the apprehension of the Huguenot pastors and members of the Synod, and in these encounters had exhibited marvellous tact and firmness. One day, when her husband and a pastor on circuit were conferring together on the interests of the faithful of the district, a peasant arrived out of breath with the intelligence that the dragoons were at hand. She gave the alarm, and closing the door of the house, seated herself tranquilly before it, and commenced winding thread. The detachment arrived, and the officer peremptorily demanded entrance. She, without moving, put her hand on the lock and replied, 'Sir, I shall only open the door when you have shown me your orders.' The captain, who fortunately had either forgotten these or had not thought them necessary, growled and threatened, but could not resist the ascendency of a woman who dared to maintain before armed men the inviolability of her domicile. Meanwhile the pastor and his friend had escaped by the little window which opened on the vineyards, and thence had gained the woods. When she thought them well out of reach, my grandmother raised the latch, saying, 'Sir, my door is closed against anybody who endeavours to force it without being authorised by the king, but it is open to those who, like you, have need of refreshment and repose.'

Immediately the dragoons precipitated themselves into the interior, and searched it from cellar to garret. During this time the great kitchen fireplace was covered with frying-pans and saucepans, and when the gentlemen of the mounted police returned fatigued from their bootless chase, they found the cloth laid, and were able to solace themselves for their disappointment by a plentiful repast of omelettes and ham, and by bumpers of the best home-made wine.

The remembrance of these times of oppression did not prevent my good grandmother from secretly sending food and necessaries to some priests who during the Revolution had concealed themselves in the rocks and woods of Salles Montgiscard. And she preserved ever a sentiment of the most entire devotion to that house of Bourbon from whom her fathers and herself had had so much to suffer.

It is specially to the impression produced on me by the austere and valiant piety of my grandparents that I owe my first drawings towards religion. I felt these at a very tender age. In my seventh or eighth year I well understood that the great business of man was the salvation of the soul. It was through fear that this sentiment was first awakened in me. I wished to be pious because I dreaded death and hell. I was quick and impressionable, and my extreme vivacity of character led me at times into violent outbreaks of temper, which were followed by extreme remorse. This was rendered the more poignant by my belief that in order to escape the Divine justice one must be without sin. My grandfather Casalis seemed to me to be a veritable saint, and I said to myself that in order to go to heaven one must be like him. He would quickly have set me right, had he known what was in my mind, for I knew afterwards how firmly attached he was to the Huguenot doctrines of justification by faith and of salvation by grace. He spoke little of these things, despairing of making himself understood by a generation of disciples of the *Savoyard Vicar*.[1]

I remember the joy with which he welcomed the news of the foundation of the Paris Protestant Bible Society, and with which he received the first number of the *Records of Christianity.* The Missionary Society also was now beginning to be talked about in our provinces, but he was too enfeebled by age to be able to appreciate this new movement. I have been told that when I was quite little he often took me in his arms, and asked God that I might become a pastor; but he died in 1823 without any idea that my ministry would have the heathen for its object. He will have learned that in heaven.

I am afraid that my vanity had a good deal to do with the religious turn that my thoughts seemed now to have taken. The custom prevailed at that time of making the pupils of the Protestant school recite on Sundays the Catechism of Osterwald. We used to do this in the church, standing in a semicircle before the pulpit. I had a good memory, and no lack of assurance, and generally acquitted myself well. I can still hear the unctuous sing-song of my recitation, and see myself, half turned towards the assembly, receiving the flattering homage conveyed in the gratified looks and ill-concealed smiles of my relatives and friends.

Praises followed me outside the church. When, between the Catechism of the afternoon and the Sunday evening walk, religious conversation was held, I was allowed to offer my opinion, and I remember observing a movement of approbation one day when, the subject being the nature of future punishment, I observed with much gravity that the sufferings of the lost would consist in the torments of conscience. I feared, however, that they would mean more than that in my case; but on these subjects I could talk already of 'raising myself above the terrors of the letter,' without, however, in the least knowing what I meant. The indulgence of my father and mother led them to take my prating seriously. When entering on my ninth year I one day heard them say, 'We shall have to send him to college, and then to Montauban; and when he is pastor we can go and pass our remaining days near him.'

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[1] One of the works of J. J. Rousseau.

Already also there began to show itself in me that love for the coloured races that seemed almost innate. When I saw a negro or a mulatto, which, indeed, rarely happened, I felt towards him a lively sympathy. I wanted to stop him, to get him to seat himself by me and tell me his history. This taste seemed the more remarkable as these people, at that time so little known in our small provincial towns, were the objects there of a special repugnance. I attribute my feelings towards them to the emotion which had been awakened in me by reading a History of the Conquest of Mexico and of Peru. A missionary romance entitled *Gamul and Leria*, had also made me shed tears over its description of the sufferings of two little Africans, and over the picture it gave of their happiness after they had become converted.

CHAPTER II.

PREPARING FOR THE MINISTRY.

My father and mother had definitely quitted Bayonne, but it was in this town I was to receive the gift of faith, and to have developed within me a real compassion for the heathen. My mother had an elder sister living there, married to a merchant from Havre, named M. Maze. Strongly attached to the Reformed faith, my aunt sometimes on Sundays threw open her *salon* as a place of religious meeting for the Protestants in Bayonne. They were almost all foreigners. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes had caused the disappearance from the town of all trace of our worship. But the return of peace, after the wars of the Empire, had had for consequence an increase in the number of Protestant inhabitants. There were, besides the families of the consuls of England, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, the Hanseatic Towns, and of Holland, those of merchants from various provinces of France and of Switzerland.

The little service, with the reading of a sermon in my aunt's *salon*, no longer sufficed. In 1821 she accordingly decided to write to the pastors Chabrand of Toulouse and Bonnard of Montauban, names much revered in the South of France, asking them to engage ministers without pastoral charge to visit Bayonne and preach there. Little did she suspect that she was to be the instrument whom God would use as a means of assuring to Bayonne and to all the churches of the department of Béarn, during several years, the services of one of the most powerful preachers of the revival of that epoch—Henry Pyt, the brother-in-law of Ami Bost and the intimate friend of Guers of Geneva.

At the time Madame Maze was writing, M. Pyt was journeying with his wife to Toulouse. Harvest work having rendered evangelization almost useless in Beauce, where they had been appointed to labour, they profited by their enforced holiday to visit Saverdun, where they had previously ministered. Hearing from M. Chabrand of the appeal from Bayonne, they eagerly responded to it. In order to get there it was necessary to pass by Orthez, and the day when they did so was decisive of my whole career.

They had entered the inn where the diligence stopped, in order to pass the night. My father could not support the idea that a pastor should have to content himself with such a lodging. He accordingly introduced himself to them as the brother-in-law of Madame Maze, and offered them hospitality for the night. They accepted—an important event for all our family, and especially for me. M. Pyt was a man of commanding stature and great breadth of shoulder. His athletic proportions contrasted strangely with an almost feminine voice, with soft blue eyes, and with remarkably light hair of a shade which I had never before seen except on the heads of very young children. There was something so majestic in his appearance, and so distinguished in his manners, that my first feeling was one of awe. His conversation and his smile, however, soon reassured me. It was the first time I had heard the utterance and seen the reflection of a piety entirely simple, trustful, and happy, exempt from all embarrassment and burning to communicate itself. I was as one fascinated. Seated on a stool at the feet of our two guests, I drank in their every word. It was so new to listen to a conversation in which was constantly mingled the names of God and of Jesus Christ, and that in the unaffected manner with which one talks of a person with whom one has constantly to do.

The Protestants of Bayonne gave M. Pyt a warm welcome, and he at once commenced preaching. He did so for six weeks in my aunt's *salon;* but after this a subscription was made, and a spacious hall secured. The president of the Consistory of Orthez opened it for worship on the 23rd December, 1821. It was now decided that M. Pyt should remain definitely at Bayonne, with the liberty of preaching in the other churches of the department.

From this time he frequently visited Orthez, and whenever he came we had the happiness of entertaining him. I was always at his feet. 'My little friend,' said he to me one day, 'should you not like to come to Bayonne to study with me?' I ran to repeat this to my mother. 'He is joking,' said she.

But from that day the question was renewed at each visit, so that at last my parents felt they could not, without being wanting in politeness, omit to thank him for his 'charming jocularity.' He replied that he had not the slightest idea of jesting, that he was greatly attached to me, that he was already devoting himself to the instruction of young people, and that, having no children of his own, he should be very happy to take charge of me, and to teach me the classics. My mother then avowed that she had experienced great solicitude at the thought of sending me to the College of Orthez, in view of the bad examples to be met with there, and of the ease with which I allowed myself to be carried away.

M. Pyt was lodging at this time at my aunt's house in Bayonne. This circumstance almost sufficed to decide my parents. I should not be going out of the family in passing into the hands of these amiable and altogether irresistible strangers. One circumstance, however, caused at first a little uneasiness. A certain suspicion of Methodism had preceded them, and now the wiseacres of the country, scenting innovation, were beginning to assume an attitude of suspicion, while timid souls expressed alarm at the effect produced on them by a kind of preaching so novel.

A near relative of ours, a man of education, and greatly respected in the district, was consulted as to my going. He declared without hesitation that it would mean making a sectary of me. (He became soon after one of the most earnest hearers, and, with my father, one of the best friends of M. Pyt.) But the word 'sectary' made a great sensation, and came near to spoiling everything. A sectary! There could hardly be anything worse. My father admired many of the political arrangements made by Napoleon, and especially the Concordat. It was in his eyes a masterpiece, because it appeared to him to have put an end to the era of religious dissensions.[1]

But it is the mothers whom God generally uses as the means of determining the career of His servants; and something said in my mother's heart that to refuse the offers of M. Pyt would be to resist the Lord's will. One or two more visits of this man of God dissipated all prejudice. The arrangement was effected. Everybody seemed to feel that it was one upon which the Divine sanction rested, that it partook, in fact, of the character of a sacred adoption.

I set out one fine day for Bayonne. There was as much weeping as though I had been going to the Antipodes. Had my dear parents the presentiment that from this moment I was only to make a few rare appearances under the paternal roof? I had just entered on my tenth year. I made the first part of the journey on my father's saddle-bow, firmly fastened to his waist by a strap, and almost buried in his cloak. The morrow was one of those days of unutterable sorrow, of which every child separated prematurely from his parents keeps the recollection through the rest of his life. How horrible appeared to me those houses of three or four stories, those narrow streets which hardly allowed one to see the sky—so different from dear Orthez, where from the middle of the town we could look before and behind us right into the smiling country! A Protestant funeral passing under my aunt's windows put the finishing touch to my impressions. It seemed to me that Bayonne was the abode of the dead. I should have escaped if I could. I was like a bird which for the first time feels that it is in a cage.

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[1] The Concordat was the religious settlement made by Napoleon in 1801, by which both the Roman Catholic and Reformed Churches in France were recognised by the State.

The next day everything changed its aspect. M. Pyt brought me a Lhomond's Grammar, an *Epitome Historiæ Sacræ*, and a large copy-book. 'You are going to learn Latin,' said he. 'When you have filled the first half of this copy-book with declensions, and the other with translations from the *Epitome*, I will take you to Biarritz, and you shall see the sea.' I set myself to my work with ardour. I wrote still with difficulty, my letters being as large as peas, but I was learning Latin! That raised me enormously in my own estimation, and made me realize that I had entered on serious business.

The evening of the memorable day when I lodged *rosa rosæ* in my brain, M. and Mme. Pyt took me for a walk on the ramparts. I received on the way two lessons which remained with me. I was pouring out a flood of gossip on the subject of my school-day recollections, and the misdoings of my former comrades, when my preceptor told me that this was slander, and that slander was a sin. This was not in itself new to me, but it was said in a tone to which I was not accustomed. There was so much of alarm in the manner in which this word 'sin' was uttered! I replied, impertinent youngster that I was, that since they saw I was doing wrong they ought to have stopped me at once. However, the rebuke made a strong impression. It was otherwise when, on looking through a telescope, and calling out two or three times '*Ah! Mon Dieu,*' I was told that I had taken the name of God in vain. That was indeed news! Had I not heard a good aunt of mine cite as a proof of the decline of religious sentiment in France the fact that it was becoming more and more common to say to people when they sneezed, 'Good luck to you!' instead of saying as formerly, 'God bless you!' I did not, therefore, give up this point without contest. But my teacher proceeded to speak so strikingly on the grandeur and holiness of God, and on the reverence with which we ought to speak of Him, that I was reduced to awe-struck silence.

From this day, without being able to explain why, I began to feel that I was in relation with people to whom religion was quite another thing from anything I had understood hitherto.

When M. Pyt spoke to me on the subject, his words seemed as coming from one who dwelt in the immediate presence of God. We had family worship morning and evening, at which we read two chapters —one from the Old Testament, the other from the New—comparing the portions and elucidating one by the other. It was rather long; but my attention was sustained by questions appropriate to my age, and I was kept interested by being asked to search out parallel passages.

Soon after my arrival I was permitted, as a privilege, to accompany my guardians once or twice a week on their visits of charity. What sorrows was I thus brought in contact with! One day we discovered a wretched woman and her daughter who possessed only one garment between them. When one went out of doors, the other covered herself with a blanket full of holes.

Bayonne being a garrison town, there were always a number of soldiers under punishment for misdemeanours. M. Pyt used to visit these men, read the Bible to them, and seek their conversion. He often took me with him. I seem still to hear the jingling of the gaoler's keys, and the creaking of the massive doors as they opened to receive us. We used to be shut in with the prisoners, a procedure which at first caused me some alarm. The men allowed their beards to grow, and their appearance, joined to the clanking of their chains and the rumbling of the cannon-balls which they dragged after them, produced an impression the reverse of cheering. My preceptor used to heartily shake hands with them, inquire about the weight of their irons, and promise to try and secure lighter ones for those who appeared to be suffering. He was careful to mingle with his religious teaching familiar chats about their past history and their families. He furnished them also with useful distractions. We were much astonished one day to see quite a band of these prisoners coming, escorted by gendarmes, to deposit at the pastor's house some hundreds of straw hats which he had engaged them to make, and the sale of which he himself had secured to tradesmen of his acquaintance.

My excellent tutor took care to associate me in all his good works, so far as my age permitted. No one ever knew better than he how to find the man in the child. He educated me, in the truest sense of the word. He was at once my teacher and my best friend. He expected me to work hard; but he understood well how to mingle agreeable diversion with labour, diversion in which he himself joined as often as he could. There was nothing of austerity in his manner of teaching. His method was to make his pupils find out by their own efforts what he wished them to learn, seeming as though he was teaching himself with them. Shortly after my arrival at Bayonne, he got me and some other lads of my age to read and analyse the Epistle to the Romans, and he succeeded in captivating us with it. This study was a great blessing to me. It made me understand what it is to be converted. It was then, I believe, that God really touched my heart.

This development of the first germs of a genuine religious life did not escape the experienced eye of my beloved guide. It was he who, during a sojourn we made at Biarritz, where he was fond of taking me from time to time, made me conscious of what had taken place in my heart.

For two or three days we had rambled on that splendid beach which now draws such crowds, but which then was frequented solely by a few fishermen. The sea was wild and stormy. The little village where we lodged in the evening was the picture of poverty and desolation. The only talk was of vessels swallowed up by the waves, of widows and orphans. The number of men had so much diminished that a woman performed the functions of public crier. The spectacle of so much poverty seemed to throw into stronger relief the grandeur of Nature. It seemed to my youthful imagination that these rolling billows came out of the very sanctuary of divinity. I felt that to have as Father, as Friend, Him who ruled the waves and the tempests, was the only happiness, the only glory worthy the ambition of man. My tutor took care always to place together with the thought of God as Creator and Preserver of all things, that of God who had come in the person of His Son to share our sufferings and to bring us pardon and peace.

While we strolled over the sands, or, seated on the rocks, watched the waves as they broke in creamy foam around us, he spoke to me of that adorable Redeemer. Everything that I had known up to then took for me a new form of reality. My whole being responded to His love, and it seemed as though there were graven on my heart in ineffaceable characters those words of St. Paul which I had so often admired: 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.'

In the evening M. Pyt, after having offered to God our mutual requests, wished me to pray in my turn. After I had risen, he embraced me saying, 'Do you know that you are my brother?' I blushed, stammered something, and was glad to be able to get quietly into bed, to conceal my emotion. During some days I found myself greatly agitated; but little by little I regained my equilibrium, and was filled with a great happiness.

There was at that time in Bayonne a warm-hearted, simple-minded man who had become greatly attached to me, and who was able to offer to my youthful piety a cordial and judicious support. Raymond Léris had been a soldier of the Empire, and used to fill me with stories of his campaigns. He had been the subject of the most astonishing deliverances. Awakened by the preaching of M. Pyt, he had learned to attribute to God alone what before time had appeared to him the result of a happy chance. These reminiscences gave to his piety a feature singularly attractive. He was still a soldier. He had only changed his flag. Open, full of holy boldness, and always rejoicing, he felt himself invincible in the strength of Jesus Christ. 'Do you know,' said he to me sometimes, 'that when I was under fire at Eylau and at Wagram something said to me that I should not be killed, and that I should return to my father's house? That hope was not deceived. Now, I am still more certain that my soul will be saved, for I fight under the orders and the protection of Jesus.'

He produced on me the effect of one who saw his Saviour everywhere, and who was always at 'present arms' before Him. Encouraged by him, I tried to communicate my new sentiments to some young friends. Alas! I was incomprehensible to them. They called me a bigot, and wished me much happiness amongst the old women who attended M. Pyt's meetings. This raillery tried me sorely, for I was not strong in the quality of endurance. Restraining myself with difficulty, I retired from them much agitated, my cheeks reddened with blushes. I shed some bitter tears; but when I was alone God showed me how all

His servants had to suffer for Him, and that I was now bearing the cross in a manner suited to my age.

With the exception of M. and Mme. Pyt and the brave veteran of Eylau, nobody believed in the seriousness or in the enduring character of the religious impressions of a lad of twelve. I must, however, make an exception in favour of a cousin two or three years older than myself; and she also had her own little crosses to carry. She, like me, greatly enjoyed the sermons of my tutor, which were very instructive, full of unction and of luminous clearness. We had formed the habit of offering him each Monday an analysis of his discourse of the preceding night. We succeeded so well in seizing the divisions and the developments of his sermons that he found them again almost entire in our work. We found, moreover, much pleasure and profit in covering our Bibles with parallel passages, and in underlining with ink of different colours the texts relating to such or such a doctrine.

Often, amidst hours thus passed, my cousin would take her guitar, and we sang together some of the beautiful hymns of César Malan, which had just then appeared. These hymns responded perfectly to the sentiments and the needs of the epoch of the first revival.[1] Joy and hope break out in them. There is in their accents something chivalrous, almost martial, a defiance to the world, with its vanities, its calumnies, and its menaces, which thrilled us. Dear and venerable Malan! After long years of ministry amongst the heathen, I have had the happiness of reciting and singing to him some of his hymns translated into Basuto. And what a joy was this to him!

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[1] The revival of Evangelical religion produced in the early part of the century amongst the Protestants of the South of France and of French-speaking Switzerland, by the labours of the brothers Haldane of Scotland.

There was a moment when I was seized with a veritable passion for the career of arms. I saw passing and repassing the French army charged with re-establishing Ferdinand the Seventh on the throne of Spain. For a long time there was at Bayonne nothing but a continual defile of uniforms, each seeming to excel the last in brilliancy. Seeing how fond I was of the soldiers, M. Pyt profited by it to speak of the happiness which one finds in moral conquests. The garrison was partly composed of Swiss battalions. He got a number of men in one of these to meet together, and set me to teach them to read and to talk to them a little about Jesus Christ. These brave red coats took the thing quite seriously, and soon showed a warm affection towards me. When the time for lessons came round, I do not know whether it was I or they who were the happier. This had an excellent effect on me.

M. Pyt tried also to interest me in the Jews. There were a great many at Bayonne, and my tutor, by means of tracts which he wrote for them, and frequent conversations, sought to lead them to recognise Christ as their Saviour. I learned later that he had earnestly desired to make me a missionary to the children of Israel. Unhappily, the sordid habits and the lack of decorum which I observed amongst the greater part of those I knew pre-disposed me very little in their favour. Moreover, I received on one occasion a check which made on me an ineffaceable impression.

I had attached myself to a low-class money-changer, and got him to come to public worship on Sunday. For some time he was very assiduous. I asked him to sit near me, and used to find for him the hymns and the chapters. I managed to get over the disgust I felt at his horrible habit of plunging alternately each of his nostrils into an immense snuff-box and nosily inhaling until they were full. But all at once my Jew disappeared. Some weeks passed away. At last I met him, and asked him what had happened. 'You do not know, then, that with that service of yours you have made me lose an affair worth five francs! Don't you expect to catch me there any more!' The laugh with which he accompanied these words froze me, and I said to myself, very wrongly, no doubt, that the Jew is not to be converted.

Towards my fifteenth year there began in me a period of religious decadence which entailed much mischief and suffering. As I advanced in my studies I became specially attracted by those works of antiquity which influence the imagination. There is a great danger here, above all, when, as in my case, the judgment is not yet able to serve as a counterpoise. In the Bible are sublime epics, idylls of an incomparable sweetness, heroes whose high deeds surpass immeasurably those recorded by Homer and Virgil; and all these are framed in the great idea of duty towards a just and holy God, in whose eyes sin, in its every form, is abominable.

While the poetry of the sacred writers is thus all of heaven, that of Greece and Rome is essentially of the world, and is often impure. Is it to be wondered at if it exposes the soul of youth to terrible temptation? Some of the works also of the philosophical school of the eighteenth century did me harm; not so much in raising doubts in me as in increasing the pretentiousness of my reason, and especially of my will. I had too deeply realized the love of my Saviour to permit of the arguments of unbelief shaking my faith at its foundations. But if its sophisms had little effect, its allurements made themselves felt. I wanted to keep my spiritual experiences, and at the same time to get free from everything which might prevent me from being my own master. A certain facility in study had filled me too with vanity and ambition. All this dried up my heart, made me lose my sense of communion with God, and rendered me very unhappy.

The bitterness of this crisis was soon to be increased from another cause. Since I had learned of the founding of the Evangelical Missionary Society of Paris, I had a presentiment that the question of my earthly future was decided. The appeals which the directors were addressing to the Protestant youth of France seemed made especially to me. They revived and increased the interest which the readings of my early childhood had inspired in me towards oppressed races. I ever had before my eyes that wretch of a Pizarro, slaughtering the Peruvians because their Inca Atahualpa, having placed a breviary against his ear, and not hearing it speak, had returned it to him with a smile of indifference and incredulity. I shuddered at the recital of the horrors of the negro slave traffic, which Wilberforce and the Baron de Stäel had brought to light. God was using these things to create in me a sense of vocation, confused at first, but becoming ever more distinct, in proportion as His Word showed me the duty of carrying the Gospel to the heathen.

I spoke of it to nobody, and generally sought to banish from my thoughts ideas which, as they suggested themselves, made me tremble from head to foot. I feared neither dangers nor fatigues. But my father, my mother, whose souls were bound up in mine, could they renounce the plans which they had made for themselves and for me? Would they not die of grief at seeing me going away from them for life? Missions were so little known then. There was hardly any experience to fall back on, but, instead, immense exaggerations of difficulties and perils. The countries to be explored were full of devouring lions, ferocious cannibals, mortal fevers. And then, I was a worshipper almost of my native land, and of our dear Béarn region above all! To this were joined the terrors which vanity raised, the fear of ridicule; for at that period, thanks to the Jesuits, who were covering France with Calvarys and crosses, the word 'missionary' was detested by every one who flattered himself on the possession of a spice of philosophy and liberalism. I was in this state of mind when an unexpected incident caused me to take the first step towards a career, the thought of which inspired in me thoughts of such a contradictory nature.

M. Pyt had given himself a few days' holiday, and wished me to enjoy it with him. We were to pass it at the house of a rich proprietor in the neighbourhood of Sauveterre. From Salies to the place where we were invited the journey is made on foot. It was a fine day in winter. The sun gilded with his purest rays the thick snow which crackled under our feet. Arrived at the summit of a hill, which we had just mounted in silence, my tutor stopped, turned suddenly and said, 'I say, Eugène, you are fifteen years old. It is time we knew what you are going to be. What do you wish to be?'—'I shall not tell you what I *wish* to be, but what I *shall* be.'—'And what?' 'A missionary.'—'A missionary! You! You are not thinking of it! Do you really know what that means?'—'I know only too well; but that is what I shall be.' M. Pyt resumed his walk, and we arrived at our destination without exchanging another word on the subject.

The next day, as I was returning from a morning stroll, my guardian thus accosted me: 'You have too much time on your hands; I fear you will be getting dull. Amuse yourself by putting on paper the reasons which have made you think of the career of a missionary!' This proposition comforted me, for I had been carrying a heavy heart since the avowal of the day before had escaped from me.

In less than two hours I covered six to eight pages of paper, and finally handed in to M. Pyt quite a report, duly copied and paragraphed. What did my worthy friend do, but put this in an envelope, without saying anything about it to me, and send it to the Missionary Committee of Paris!

This effusion had relieved me. Three years were yet to pass away before any further step was taken. Nevertheless, the question was ripening, and those who were about me knew it better than I did. I had inward struggles which I thought were known to none but myself. But while no man knew more than M. Pyt how to respect the liberty of those committed to his care, none possessed to a higher degree the gift of discernment of spirits. Quick and impressionable, I had frequent soliloquies, the subject of which it was not difficult to penetrate. But he did not seem to require any words of mine in order to follow, as it seemed, from hour to hour the phases of the combat which raged in my poor heart. His delicacy of feeling had led him to inform my parents as to what had passed between him and me on the road to Sauveterre. I learned indirectly that my mother had replied, 'I will never oppose myself to the designs of God; but I hope that He will take me from this world before my son goes away, if he is ever to go away.'

This speech was almost too much for my resolution. My wise friend now saw the necessity of securing a diversion from these excessive preoccupations, and at the same time of dissipating the doubts with which my faith was menaced. Seeing that I was almost at the end of my classical studies, he set me to those preparatory to theology, such as exegetic explanations of the Greek Testament; examination of the state of the heathen world from the political, social, and religious point of view, from the time of Christ up to the present; the ideas and institutions of the Jews, from the return from the Captivity to the appearance of John the Baptist; the life of Christ, and the history of the Churches founded by the Apostles and their immediate successors. To these were added lessons in apologetic and dogmatic theology, which M. Pyt either drew from his own stores or made me seek, under his direction, in various authors. For this last work I had frequently to wrestle with very heavy Latin, closely printed on paper yellowed by time. But each new proof of the historic certitude of the facts contained in the Bible, every fresh light thrown on what the Christian is called upon to believe and to practise, helped to tranquillise my soul. As a relaxation, M. Pyt gave me, from time to time, exercises in French composition, which had much attraction for me. He pointed out to me passages in the inspired books which might furnish material for comparison with similar ones drawn from the profane authors of antiquity. I had to criticise these last, note the beauties which struck me, show their variation from, and inferiority to, the Sacred Writings, and point out the cause of this in the difference of beliefs and of manners. The preparation of these little essays caused me to pass some delightful hours.

At the same time the lectures of Guizot, of Villemain, and of Cousin, which were being read in our provinces, in separate numbers as they came out, with almost as much enthusiasm as they were listened to in Paris, contributed much towards elevating my ideas and extending my horizon. The warm and generous liberalism which was then passing over the youth of France breathed over us, the children of the South. I shared in the aspirations, after an era of enfranchisement and of human progress which were everywhere making themselves felt. This impulse was not lost in its application to that special sense of vocation which was still working in me.

We reached in this way 1830. More than a year before M. Pyt had transferred his domicile from Bayonne to Orthez, and accordingly I had returned to the paternal roof. The remarkable success which had accompanied my tutor's labours in our neighbourhood was the reason for this change. Struck with the fruits which his preaching produced each time he visited Orthez, our Presbytery had besought him to accept an assistantship, which would allow of his being regularly heard there. An incalculable blessing resulted. The revival was becoming general, when all at once we learned that the instrument of so much good was about to quit the province. The Continental Society, from which he had never separated himself, called him to another field of labour. The reasons were such as I cannot deal with here without their carrying me away from the story of my own relations with him. I will say only that the change was, in my view, a mistake. When I think of the success M. Pyt enjoyed at that time, I have always before me the picture of a husbandman reaping a limitless harvest. Nothing like it resulted elsewhere from his ministry, which unhappily was not prolonged for more than five years afterwards.

The announcement of his departure deeply moved me. The decisive hour before which I had always shrunk back was come. My classical studies were finished; my tutor was going away; I should not be able to pursue others under his direction. The question was whether I was to go to Montauban or enter the Mission House at Paris.

M. Pyt was the first to ask it. He did it with the solemnity mingled with sweetness which was natural to him. It was the question also which my dear parents were putting to me, with tears in their eyes, and with an expression which seemed to say, 'You are free, but you know what it will cost us if you become a missionary.'

Then began for me fresh struggles, compared with which those I had already passed through were nothing. Work became impossible. I fled the society of the young collegians with whom I was most intimate. Not one of them understood me. They made fun of my pretended call, and regarded me as half mad.

There is quite near my native town a steep hill from which the view embraces a wide extent of country; the chain of the Pyrenees, the meanderings of the Gare, and the old tower of the Chateau of Gaston Phœbus. There I often used to take refuge, seeking consolation in tears. My comrades surprised me there, weeping, one day. 'What can there be in this splendid scenery which can so sadden you?' said they. 'Nothing, except that soon I shall no longer be able to visit it, while you will enjoy it all your life.'

'Get away with your dreams! Do you mean to say God has been speaking to you, then? Does He wish us to serve Him against our own will? Is your name down in the Scripture texts where He says the gospel must be preached to the heathen?'

'No; but I have seen this there, "How shall they hear without a preacher?" If I refuse to preach to them, has not every one else the right to do the same? And then what will become of the souls of these poor heathen?'

It was necessary to come to a decision. A family council was held. I had not the strength to declare myself. 'Should you feel yourself free,' then said M. Pyt, 'to resort to the method of casting lots? The Moravian Brethren permit this in difficult and solemn occasions.'—'No,' replied I, immediately; 'that would be to tempt God. I know that I ought to be and that I shall be a missionary.'—'Well then! It is decided?'—'No; not yet. Spare me.'

Two or three days afterwards, my excellent friend, who was suffering as much as myself, came to see my parents. 'Your son,' said he, 'is very young yet. He knows English. From Boulogne, where I am first to reside, I can go over to England. It will be easy for me to place him in some family where he will be able to give lessons, develop the knowledge he has already acquired, and so profitably await the moment when God shall give him the strength to make a decision.' This proposition was a deliverance for our family and for me.

Some weeks later, I set out with my beloved guide. Thanks to the respite I had obtained, the adieux so much dreaded were supportable. We had hardly ceased to breathe the air of the Pyrenees when I felt once more in possession of myself. I was at the age when one may expect everything from time.

CHAPTER III.

THE MISSION HOUSE AT PARIS.

Arrived at Paris, we put up at an hotel in the Rue du Mail. It was the time of the general assemblies of our religious societies, in the month of April, 1830. They were then in their first youth, and there was, moreover, already something in the air prophetic of the approaching days of July.[1] I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing Benjamin Constant at the meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Morality, and Guizot at the meeting of the Bible Society. At the missionary meeting I was electrified by the burning and military eloquence of Count Ver-Huell, an admiral of France. I could not see without emotion three young men beneath the platform whom the address of the president seemed to thrill: they were students of the Missionary Society.

Two or three days afterwards M. Pyt took me to the Mission House, on the Boulevard Mont-Parnasse, No. 41, where M. and Mme. Grand-Pierre gave me an affectionate welcome. I saw that I was not entirely unknown to them. I imagine my good tutor had kept them well informed as to my desires and my hesitations.

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[1] Referring to the Revolution of July, 1830, by which Charles X. was dethroned, and Louis Philippe crowned as a constitutional monarch.

During this visit I found myself disembarrassed as by enchantment of the doubts which had made me suffer so long. The serene piety which reigned in this house, and the joyous tone in which the missionary life was spoken of, made me understand the happiness which results from a frank acceptance of the will of God. This day my waverings and my struggles ceased, and I can add, to the glory of my Divine Master, that they have never been renewed. But for the present I kept these thoughts to myself.

A week later, when M. Pyt told me to pack my portmanteau, as we were about to resume our journey, 'It will not be a long one for me,' I replied. 'A cab will be all I shall want. I am going to the Mission House.' My spiritual father pressed me to his heart, we bent the knee before God, and that very day the little missionary family of the Boulevard Mont-Parnasse gave a loving welcome to the new recruit.

I was only to remain there two years and a half, the studies which I had followed under the care of M. Pyt allowing me to devote from the first day nearly all my time to theology. This period, so brief, really makes in my memory the impression of one much longer. It was something to live in Paris through the years 1830–1832.

The Mission House *régime*, although austere, was to me full of sweetness. We worked from morning till night; but no one grumbled at that. I at once began to appreciate the perfectly clear and methodical teaching of M. Grand-Pierre. His theology, drawn entirely from the Scriptures, lightly flavoured with the innocent audacities of Germany, was to me an appetising and wholesome food. In our moments of relaxation we enjoyed the society of a lady in whom great amiability and exquisite tact were joined to a profound piety, exempt from all narrowness. One needed to know Mme. Eugénie Grand-Pierre in order to form an idea of what she was to us. Although not far removed from our own age, we revered her as a mother. We had no secrets from her. If any light cloud ever formed between us and our director, she made the affair her own business. A look, a smile, a little reproach, full of tact and of good sense. It was like a mother kissing a child's sore place. The pain had gone.

The Mission House was at that time the rendezvous of many distinguished persons who were earnestly seeking the way of salvation. The premises included a hall, where our beloved director delivered those penetrating addresses, going straight to the heart, and thoroughly impregnated with the doctrines of grace, which were to become so great a blessing to multitudes. The excellent homilies which M. Frédéric Monod was giving in the Sunday-school of the Oratory, and at the meetings for Bible study in the *salon* of M. Henri Lutteroth, contributed also powerfully to extend the revival. The movement was specially amongst men remarkable for talent and social position. There reigned a touching simplicity, a single-minded and joyous enthusiasm, in this group of seekers, in which one heard resounding at every instant the *eureka* of faith.

The students of the Mission House took part in the work. There being a lack of labourers, we were all pressed into the service. We received, however, a great deal more than we could give. What was there to be got out of raw lads quite new to the world, and all inexperienced in the handling of the Word? The eminent men to whom I have alluded, and whose names everybody will recall, did not, nevertheless, disdain to associate us in their spiritual quests or to share with us their discoveries. One ripened rapidly in such an atmosphere.

It was owing to these circumstances that I was able to ally myself to some young men of my own age, French and Swiss, whose friendship was to become the solace of my life. Students in the various faculties of Paris, they felt the need of reacting against the damaging influence of a sceptical surrounding. We met every week in a boarding-house in the Passage du Commerce, in the rooms of one of our number, to whom I was most deeply attached, Charles Bovet, of Boudry. Another of my intimate friends was the Berne polytechnician, Louis Gruner. We read the Bible together, and tried to comment upon it. Above all, we prayed.

All this was done with the greatest simplicity, but not without struggles for the more timid dispositions, for some of whom the perils of extemporizing had extraordinary terrors. Not that our society was, as a whole, characterized by bashfulness. On the contrary, in 1830, everybody had the *cacoëthes loquendi.* In politics, in philosophy, in religion, it was everywhere the same. We were living in an atmosphere of enthusiasm. Our fathers, at first roused by the great ideas and terrible experiences of the Revolution, then dazzled by the glories of the Empire, had bequeathed to us a spirit militant and full of ardour. But our generation fondly believed that the period of social convulsion was definitely closed. It hoped for a pacific renaissance. Every one wished to contribute his part to it. We were all *doctrinaires*, indefatigable preachers of our favourite theories.

This did not prevent us, however, from applauding the barricades of July, and from working at them without the least scruple. We believed then that the hour of perfect religious liberty had sounded. It was expecting too much, but there was nevertheless a genuine progress, from which we hastened to profit. It was at this time the Oratory of the Rue Taitbout was opened, to which were seen running people of all denominations and of all ranks, eager to hear MM. Grand-Pierre and Audebez expound and defend the verities of the Evangelical faith.

The students of the Mission House had also their chapel. This was at the Barrière de Sèvres. In this wretched quarter, where swarmed mountebanks and charlatans of every description, we served our apprenticeship to the work of preaching to savages. It was a good school. In the matter of noise and disorder, none of the *tom-toms* I have heard in Africa could rival the cymbals and tambourines of the Parisian merryandrews. This did not prevent a goodly number of people coming to hear us. We also succeeded in establishing a Sunday-school. Our visits to the hospitals also proved a useful discipline.

We were now about to enter on a terrible experience. The cholera, which had been marching across Europe from the heart of Asia, at last fell upon Paris. People had measured its daily progress on the map, dismayed at the way in which it defied sanitary cordons and every other expedient for checking its progress. At length, one Saturday evening, the rumour spread that one of Count de Lobau's cooks was dead of the disease. The next day I was preaching at the Barrière de Sèvres. In the first prayer I asked God to guard us from the plague, but above all to prepare us for death. I had not even finished when I saw a man totter in the midst of the congregation. I descended precipitately from the pulpit, and held him in my arms. His vomitings covered my clothes. We carried him away. A doctor was sent for. Two hours later poor Postry (his name has always remained with me) was no more; and the next day, when I conducted his funeral, his coffin was laid in the midst of twenty others.

In the course of some weeks we saw thousands fall at our right hand and our left; but at the Mission House not one was touched. Every evening as we went to bed in the dormitory, we embraced each other as though for the last time.

Apprentice work of another kind was arranged for us, in the shape of assistance rendered to overburdened pastors. Amongst these was M. Colani de Lemé, the father in the faith of the first students who had been received at the Mission House, MM. Bisseux and Lemue. This excellent man was doing a work which extended over almost the whole department of the

Aisne. A great deal has been said, and justly, of the fatigues, privations, and devotion of Félix Neff in the Alps. With the difference of climate, M. Colani had had almost as much to do and suffer. I had the privilege of serving him as a helper, with my co-disciple Arbousset, during a two months' holiday.

The experience was one which thinned us down to an astonishing degree. We preached and held prayer meetings at least once a day, after fatiguing journeys over frightful roads, perfect bogs, in fact, where sometimes the horses sunk to the breast. One Saturday evening I rolled into a puddle of slimy soapy mud, and was in such a condition that on reaching the house of the deacon who expected me, my black coat, waistcoat, and trousers had to be put into a copper and washed like dirty linen.

We should have managed well enough if we could have got from time to time some decent food, wherewith to comfort a little our hungry young stomachs, but the poor villagers of this part of Picardy were very poor. Weaving was their only resource, and that was not always to be had. There was very little poultry in the yard, and no hams hung from the kitchen rafters. Some potatoes, a very thin soup, usually eaten together out of the same dish, plenty of unripe prunes, cooked without sugar, formed the staple of what they had to offer us. An exception was made if we happened upon one of their special fêtes, when we were regaled with custards. Since then, however, things have changed with them. They deserved a better lot, for they are really an excellent people, and what they had they gave with all their heart.

If our outer man underwent some hardships, we had sweet compensations in our conversations with the cottagers. There was a great deal of piety amongst them. They were familiar with the Bible, and often in our discussions I have wondered if Calvin had not left something of his theological genius in the air of his native province.

We visited with interest the families of the two first missionaries who had gone out from the institute where we ourselves were being prepared—those of M. Isaac Bisseux of Lemé, and of M. Prosper Lemue d'Esquehéries. It was only a year since their departure, and the remembrance of them was in all hearts. The young men who had been their companions from infancy loved to accompany us, and tell us of the sorrowful struggles through which they had passed when the question before them was the giving up of the village dances in order to follow Christ.

This brief apprenticeship was above all useful in teaching us to preach, like St. Paul, 'in season and out of season,' to go in and out amongst the people, to open up, in an easy fashion, profitable conversations with those we met on our way. I had, to initiate me into this mode of teaching, a pious colporteur, an old soldier of the Empire, who had always, as a resource for entering on his subject, some interesting story of his military life. I still smile as I recall the marvellous use he made of his pipe, which continually gave him occasion for accosting his neighbour either to get it filled or lighted.

One of these chance encounters occurs to me, in which our success both amused and rejoiced us. We were seated, my fellow student and I, on the box of a stage coach, one on the right and the other on the left of the driver. This man had the bad habit of swearing at every possible opportunity. We asked him if he would consent to abstain from it. 'Impossible,' said he; 'I know it is bad; but there, it slips out of my mouth without my knowing it.'—'Well, will you allow us to touch your elbow every time you swear?'—'Oh certainly; but what will be the good of it?'—'Let us try.' During the first hour we were pretty constantly employed. Our man did not grumble. Little by little the need diminished, until at length the oaths entirely ceased, without the driver appearing to be aware of it. He was quite astonished when we told him, our watches in our hands, how many stages we had made without one improper word passing his lips.

We had conquered Algiers in 1830. With the liberal *régime* which the second half of this year seemed to have inaugurated, the committee of our society thought it might consider commencing a mission in this new dependency of France. My friend Arbousset and I accordingly were put to the study of Arabic and of Mahometanism. We were already following in Hebrew the lessons of M. Quatremère, at the Collège de France; we became, moreover, the pupils of M. Garcin de Tassy and of M. Caussin de Perceval, and had access to the linguistic treasures enclosed in the Arabic grammar of Silvestre de Sacy. These obligatory studies soon became full of attraction to us; they also secured for us the opportunity of hearing, as a relaxation, the charming lectures of

Andrieux on the fables of La Fontaine, the lessons on philosophy of Laromiguière, and of Champollion on the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and to attend at some of the splendid reconstructions of antediluvian animals which the great Cuvier accomplished with a couple or so of bones. From time to time we went to the Sorbonne, to take part in the applause which Lacretelle knew so well how to provoke, as if to enable him to take breath in the midst of his historical lectures. What a glorious time, when one thinks of it!

The days were passing smoothly and delightfully, when, to our astonishment, we learned that the question of our going to the Cape of Good Hope was being discussed. Algiers was no longer talked of; which at first was to us very disagreeable. We had very comfortably settled down to the idea of having a field of labour whose distance from home was an affair only of hours. Our parents, above all, found it very wisely chosen. But excellent news had been received from MM. Lemue, Rolland, and Pellissier. (This last had set out from Paris in May, 1831.) They had penetrated into the interior of South Africa as far as the country of the Baharoutsis, a long way beyond the missionary settlement founded by Moffat at Kuruman. Large populations had given them an encouraging reception. Here was work for several labourers, and they were asking earnestly that reinforcements should be sent them. The committee proposed that we should start for this station; and we agreed, accepting the commission as our plain duty, and, let it also be avowed, thinking that the study of the manners and languages of primitive tribes would not be without charm. We bid adieu to Arabic, though not without regret. We were put instead to Dutch, such as is spoken by the colonists at the Cape. We also got some notions of medicine and surgery, and set ourselves to devour everything that had been written up till then about the Hottentots and the Kaffirs. Le Vaillant filled us with enthusiasm by his hunting stories, and still more by his testimony to the good dispositions of the natives, and to the interest with which they had inspired him.

There remained our farewells to our families—those farewells so much and so long dreaded. I went to pass some two months with my dearly-beloved parents. It was agreed between them and myself that we should try to enjoy our time together as much as possible, without anticipating more than was necessary the hour of separation, leaving to God the care of sustaining us when it should come.

Some time before, my father had been attacked with chronic gastritis, which had much enfeebled him. The happiness of having me with him, the frequent excursions we made together into the country, and some days passed in a quiet retreat of hot mineral springs, re-established him wonderfully. I preached frequently; and I am thrilled still as I recall all there was of tenderness, of sympathy, and of encouragement in the look of that father listening to the son who was so soon to be lost to him!

I had been extremely struck on my arrival at the calmness of my mother, at the command she possessed over herself even in the moments when her tenderness most overflowed. She, who before time was so agitated, so overcome when we spoke of the kind of life which awaited me, was the one who now, of us all, seemed the least to fear facing the subject. The fact is, that which to others had been only a sorrowful prospect, had to her maternal heart for a long time been a heart-breaking reality. She had struggled and prayed, while we were thinking only of preparing for the struggle, and she had obtained the victory by the aid of her God. There was now with her only one thought—that of providing everything which could lighten the sacrifices to which her son was called, and which could aid him in the accomplishment of his duty.

At this period very few people had any hope of seeing again a missionary setting out for the Cape. It was with this feeling that my friends bade me farewell, during the day preceding my departure. Those who ventured to say '*Au revoir*' (till we meet again), added 'in heaven.'

The coaches going from Orthez to Paris at that time passed by Bayonne. This route would have taken me amongst some other relatives, and would have caused a renewal of scenes which I had no wish to face a second time. I therefore decided to take the direct route of the Landes, going on horseback to Mont de Marsan. I took with me a young Béarnais, who later on was to occupy a distinguished position amongst the leaders of the Reformed Church of France, M. Pédézert. He was at that time looking forward to the same career as myself, and was going to occupy the place at the Mission House which I had left empty.

The horses were brought before the door of our house at four o'clock in the morning. After a prayer mingled with sobs, there began a scene which I can only compare to that of the supreme separation in the moment of death. My father, my brother, my sisters were overwhelmed. My mother alone had power to speak. Seeing I was overcome, she cried, 'Courage, my son, it is for your God; go without regret; commit yourself to Him. . . . I know that He will take care of you.'

A moment after we were in the saddle, and had gone some steps, when I heard my father calling me back. 'Descend,' said he; 'I must embrace you once more.'—'No, I beseech you. We shall lose what little strength we still have left.'—'I command you!' I threw myself again into his arms, and he clasped me to his breast in a convulsive embrace, gasping in a broken voice, which went to my heart, 'I shall never see you again here below!'

Two hours afterwards we reached our first halt, and it was then only I could stop my sobs. Up to then I had seen nothing. My companion told me that several times on the road he had had to satisfy labourers who quitted their work to ask what terrible misfortune could have produced such grief. I did not regain entire possession of myself till four days afterwards, on my arrival in Paris.

We were ordained to the ministry, my friend Arbousset and myself, October 18th, 1832. The pastors who laid hands upon us in the Church of St. Mary included, to my unspeakable joy, Henry Pyt, my father in the faith, the earnest man who during eight years had done everything in his power to develop both my mind and my heart. Some days later, when we left Paris for London, where we were to embark, Pyt was the last friend upon whom my eyes rested. At the moment when the coach drove out of the court of the despatch office, Rue Saint Honoré, I saw him leaning against a column wafting me a kiss with one hand and with the other pointing to the skies. M. and Mme. Grand-Pierre had not had the courage to accompany us so far. They loved us with all their heart, and we had for them an affection which was equalled only by our gratitude.

CHAPTER IV.

DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Our company consisted of three, as we started from Paris; but another recruit joined us on the vessel which was to bear us from London to the Cape. A mason from the neighbourhood of Amiens, born a Romanist, but converted to the Protestant faith by reading a New Testament which he had found in his father's loft, had asked to accompany us as an artisan missionary. This was for us a priceless acquisition.

Gossellin, though without culture, was gifted with remarkable intelligence and with a common sense by no means common. His aptitude for Bible colportage had brought him to Paris. His jovial humour, the energy and originality with which he expressed his convictions, opened all doors to him. Educated men enjoyed his conversation, and seemed to relish the savour of his open-hearted and undoubting piety. The muscular strength of the colporteur, his tall and finely-developed form, his resonant voice, his talk, so picturesque, studded often with the most piquant inaccuracies, all contributed to make him heard. It was felt that one had to do here with a strong character, exempt from narrowness, and which the truth alone had been able to subjugate.

Gossellin used to come from time to time to the Mission House, to ask us to go and expound the Word of God to people whom he had gathered at his own house or elsewhere. I remember once when I was late, hearing him from the bottom of the staircase repeating in a ringing voice some of the passages of the New Testament the most fitted to awaken conscience. After the meeting I asked him if he was not afraid of disturbing the other lodgers of the house by speaking so high. 'Let us wait till they grumble,' replied he; 'since they say nothing, it shows they are listening.'

His missionary vocation was revealed to this fine fellow by a letter which M. Bonnard, the senior professor of Montauban, wrote to M. Grand-Pierre, and which letter was read at one of our meetings. The worthy professor felt a deep interest in our work. Having learned that we were preparing for our departure, he wrote that it seemed to him very necessary we should have with us a pious workman, who would be able to aid and direct us in the material labours of which we ourselves had no knowledge. Gossellin cried out in the meeting, 'That means me; I am your man.' Everything was arranged in two or three days, to our very great satisfaction. In addition to the advantages we should reap from the strong arms and good humour of our new associate, there was his age. He was the other side of thirty. He seemed to us fully matured, and more than sufficient to carry off the impression of our own almost beardless faces.

To this increase of strength was to be added an element of not less importance as an aid in the work of civilisation. Mdlle. Eléanore Colani was engaged to one of the missionaries who had preceded us, M. Lemue, and we were charged with her protection until we could commit her to her future husband, who was to meet her at Algoa Bay.

We embarked at Gravesend, November 11th, 1832, and bade farewell to Europe in embracing various friends who had accompanied us from London. Of this number were Mme. Babut, *née* Monod, and the celebrated William Ellis, the missionary of Polynesia. We were about to spend three and a half months on board an English brig of 250 tons. Happily, we had no clear idea of what we were to be exposed to—that experience which has been described as 'combining the pleasures of a prison with the danger of getting drowned.'

Opposite Dover we passed the French fleet, riding majestically at anchor, and awaiting the order to take its part in securing the freedom of Belgium. The Test ran alongside one of these monsters of our marine, in order to allow us to hear the characteristically French roll of the drums, and to watch the national flag giving to the breeze its beautiful and glorious colours. Pale and trembling with emotion, we raised our hats, and with choking voice gave a last adieu to our country.

Our farewells were interrupted by an individual who strolled past us at this moment, and who, after a shrug of the shoulders and a smile which curled the corners of his mouth, began to whistle for a wind. A good fellow at bottom, Captain Richard Brown was the incarnation of business, and of the prosaic. His impassible face, his turn-up nose, his eyes ever directed skyward, his hands from morning till night fumbling in his pockets, all proclaimed a being ruled by two passions—the love of a good wind and of a well-stuffed purse.

A sailor struck eight bells. We learned that this meant dinner. The table was laid in a cabin just large enough to swing a cat. The steward, who waited on us in shirt sleeves, courteously pulled at a lock of his long flaxen hair and showed us our places. The dinner, the first day, was what it was to be, with very little variation, during the whole voyage. Thick pea soup, a great hunk of salt beef, potatoes, a pudding running with grease, and as much sea-biscuit as we liked. For drink there was a decanter of Thames water and a great stone jug full of beer. At the end of the meal wine glasses were brought, and a bottle produced containing a very heady liquor, which we were assured came from Bordeaux, and which the worthy captain had procured for our special benefit. To have told him that we had not feasted like kings would have inspired him with serious doubts as to our sanity.

However, our stomachs were as yet in good humour, the sea was calm, and there was only just enough movement in the air to sharpen our appetite. In the evening towards ten o'clock a search-corvette came down upon us, grazing our bowsprit, inundating us with a flood of light, which revealed every object on our deck, and then suddenly disappearing.

Everything had gone well so far. The next day, however, the wind freshened, the Channel became choppy, and for eight days I endured the agonies of sea-sickness. My companions, who had got their sea-legs, proved to me *ad nauseam* that nothing is less comforting than a sympathy which does not proceed from experience. These good friends, gay as chaffinches, with no other sensation than that of a good appetite, thought they were doing me a service by gathering round my dolorous couch, noisily crunching their horrible biscuit.

I was beginning to recover when a terrible storm threw us all into the greatest consternation. During two days and nights the waves rolled pitilessly over our little brig. The hand-rails of the deck, the ship's boats, the fresh-water casks lashed under the mast, our pens of fowls and ducks, were all swept away. Above the roaring of the waves, the creaking of the ship's timbers, the shrieking of the wind in the shrouds, one heard the hoarse unearthly cries of the crew as they rushed hither and thither. The water penetrated our cabins and drenched our berths. The fires were extinguished, and during the whole period of the storm there was nothing to eat but biscuit! Entirely new to maritime experiences, our imagination exaggerated dangers which in themselves were real enough, and the extent of which the captain in his rare appearances explained to us. Our vessel was over-laden, and instead of riding over the waves, wallowed in the midst of them like an inert mass which they were eager to demolish. Happily, it was strongly built, and it was upon this solidity that the crew relied.

During the second night, at the moment when our fears were at their height, I went to sleep utterly exhausted. I then had a dream, which produced on me a profound impression. I thought I saw near my couch a man with an appearance in which majesty and benevolence mingled, whom an instinctive feeling caused me at once to recognise, and whom I did not hesitate to salute as 'Daniel.' He smiled, and taking me in his arms carried me rapidly away towards the celestial regions. This ascent was made across spheres peopled with glittering stars. We kept rising, ever rising. At length we arrived at the gates of a palace whose extent appeared immeasurable, and whose splendour was greater than that of a thousand suns. Songs, whose harmony and power no human tongue could describe, resounded on every hand, mingled with alleluias. 'Ah,' cried I, 'this then is the abode of my Saviour! Let us enter; I too would see Him, adore Him, and for ever sing His praise.'—'*Not yet,*' replied the prophet. And he took me from gate to gate, encouraging me to gaze upon the glories of that high abode, but ever repressing my impatience by the word '*Not yet.*' All at once I felt we were returning with lightning-like rapidity towards the abodes of labour and sorrow. Soon I saw in a savage country a peaceful cottage, in which I could discern my own form, a church where hundreds of eager natives were assembled, and schools where a great number of children were being taught to sing the praises of God. '*That first,*' then said the prophet to me: 'then, I will return for you, for a place is reserved for you in the palace of your Redeemer, on condition that you are faithful to Him.'

I awoke, and lo, it was but a dream!

But what was not a dream was the perfect calm which had come over the elements during my slumber, the assured tone in which the captain ordered the sails to be again unfurled, and the gladness with which we sang the 116th Psalm, 'I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplications.' Gossellin thereupon made us this little speech: 'My friends, I did not believe we should live to see this morning; but, thanks to God, that thought did not dismay me. I said to my brethren in Paris in quitting them, that I was setting out without knowing whether I should land at the Cape or at the Port of Eternity. I knew nothing about that; but I knew one thing—that, whatever happened, the Lord is our Father.'

Seafaring life soon became familiar to us; but the slowness of our brig made us realise that we must give ourselves some serious occupation. It was arranged between Arbousset and myself that each day, after worship, we should devote the morning to mastering a course of medicine and surgery in four volumes, each of 600 pages. Gossellin preferred of a morning, after some simple readings, to set himself to the pump, or to other useful work of the kind. It was the best means of combatting the plethora with which he was threatened, arising from an inaction entirely new to him, and from the substantial viands which garnished the table of Captain Brown.

As to Mdlle. Colani, she passed her time pleasantly enough in needlework and in reading with an elderly lady who shared her cabin, and who was making the voyage from London to the Cape expressly to accompany her. Mrs. Freeman escorted young people in this way to the most distant parts of the world; a profession which seemed to us a very singular one, but the convenience of which we could easily recognise.

Our ship's company showed a good deal of coolness and resolution in connection with an incident which at first looked sufficiently serious, but which resulted only in giving us something to laugh at for the rest of the voyage. At this period piracy had not yet entirely ceased, and the tempest had driven us into latitudes where encounters of that kind were not impossible. One fine evening, at the moment the sun was touching the horizon, we saw a schooner coming down upon us under press of canvas. When she was near enough to clearly make us out, she took in sail. Captain Brown hoisted the English flag: the other failed to return the compliment. By the aid of his glass our captain thought he saw guns at the port-holes of the stranger. A pirate evidently! Straight, decks were cleared. Our ten to twelve sailors rushed down to the store room, bringing up speedily muskets, pikes, sabres, and packets of ammunition. The old signal gun was made ready to serve in the defence.

Arbousset and I also armed ourselves, each in his own fashion. Mdlle. Colani deputed Mrs. Freeman to tell Gossellin that she feared nothing, but that whatever happened, she knew he would not forget that she held her liberty and her honour as dearer to her than life. Gossellin coolly replied that they might depend on him, that he should do everything that might be necessary. Without troubling himself about other weapons than his two strong arms, he stood like a Samson at the point where it was presumed the boarding would take place. 'Let them come on!' cried he; 'I will put a few of them overboard before they get a footing on our deck!'

Nevertheless the sun went down, and the schooner got no nearer,—nor did she go away. She showed no flag, while ours continued to float. 'They are waiting for the night,' we said to ourselves. We waited—and waited! Nothing appearing, we left to the sailors the care of watching, and went to stretch ourselves in our berths without undressing. At the first gleam of day we were on deck. Not a trace of our pirate! Only a few fishes, showing here and there their dorsal fins above an empurpled sea!

Talking of the fishes, I ought here to acknowledge our indebtedness to them for the endless amusement they afforded us. It is not always they show themselves so freely. I have voyaged more than a thousand leagues without seeing one. But now, as if our monotonous life had inspired them with pity, they seemed to have agreed to furnish us with incessant diversions. At first it was through a shoal of bonitos that the keel of the Test during more than a week steadily ploughed its way. The sea was literally paved with them. If we climbed to the mast-head, they stretched on every side as far as the eye could reach. We ate quantities of them, salted them, dried them, and finally fished for them simply for the pleasure of catching them and then throwing them back into the water.

From the tropical zone as far as the equator we had for travelling companions two curiously striped fish, who officiated as a kind of pilots, keeping constantly by the side of the vessel towards the poop, one or two feet off. They were always the same, for one was rather smaller than the other, and this difference sufficed to establish their identity. Were these creatures then able to do without sleep for an indefinite time? Under the equator, in a perfect calm, a splendid sword-fish came on several occasions to show us his formidable weapon. One would have said it was anxious to try conclusions with the sides of our brig.

A little further on we captured a shark which measured eighteen feet. After having left a part of his jaw on a large hook baited with pork, he succumbed to the temptation to try a second time. In order to get him on board, ropes with running nooses had to be passed over his tail. The first care of the sailors was to open his side and tear out the heart. That did not prevent him from struggling for at least a quarter of an hour. He bit almost in two a thick stick which had been pushed into his mouth. His movements only ceased when he had been chopped into three pieces. The sailors kept the skin to sell to the upholsterers, who use it for rasping and polishing wood. They ate a portion of the flesh, and made us taste it. We found it not at all bad.

With the exception of a black-looking islet (Trinidad) composed of rocks completely barren, round which the plaintive cry of petrels mingled with the roar of the breakers, no land greeted our eyes from the 11th of November to the 23rd of February.

That day we were told that we were only a few miles from the Cape. In fact, soon afterwards, by dint of straining our eyes, we discerned a dark something on the horizon, which appeared to be notched on the upper surface. It was Table Mountain. We hoped to arrive before evening. Full of impatience, we stamped our heels on the deck of the Test, as if to spur it on; but nothing stirred it from its even course. Our old solid-sides must preserve to the last its habit of majestic slowness. Night came on as we began to distinguish on the flanks of the mountain some white spots which looked like human habitations.

At four o'clock in the morning I was on deck. The sea was calm, the vessel was moving still; but its track behind was barely perceptible. One would have said it knew it had arrived, and that it was passing its time agreeably in listening to the tiny caressing waves as they rippled round its keel. It was enshrouded in a thick mist, which scarcely allowed one to see the bowsprit. The deck was deserted. Except the steersman, carelessly leaning on the wheel, everybody was asleep. It was Sunday morning. I was thinking of the goodness which the Lord had exercised towards us, of the rest we were to enjoy on shore, of the happiness with which we should, before the end of the day, as we hoped, enter a house of prayer, when I heard very distinctly some cock-crowing, and a dog barking. Soon there was the clearly recognisable sound of a vehicle passing rapidly over a stony road. 'We are quite close to land,' I called to the man at the wheel, as I leaned over the water. At this moment the fog cleared somewhat, and I saw a huge rock a very short distance from the prow, almost level with the water. I showed it to the helmsman, who uttered a cry of alarm. The captain, the mate, and whole crew were on deck in an instant. The sails were clewed up, and two boats were launched, as a drag upon the vessel behind, a manœuvre which was aided by the complete absence of wind.

At the same moment the mist rolled away. The effect was theatrical. The suburb of Greenpoint was there before us, with its lighthouse, its charming country houses, but also its dangerous reefs. Signals of distress, repeated by the look-out on Lion Mountain, soon brought us the harbour-master, with his boat and crew. Our sailors, taking courage, set themselves to the work with new vigour. We all of us worked our hardest for about two hours, when towards mid-day, aided by a light breeze, we succeeded in doubling the rocky point which had been so nearly fatal to us, and cast anchor in Table Bay.

There is nothing to equal in stern and savage grandeur the mountains which rise at this extremity of Africa, as though to brave the two oceans which here meet. Table Mountain, the frowning wall, between four and five thousand feet high, which owes its name to the smooth surface of its summit, reduces to lilliputian proportions the town which lies at its feet. It looks like a defiance to European civilization to extend itself beyond. We understand the terror with which it inspired the first navigators, and had ourselves sinking hearts as we pondered on what awaited us behind that sinister rampart.

At this moment my friend Arbousset opened his

Bible, and his eyes fell upon these words, 'Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain' (Zech. iv. 7). Without being Zerubbabels, we had also our temple to build in a country of desolation, and I cannot tell what good it did us to unexpectedly light upon this verse. Was it vanity or superstition to suppose that He who counts the very hairs of our heads had thus arranged for us a precious encouragement?

Shortly afterwards a boat appeared alongside the Test, and some one came to say we were wanted. We found two friends waiting to greet us, Messrs. Rutherford and Dixie, whom Dr. Philip, superintendent of the stations of the London Missionary Society, had charged to bring us to his house. What a strange sensation we experienced in taking our first steps on the quay! Accustomed during nearly four months to stretch instinctively now one leg and again another, in order to regain a surface which slipped away under us, our feet now met the soil quickly, and it seemed to us terribly hard.

Dr. Philip received us with a kindness truly paternal. He was entertaining at this time several missionaries, coming, one from the interior of Africa, others from India and Madagascar.

We were struck from the first hour with the heartiness and good humour which reigned at his table. I had rarely heard men laugh so heartily. This shocked us a little at first, being still full of the emotions of a first arrival. Young recruits, we were entering the camp with a solemnity perhaps a little exaggerated. Each of these missionaries had brought from his native land an inexhaustible store of anecdotes, often most mirth-provoking.

But we were not long in remarking that all this was accompanied by reflections instructive and serious. We had before us men who had already laboured and suffered much, and we realized what a matter for gratitude it was that they were able to give proof of so much elasticity of spirit. One of them had utterly ruined his health in preaching in the streets and bazaars of Calcutta. Another had been chased from Madagascar, his field of labour. A third had shared during several years the nomad life of the Namaquas, passing entire months without news of the civilised world. In their midst towered the noble form of Dr. Philip, whose first looks and words had completely gained our hearts. It was he who had engaged the Mission Committee in Paris to send our predecessors into South Africa.

We had been recommended to him in a special manner, and our instructions were to listen with the greatest deference to his counsels. He was then a little over fifty. His great stature, his portliness, his resonant voice, his high forehead, furrowed somewhat with the lines of thought, his beaming eyes shadowed by thick eyebrows, formed an image in perfect harmony with his title of Doctor and Superintendent. But an expression of ineffable goodness and Christian simplicity gained for him immediately both confidence and affection. He belonged to that fine type of British piety full of sap and of originality, to which attach the names of Rowland Hill, Matthew Wilks, David Bogue, of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Angell

James. His was a large and liberal spirit, which looked on all questions from a high point of view. He had become in South Africa the protector of all the native tribes, and he devoted himself to procuring missionaries for them.

His true vocation had been determined by a remarkable incident. When a pastor in Aberdeen he was arguing one day with a young sceptic, and trying to awaken his conscience. Suddenly, taking a serious attitude, the opponent said to the defender of Christianity, 'Sir, do you really believe what you teach? Do you believe that there is a future life, a heaven, a hell.'—'Most certainly.'—'Astonishing! Astonishing! If I believed these things, sir, as you pretend to do, I should leave everything to go and instruct the people who as yet have no knowledge of them. I should run with all haste, I would not leave these millions of heathen in absolute ignorance of the only means of salvation.' The arrow went home.

Residing habitually at Cape Town, Dr. Philip, while directing the missionaries in their labours, had also under his charge a church of English Independents, which met for worship in a chapel contiguous to his house. We had the pleasure of hearing him preach some hours after our arrival.

He took us apart after the service, and informed us that while we were at sea the mission we were coming to reinforce had been completely ruined, that in fact it no longer existed! A powerful and a sanguinary chief. Mossélékatsé by name, had entirely dispersed the tribes amongst which Messrs. Lemue, Rolland, and Pellissier had begun their promising labours.

The evening of the first day passed for us very sadly. The strangeness of everything we saw, the wearisome monotony of this Cape Town, with its unpaved streets, cutting each other at right angles, laid out with mathematical regularity, lined with houses all alike, added to the darkness which the afflicting news we had just received had caused to fall upon our spirits.

Going contrary, perhaps a little heedlessly, to the scruples of our new friends with reference to walks on the Sabbath day, we set out towards sunset, and seated ourselves on the rocks against which our vessel had been nearly wrecked in the morning. Our dear native land, how far away did it appear then! How lonely, how lost we felt in front of those three thousand leagues of sea which separated us from all we loved in this world, and in presence of these black naked mountains which seemed to have come all calcined out of the infernal regions! Where were the glowing landscapes of home! It was for us all, for me perhaps more than my companions, a moment of terrible struggle. There are in life certain times when mental suffering destroys the equilibrium of the faculties. We seek, and we find not; we seem attacked at the very centre of our life. The soul, plunged in its sorrow, seems buried there, and unable to find a way out. Everything is exaggerated, everything is out of its place.

In truth, our position was a melancholy one. Our destination for Algeria had been upset, and the preparatory studies, which had been so attractive, interrupted; and now the friends who had called us here had no plans for themselves, much less for us! Whither should we turn our steps? Wherefore had we come so far? Dr. Philip, with all his knowledge of the country and his great experience, seemed as much embarrassed as ourselves. How far we were from suspecting that all this perplexity was to have for result the opening to our Society of a field of labour which the Lord had destined for it, and where so much success and blessing were awaiting it!

Prayer amongst the three of us, in this solitude, in our dear French language, brought us comfort. But our young imaginations had need of the calm which sleep brings, and which, thanks to God, comes easily enough to men between twenty and thirty.

We returned to our hosts; and soon found that, after all, when one is stretched on a good bed, sheltered from the rude attacks of the sea, between clean sheets and behind good curtains, it is possible not only to rest, but to be thankful.

CHAPTER V.

CAPE TOWN.

THE next day, after an uninterrupted sleep of from eight to ten hours, we were still more reconciled to life. Decidedly it was good to be on *terra firma*. Our eyes were hungry to look about, and our legs to exercise themselves. At a bound we were in the streets of Cape Town. They had entirely changed their aspect. Before, to our disconsolate eyes, mournful and desolate, now they seemed smiling and animated. The sun shone brightly, but his heat was tempered by a perfumed and life-giving breeze. The streets had been carefully watered. Everywhere one saw nothing but displays of flowers, of fruits, of appetising productions, amongst which were found, in marvellous profusion, delicacies we had seen in certain shop-windows of the Palais-Royal, which it required a heavy purse to obtain. Here were odorous pine-apples, oranges, mandarines (a variety of orange), bananas, and sweet potatoes as big as our heads. There was also an abundance of figs, of peaches, of grapes. However fine these last appeared to us, we doubted whether their savour would equal that which the sun of Languedoc and of Provence would have given them. But when we tasted them we were obliged to confess we were deceived.

The movement in the streets offered at every instant the most curious contrasts. Here, men of olive complexion, with brilliant black almond-shaped eyes, flowing jet-black hair, the chin ornamented with a pointed beard, and the head covered with a pyramidal hat made of palm leaves, marched along with quick step, bearing on the shoulder a well-balanced flexible bamboo, at each end of which were suspended, sometimes paniers, sometimes pails of water, and sometimes enormous fish.

We were told these were Malays. Their ancestors came from the Sonda Islands (the Malay Archipelago), which belong to Holland. Mohammedans, and somewhat fanatical, they form a separate community in one of the less-favoured quarters of the town. Their long vests, reaching below the knee, were as near an approximation as the activity of a European town would permit them to make to the long flowing robes so dear to the Mussulman. Eager after gain, they had the monopoly of a good many callings.

Here, again, were Hottentots, with lips forming almost a snout, flat-nosed, grotesquely clad in sheepskins, worn with the wool inside. With their breeches of dirty leather, stiffened with rain and sun, and making an elbow at the knees, their legs resembled more those of old broken-down horses than of human beings.

These poor wretches have no definite calling. Many live on alms; the more industrious sweep the streets, run errands, or serve as labourers for the Malays. They are, nevertheless, the direct descendants of the first possessors of the soil.

What ought to have been a reason for treating them with respect had contributed to their misery. After having, under various pretexts, slain great numbers of them, and taken possession of their lands, the whites had allowed the rest to become brutalised.

Not regarded as possessing any civil rights, they were delivered up to every species of tyranny and of caprice. They were not bought and sold, and consequently did not find, as slaves do, some safeguard in the avarice of their masters. Often they were left to die of hunger, without anybody troubling about it. When they were ill no one thought of paying them any attention.

Two years before our arrival, Dr. Philip had secured from the English Parliament that they should be recognised as citizens of the colony. This benefit was as yet too recent to permit of their appreciating its extent or reaping its fruits. They have done so since, thanks specially to the education given them by the missionaries.

In remembrance of this deliverance a statue ought to have been raised to Dr. Philip in the principal square of Cape Town. Instead of that, the colonists commenced an action against him, which would have completely ruined him, had not his friends come to his aid. He had afterwards the amusement of hearing every day cried under his window, 'Phillipin! phillipin!' the name given to a certain ugly fish which up to that time had been called 'the Hottentot.'

Amongst the men of colour who came and went in the streets of the Cape, some were to be seen entirely black. They appeared more robust than either the Malays or the Hottentots. They were better dressed, and evidently better fed than the latter. They were addressed as *Jongen*, 'boys.' They were slaves. The Dutch had found in their language a euphemism corresponding to the terms *paides*, *pueri*, by which the Greeks and Romans liked to veil the sad condition of their beasts of burden with a human face. Our hearts were touched. It was the first time we had seen man as a piece of property. None of those we saw belonged originally to South Africa. They had been imported by slave-dealers from the Guinea Coast or the northern parts of Mozambique.

Let it be said to the honour of the Hottentots, the Bechuanas, and the Caffres, that they had never taken any part in this traffic in their kind. With the exception of the contractors for great public works, the English of the Cape purchased slaves only in order to make of them valets and house servants. They were in fact the sole kind of domestic that it was possible at that time to procure. Certain Dutch colonists, on the contrary, supported and enriched themselves by the labour of their negroes. In the town they made them learn various trades, and then let them out for hire, pocketing the wages for their work. In the country they employed them in cultivating the land and in watching their flocks. Those we saw had not, generally speaking, an unhappy appearance. The hour of their freedom had not yet sounded, but it was approaching, and the cursed institution of which they were the victims presented itself to us under its least forbidding aspect.

We were very desirous of seeing the real type of the Cape Boer of whom we had heard so much. For this we had only to go to a part of the town where the country colonists brought their goods, and which for this reason was called the *Boeren plein*. We found there, standing by heavy ox-wagons, men whose features and complexion betrayed at once their Dutch origin. Time and climate had in no degree modified the type. There was still the solid build, the fine face, the blue eyes, the light hair, which the painters of Holland have so faithfully reproduced for us.

After the age of fifty the Boer is generally stout. We have seen some whose proportions were verily prodigious. This is attributable to the vast quantity of meat and milk which they absorb in their daily repasts, and to their repugnance to every kind of exercise not imperiously demanded by circumstances.

There is generally a lack of expression in their features, owing to the monotony of their existence. But with many there is mingled with this immobility a look of sternness derived from the habit of commanding, whip in hand, their cattle and their negroes. They are desperate smokers, and seem only to unbend when they are carrying a newly-charged pipe to their mouth. The costume is the same for all: a grey napless felt hat with broad brims, a round jacket, trousers of tanned hide or thick velveteen, and boots of unpolished leather, without heels, which they make themselves. It is a point of conscience with them not to alter any part of their toilette in accordance with the mode. Some, on principle, wear their hair very short, and even push their Puritanism so far as to condemn the use of braces, because they make a cross on the back! The women have a still more antiquated appearance. Instead of a straw hat, which would protect them from the sun, they muffle themselves up in a kind of linen cap made all of a piece, and bordered by a little frill, which does not allow a lock of hair to appear. Their dresses are straight down, with extremely narrow sleeves.

In hearing these people talk, we remarked that their Dutch was singularly corrupted, barbarisms and solecisms abounding in it. There was no distinction of gender in the employment of the article and of the pronoun, and no attention to number in the conjugation of the verbs. But it is the pronunciation which has most changed. It appeared to us much softened, less guttural than in Holland, and, were it not for the respect everywhere due to rules, our French ears would have strongly appreciated this effect of the climate.

Apart from the novelties which these native types offered us, Cape Town appeared to differ very little from European cities. The English there live exactly as they do at home. Their shops and their offices, the appearance of their workmen, of their clerks, of their postmen and policemen, are the same as in London or Southampton. All the advantages, the improvements, and, it must also be avowed, nearly all the abuses, of our modern civilization, have been imported into the colony.

We arrived at Cape Town during a period of much interest, from the religious point of view. As with ourselves, it was a time of revival.

When, after a beginning of colonisation, in which the elements were, as a rule, drawn from the lowest ranks, Holland, in 1687 and 1688, offered to the French victims of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and to some Vaudois of Piedmont who joined them, an asylum at the Cape, she obtained in them workers at once intelligent and pious. They founded, at some hours' journey from Table Bay, communities which are still very flourishing, and amongst which is one whose name recalls its French origin, 'Fransche Hoek,' 'the French Corner.' They added to cattle-rearing the culture of cereals, of fruit trees, and especially of the vine, from choice stocks which they brought with them. But their great care was to preserve in their purity those Evangelical truths and forms of worship for which they had suffered so much.

They had brought with them two Reformed pastors, MM. Simond and Daillié. We were shown the rock which served as a pulpit for M. Simond when he arrived, and the ruins of the first church which his Huguenots built. Their light and their example did great good in the colony. French and Dutch belonged alike to the Reformed Church, and the ecclesiastical order was strictly Presbyterian and Synodal. This order, as well as the profession of faith and the worship, has not since varied; but little by little the religious life diminished, and at the commencement of this century it was replaced by a deplorable formalism.

As regards the descendants of the refugees, this state of things first came about from the arbitrary proceedings of the Dutch Company who governed the colony. They ruled with a high hand in all civil and religious matters, amongst other things ordering the governor to choose the members of the presbyteries. In 1701 Pastor Pierre Symond had to return to Europe because he could only preach in French, and the company replaced him by one who also knew Dutch. They demanded that he should use this language specially in instructing the young, and should have recourse to the French only when he had to visit, edify, and console the old refugees. In 1709 the use of French was forbidden in all official transactions with the government. In 1724 the same rule was enforced in all the churches for those parts of the service where the liturgy was employed. By these measures our language and its vivifying influence rapidly disappeared. Le Vaillant in 1780 found only an old man who understood French.

A whole generation had thus been reduced to teachings which they only imperfectly comprehended. Communication with Europe was rare. Life at the Cape was considered an exile. The pastors who came from Holland were little instructed, and moved too often by worldly interests. Hence, a stagnation almost complete in ideas, and a servile attachment to the letter at the expense of the spirit.

The generation which followed the one from which the French language had been wrested, found itself incapable of reading and understanding the good books which had nourished the piety of their fathers. The holy and noble traditions of the past were also lost to it. But the attitude which the colonists had taken towards the natives was certainly one of the main causes of the religious decadence. Instead of conciliating the Hottentots, of devoting themselves to their enlightenment and civilisation, it was found to be easier to destroy them. The smallest robbery of cattle on the part of these unfortunates, from whom the whole country had been taken, was followed by pitiless raids. Every man prided himself on having slain his Hottentot.

The Christian life soon disappears when the heart is closed to the sentiments of justice and humanity. To satisfy their consciences, the colonists tried to persuade themselves that they were advancing the cause of religion. They came to believe that they were in a state of grace, from the sole fact that they bore no resemblance to the heathen whom they were exterminating. 'Am I not a Christian?' one heard them say; 'I have a white skin and long hair. I have been baptised; and I sing psalms!' A gross abuse of the doctrine of election put the finishing touch to these aberrations. The Boers of the Cape, those of Dutch and French extraction indiscriminately, became the elect people, charged with purging a new Canaan from the heathen hordes which infested it. They fed themselves on the accounts of the exterminations recorded in the Books of Joshua and the Judges. The Psalms which the persecuted Huguenots sang to keep up their courage became the war songs of the Hottentot-trackers. As soon as a new territory was conquered, a church and a manse were built, and everybody applauded this new triumph of the Christian religion.

From these causes, and especially from the last, it resulted that at the commencement of this century the Reformed Church at the Cape had lost almost all real piety. The doctrine remained pure, but an ignorant and dry formalism had taken the place of feeling and conviction.

It was during this sad period, in 1736, that the humble but heroic Moravian Brother, the missionary Schmidt, arrived at the Cape with the incredible idea of converting the Hottentots. People shrugged their shoulders and let him alone. With no help but that of his God, he established himself in the wild valley of Baviaan's Kloof. Spite of all the calamities which his white face seemed to presage, the Hottentots soon felt the ascendency of his Christian love. They had begun to gather round him permanently, and to put his teachings into practice, when the Boers of the neighbourhood, astonished at finding themselves obliged to take seriously what they had before regarded as a joke, denounced him to the Cape Government. Schmidt was ordered to return to Herrnhut without delay. He departed, overwhelmed with grief, but full of faith. Fifty years later, some other Moravian Brethren were to take up his work under more propitious auspices. They made of Baviaan's Kloof the beautiful and flourishing station of Guadenthal. On their first arrival, however, they found only an old pear-tree planted by Schmidt, and a Hottentot woman, ninety years of age, who remembered being baptised by him.

At the time when the religious and social torpor of the colony seemed without remedy, God allowed the breath of the French revolution to make itself felt there. There was talk at the Cape of new theories of the rights of man, or the universal emancipation of peoples. The commotions and struggles of Europe had their counterpart far off across the seas. The cruel uncertainty as to the fate of the colony at that time also contributed to awaken consciences. Truly pious people began to seek each other, to pray together. They welcomed with pleasure the enlightened and sincere Christians whom the movements of the English fleets brought from time to time amongst them. In 1797 the earnest members of the churches in Holland offered a good example and a salutary warning to the colonies of their country in founding the Missionary Society of Rotterdam. When, at the conclusion of peace, England definitely took possession of the Cape, it became evident to all that a more liberal era was being entered on, that the old abuses, the intellectual and moral stagnation, were about to come to an end.

The apostolic Van der Kemp had arrived; and however disagreeable his projects for the diffusion of Christianity amongst the natives were to the great mass of the colonists, the summary proceedings of which Schmidt had been the victim were no longer possible. About this time an earthquake threw the inhabitants of the Cape into consternation. At the sight of a terrible crevasse which opened before him in the ground, a pious Dutchman made a vow that if the town were spared he would found a service of thanksgiving and prayer to which everybody should be admitted without distinction of rank or colour.

The place where this meeting was held became little by little the rendezvous of persons who felt the need of a revived faith. Missionaries going to Madagascar or to India spoke at it, as well as those whom the example and solicitations of Van der Kemp were drawing to Africa itself. Amongst the English who were beginning to join the older colonists were many pious and enlightened persons. Here was a new element of life. God in compassion to the Reformed Church raised up also some eminent men at this time as its leaders. Abraham Faure, a descendant of the French refugees, had been to Europe to study, and had returned full of faith and zeal. He used the influence which his official position and his powerful preaching gave him in Cape Town to help on a general revival. Dr. Philip and other Evangelical pastors brought also their share of light and activity. The religious condition was thus steadily improving, and South Africa had become definitely opened to the preaching of the Gospel.

We had arrived at the Cape at the time when this Evangelical movement presented the greatest interest. The English Congregationalists and the Wesleyans were showing a great deal of zeal. Those belonging to the Official Reformed and Lutheran Churches were also stirring. The Anglicans, who since have endeavoured to gain pre-eminence as a national establishment, were then few in numbers, and made no scruple of acting in concert with the Independents. Missionary meetings were organised, and a Bible and Tract Society founded. A local committee sent evangelists among the blacks and the

Malays. Several Sunday-schools were started, their promoters being young men of intelligence and piety, of whom some afterwards became missionaries. The daughter of a London pastor, Miss Lyndall, came expressly from England to introduce infant schools into the colony. Her success was the astonishment of everybody, even of the Governor, who gave himself sometimes the pleasure of attending the exercises of the little scholars. Miss Lyndall, in becoming shortly after the wife of M. Rolland, rendered the greatest service to the Paris Missionary Society by her remarkable aptitude for the education of children. Happily for the Cape, before she gave herself to us she had trained pupils able to follow and propagate her method.

I do not know if all these observations on its moral condition contributed to the result; but it is certain that in a short time our first impressions were modified, and the Cape appeared to us, even from the physical point of view, a place full of interest and of charm.

We got reconciled to Table Mountain, the aspect of which at first had appeared so forbidding. This stern and majestic mass, unique of its kind, awakened henceforth in our hearts no other feeling than the idea of the sublime. In rambling over its flanks we found an infinity of charming cottages and many elegant villas. These country residences were surrounded by gigantic cactuses. Numberless specimens of the proteus, lightly agitated by the sea breeze, showed their gleaming foliage above the roofs. Spring water was abundant, and of delicious purity. We were assured that the best microscopes had never discovered in it any trace of animalcules. Few travellers resist the temptation of seating themselves on the platform which forms the summit of the mountain. The tableau which there presents itself to the eye defies description. Below, in the giddy depths, Cape Town appears only a chess-board; but the extreme clearness of the air enables one to discern perfectly the streets and principal buildings. The vessels at anchor recall the toy-boats which our children navigate in the Tuileries' basins. Beyond is the limit lessocean; but its most formidable waves seem only wrinkles, and it is with difficulty one hears their roar even when tempests are blowing.

The expedition is not very fatiguing, but it becomes sometimes dangerous. That is when the south-west wind, bringing a cloud with it, drops it suddenly on the summit of the Table, forming there what is called in the country the 'Devil's Table Cloth.' It sometimes happens that the table cloth stops for two or three days. The excursionist cannot then see more than two steps before him; and as it is impossible for him to descend without danger except at one single point, there is nothing for it but to remain where he is, exposed to cold and hunger, unless he has brought warm clothing and provisions. People are often seen returning to the town in the most piteous plight. At times also the mangled remains have been gathered up of unfortunates who, not being able to restrain their impatience, have fallen into frightful abysses.

Seen from below, the phenomenon of the Table Cloth is extremely curious. The summit is covered with a white cottony cloud, perfectly flat on its upper side. This cloud seems to roll upon itself, and without diminishing in thickness to fall over the edges in a kind of cascade. The eye follows these undulations down to about a third of the descent; there everything disappears, and one asks what has become of this vapoury substance which we are expecting to see descending to the bottom. At these times the wind sweeps the town with incredible violence, enough 'to take the cattle's horns off,' as we say at home,—a saying which the Cape people, if they knew it, would understand without explanation. The sky is clear, the sun shines, and seems to laugh at the difficulties of the unfortunate foot passengers, full of concern for their oft-threatened hats, and obliged sometimes to run after them right up to the shore. I remember once, on turning the corner of the street, being reduced to hook myself on an iron bar, to prevent being carried away bodily. Women who respect themselves remain at home. It is hinted that even there some of them find no security, though the storm is of a different nature. Nervous and bilious husbands are, it is averred, completely demoralised by this wretched sou'-wester, and the domestic barometer falls to its lowest point.

In ordinary times nothing is more agreeable than an excursion in the immediate neighbourhood of the Cape. When, directing our steps eastward, we have traversed the hollow in which the town lies, the mountain changes its aspect. Its sombre perpendicular facade has completely disappeared. Its flanks become undulating, and are covered with trees of a great height. Before us stretches a shady, well-macadamised road. From the hamlet called Rondebosch to Wynberg, and on to the celebrated plantation which furnishes the Constance wine, there is nothing but a succession of country houses, like those which ornament the sides of the Lake of Geneva, near the city. Faithful to their taste for the country, the English have here provided themselves with charming retreats, to which they eagerly return when they can quit their offices. They hasten to get rid of the reddish dust of the town, congratulate themselves on having escaped the sou'-wester, and then take their evening meal in the bowers interlaced with honeysuckle, passion-flowers, and clematis.

The soil, though light, is extremely fertile. In the most sandy parts immense plantations of pines have been formed, which have perfectly succeeded, and which have become veritable forests. Excepting the vine, one scarcely sees anything in this district except fruit-trees and ornamental shrubs. To those which are indigenous, and the value of which has been much increased by intelligent culture, are added almost all that the parterres of Europe and Asia can offer of what is most delicious in perfume, striking in colour, and perfect in form.

CHAPTER VI.

EXCURSION TO PAARL DISTRICT.

On the arrival of the three missionaries who had preceded us, Messrs Lemue, Rolland, and Bisseux, the descendants of the French refugees had earnestly besought one of them to establish himself in their colony, in order to instruct their slaves, and to edify themselves. M. Bisseux, yielding to their desire, had chosen for the head-quarters of his ministry a place called Wagenmaaker's Vali (Wheelwright's Valley), some twenty leagues from the Cape.

A visit to him was naturally due. We made the journey in a long wagon dignified with the title of coach, and drawn by eight spirited horses, as little troubled with harness as the light ponies that make the sleighs fly over the snows of Russia. The vehicle was without springs, but that was no great inconvenience, as its course lay nearly all the way through deep sand. From the Cape, as far as Paarl, there was scarcely anything but that. We forded a watercourse called Salt River, the shifting sands of which has given it a sad celebrity. Wagons full of people have been swallowed up there, never to reappear, as well as numbers of horses whose inexperienced drivers have missed the track. We had a relay half way, at a place consisting of a few bare hovels. To while away the time while our Malay coachman took an hour of repose, we gathered our first collection of those charming Cape heathers, geraniums, and immortelles, [illegible] seem to prosper in proportion as the soil is arid. Towards evening there was an unexpected halt. The driver, descending from his seat, carefully rubbed down his eight horses, freed their manes from everything that might prevent their floating gracefully in the wind, then remounting set them off at full gallop. This was the preparation for a royal entry into Paarl Town. As soon as the wagon was in the street, a skilful use of reins and whip caused the gallop to be succeeded by caracoles worthy of Longchamp.

The locality derives its name from an enormous round rock rising on the summit of a neighbouring mountain, and in which imagination has found close resemblance to a pearl. The town has hardly more than one street, but that one is almost interminable. The houses, a good distance from each other, are all whitewashed, and often have gables of the quaint kind which are liked so much in Holland. Each inhabitant has a carefully kept garden, and can in the evening take the air seated under the fine trees planted before his door. Everything presents the appearance of neatness and order. As much can be said, indeed, as far as our observations go, of all the towns and villages of the colony.

The English were not numerous at Paarl Town. Here, as in the greater part of the communities formed under the protection of the Netherlands, Great Britain is represented only by shopkeepers and artizans. The landed property is almost entirely in the hands of people of Dutch-French extraction. The Reformed Church is the principal edifice. Its dimensions testify to a large attendance at public worship. A little further is a more modest building, the chapel where a missionary holds service for the blacks of the district. This separation has been judged inevitable in the colony. It is regrettable in many respects. It was undoubtedly a step forward when, ceasing to treat men of colour as if they had no souls, missionaries were allowed to work amongst them, and to open for them schools and places of worship. But, seeing that in every place of any size there was a minister officially entrusted with religious instruction, the separation should have been regarded as only temporary. It ought to have been considered as a simple means of transition, justified in a certain measure by the strength of existing prejudices and the necessity of adapting the preaching to the needs of a portion of the population too long neglected. Instead of that, the pastors have found it convenient to definitely abandon to the European Missionary Societies these blacks, born at their own doors, speaking the same language as their own privileged flock, and for whom they are certainly responsible before God.

From this there has resulted a grievous and stubborn prejudice against coloured people, a very marked distinction as regards pastoral dignity between the official pastor and his missionary assistant, and a great hindrance to the work of missions properly so called. The missionaries thus charged with doing the work of the pastors would have been more in their place among the tribes of the interior, while the money of the societies to which they belong would have served to meet more urgent needs. I have met with but one exception to the compromise which I deplore, but that has been so noble, so striking, that it should have sufficed to open everybody's eyes on this subject.

About the time of our arrival, a Scotch minister, Dr. Robertson, took charge of the Dutch church of Swellendam. He announced at the beginning that he should make no distinction between whites and blacks, as he considered that all had been committed to him by God. Thereupon arose a mighty clamour from the consistory and the congregation.

'Never mind,' replied the pastor; 'if you will not make room in the Lord's house for the beings He came to save, I shall not the less do my duty.'

The next Sunday, after having given the benediction, he went in his gown to the door of the church, and conducted before an assembly of negroes a service exactly like that which he had just finished. He persevered in this for a long time, spite of rain and sun, until at last, conquered by his example, and full of admiration for his zeal, the recalcitrants removed their interdict.

But another surprise was reserved for them. 'What shall you think,' said he, 'if you one day see a black occupying my pulpit and speaking for your edification?'

Some time after he sent into Scotland a young man whose education in the first instance had been taken in hand by the missionaries of Caffraria. Tyo-

Soga pursued his classical studies at the University of Edinburgh, obtained his diploma of Bachelor of Divinity, was ordained, and, returning to his country, proved to the Protestants of Swellendam that their pastor had not expected too much from him. Since then this native preacher has captivated great audiences at Cape Town. On a certain occasion an appeal was made to him to come from his native forests to expose and refute the various German-rationalist theories which at that time were making so much noise. He acquitted himself so remarkably that his discourses were reproduced in the principal journals of the colony.

In order to get from Paarl Town to Wagenmaakers Valei it was necessary in our time to hire a horse, if one were not willing to go afoot. The journey is now made in a more convenient fashion, with the advantage of passing by a small town of more recent creation, to which M. Bisseux has transferred his abode. The valley had for its first inhabitant a French craftsman, who must have been well-known, since the locality has taken its name from the trade which he followed. The locality is extremely fertile. Orange trees are to be seen there which have attained extraordinary dimensions.

In the district comprised between Wagenmaakers Vali, Drakenstein, Fransche Hoek (French Corner), and Paarl Town, we find ourselves in the midst of the French refugee region. There were, in 1833, 4,000 descendants of the victims of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, possessing among them some 6,000 slaves. This figure gave the measure of the prosperity of their masters; but with how much more interest should we have regarded these fellow-citizens and co-religionists of our fathers if they had understood how to respect the liberty of the blacks, after having themselves gained their freedom by the sacrifice of their nationality! We were quite astonished at hearing pronounced at every instant the family names of our own country. There before us were Dailliés, Celliers, Duplessis, Dutoits, Faures, Duprés, Jourdains, Jouberts, Les Roux, Malans, Malherbes, Lombards, Lefebvres, Prévôts, Pinards, Niels, Ménards, Taillefers, etc. The old families have remained faithful to the district which was at first assigned them, and where they have remarkably prospered; but numbers of the younger members, with the growing extension of the Cape possessions, have gone to seek their fortune in more remote quarters. This explains why one finds now such names as the above, and others not less French, almost everywhere in South Africa.

These colonists are very proud of their extraction; and, as if their names do not sufficiently recall it, they are always careful to call attention to the fact that their complexion is darker and their hair of a different colour from that of their neighbours, the Van Wyks, the Van der Walts, and other *Vans* of all sorts. These are, however, the only things which distinguish them, except, perhaps a little more vivacity. In ideas, language, morals, and habits, the colonists sent out by Holland all resemble each other. If they have not completely forgotten Europe, they are entirely detached from it; having almost unconquerable repugnance to the sea. They hate as much to be called Boers (a name applied originally to the planters scattered over the country, and which they know has an ill sound in our ears) as they love to be called Africanders.

Spite of the decadence of which I have already spoken, we found much that was good amongst them. The families are on quite a patriarchal footing. They are generally very closely united, sometimes indeed too much so. The habit of intermarriage amongst cousins, which prevails specially amongst the descendants of the refugees, produces a great deal of consumption, and other consequences of an impoverishment of blood. A profound veneration surrounds the aged. Nothing is done without consulting them. Hospitality is largely exercised. In every well-to-do household there is a guest-chamber for strangers. Whatever time you may arrive, someone immediately appears to help you dismount, and to introduce you into the *boor-huis* or sitting-room, where the head of the house is generally seated with his wife near a little table. After the first salutations, the mistress turns the tap of a shining copper urn, always standing within reach, over a chafing-dish, and offers you a cup of black coffee. She hands you at the same time a small box full of sugar-candy. She supposes you know that the proper thing is to roll a piece under the tongue while swallowing the bitter liquid in little sips. This done, a negro conducts you to a bedroom, the door of which generally opens on the court, so that one may go in and out without disturbing anybody.

You are called punctually for meals. No one troubles himself as to when you propose to leave. Accustomed to count on the products of vast farms and large flocks, and having submissive slaves to perform domestic duties, the housekeepers of this country suffer no anxiety as to the number of mouths which they have to fill. This complete absence of solicitude as to the means of subsistence is one of the great charms of colonial life, and contributes to create amongst the people a sense of dignity not without its value. When the visitor goes away no kind of remuneration is accepted, not even for the domestics.

An immense Bible, with clasps of steel or copper, ornamented with engravings and cuts, is generally found on the table near which are sitting the *baas* and his wife. It is in these folios that are preserved the genealogies of the families of French origin. The Bible is often read, though not regularly, except on Sundays, when the children are made to spell out some verses, each in his turn. The historical books of the Old Testament are those most frequently opened. The New Testament is consulted specially for doctrine, which is well enough understood, but generally too little realised in the heart. These good people are eager disputants, and their exegesis is at times sufficiently original. I remember one of them once obstinately maintaining that in the parable of the prodigal son the elder brother was the devil, the great enemy of souls. 'But,' replied I, 'don't you see that the father represents God, and that this father says to this son, "Thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine?"'—'Ah!' replied my man, in some confusion, 'I had never thought of that!'

There are not wanting houses where the habit of family worship has been preserved; but too often a verse of a psalm sang on rising, and in the evening on going to bed, are made to serve. For the members of the Cape Reformed Church, the old Psalter, with verses and music modelled on our own, is all they have in the way of psalmody. Quite recently, by dint of the greatest efforts, they have been induced to add some fine modern hymns. The Catechism of Heidelberg is frequently explained from the pulpit.

There is no country in the world where there is so much veneration for the pastors. They preach with much solemnity, and make frequent visits to their flocks, visits, to our thinking, too official, and with too much ceremony in them. In the towns they used formerly to be seen going from house to house in short breeches and black silk stockings, always accompanied by an elder. It is especially when they make excursions amongst the isolated colonists, in remote parts of their ecclesiastical districts, that the esteem in which they are held is to be seen. A large and commodious vehicle is placed at their disposal. They find at the farms they are visiting relays of horses, and it is generally the proprietor himself who on these occasions does himself the honour of handling the reins. The members of the family are all arrayed in their best Sunday clothes to receive them. The housekeepers have been careful to prepare specially good things in advance, with which their carriage is laden on their departure: biscuits that melt in the mouth, dainty meats, and fruits of all kinds.

We found that our friend Bisseux was not quite so much petted, a result of his being a pastor to the blacks. He had nevertheless nothing to complain of. The Le Roux family, who were in a good position, and very pious, treated him as their own son, and God had just given him a companion after his own heart. Everybody seemed to take pleasure in aiding him in his work.

He had been at first made to preach once or twice in French, with an interpreter placed at his side. This was to see what effect would be produced on the ear by the language which their ancestors had, so much to their regret, been compelled to renounce. After that everybody set to work to teach him good Dutch. That at least is what they told us in his presence, crediting themselves with his rapid progress. We suspected, however, that this success was the fruit rather of our friend's own efforts. They had rendered him a much more real service in building a chapel for him.

He was indeed just the man needed both by the blacks and their masters. That has been proved by the results of his long labours. Brought into the midst of unfortunate slaves, whose sad position filled his heart with pity, he had the joy of seeing their chains fall off, after having helped to prepare them for the privileges and duties of liberty. A few years ago hundreds of the converts of M. Bisseux, surrounded by whites, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ministry, receiving at his hands a pastor whom he had chosen to succeed him, and promising to devote £200 per annum to the maintenance of this young servant of God. The work of our brother has been and will continue to be a true missionary work.

Since the disappearance of slavery, the manners I have just been describing have been greatly modified; but what was good in them has on the whole been both preserved and developed.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM CAPE TOWN TO THE ORANGE RIVER.

As I have already said, the disasters which befel the friends who had preceded us had entirely deranged our plans, and had left us without any destination. Persuaded, nevertheless, that God would not have permitted us to come to South Africa if He had not something there for us to do, we resolved to start for the interior, and to act according to the light which Providence should afford us. Our brethren having fallen back on Kuruman, Moffat's station in the Bechuana country, it was that station in the first place we resolved to make for. We were recommended not to do the whole journey by land, and accordingly profited by the sailing of a vessel going to Port Elizabeth. By this means we avoided a very arid region called the Karroo, where many travellers have been on the point of perishing from thirst, after having seen their draught oxen succumb one after the other. Moreover, we had just learned that M. Lemue had come to meet his *fiancée*, and was awaiting her at the above-mentioned port.

Mr. Kitchingman, an old missionary resident in those parts, who was returning to his post, also took his passage with ourselves in the Mexican. Having one of his daughters with him, he was able to take

Mademoiselle Colani under his charge. Six days of agreeable voyaging brought us to Port Elizabeth. This town, which is now the great commercial outlet for the whole eastern side of the colony, was then only a little place made up of the houses and shops of a few English traders. There was, properly speaking, no harbour at all. It was a spacious bay, into which the waves of the open sea rolled without obstacle. Ships dragged their anchors in it at times in an alarming manner. The boats not being able to reach the shore on account of the surf, some athletic and almost naked Caffres took us on their shoulders, and bore us easily to *terra firma.* We experienced deep joy in greeting M. Lemue, and in delivering to him the precious charge which had been entrusted to us. In addition to the bonds of faith and of the Evangelical ministry which united us to this missionary, the dangers to which he had been exposed, and his noble conduct in many difficult circumstances, had rendered him extremely dear to us.

Two excellent workers belonging to the London Missionary Society, Mr. and Mrs. Robson, received us at their house with great cordiality. They were both of them full of zeal. Their principal task was to instruct the large number of Hottentots and Caffres who came in search of work at the port. In addition, Mr. Robson held a service on Sundays for the English. He was an old pupil of David Bogue, and had had for companions in his studies two or three French pastors, about whom we were able to give him tidings. This contributed not a little to promote our mutual acquaintance.

He had one little weakness, which we were not long in discovering, and which, considering the character of the people we had to deal with, seemed to us rather amusing. He piqued himself on preparing sermons for his congregation which were perfectly classical in style and arrangement. He asked us our opinion as to his success, after having taken off his gown.

His wife's conversation had a more local flavour. She was a brave body, who knew how in the course of a day to attend to the duties of a large household, to get to the school, to stir up the little negroes and their teacher, to visit the sick, and do a good many other things beside.

Before becoming the companion of Mr. Robson she had been the wife of one of the first missionaries to the Caffres, Mr. Williams. Living with him amongst natives who as yet were entirely savage, she had had the grief of seeing him succumb to a malady; and while the natives dug his grave according to her directions, had had herself to make his bier.

A few miles from Port Elizabeth lies Bethelsdorp, the oldest of the stations which the London Missionary Society has founded amongst the Hottentots. Here it was proposed to make preparations for our long journey into the interior. Two or three weeks were required for that, and we were able to devote a part of this time to observations which were afterwards very useful to us.

Turning our backs to the sea, and directing our steps northwards, we soon reached a hamlet of about sixty houses, grouped round a mission-house with thatched roof, and a roomy though modest-looking chapel and school. This was Bethelsdorp, the creation of Van der Kemp. He died at the Cape in 1811, while pleading for the last time the cause of the Hottentots.

The place seemed to us very little favoured from a worldly point of view. The soil is poor, light, almost sandy, and there is hardly water enough for domestic needs. Irrigation being impossible, agriculture offers few resources to the inhabitants. Evidently the Hottentots were not their own masters when they decided to make in this place their first attempt at a civilised life. There was in the neighbourhood a beautiful site offering advantages of every kind, but some whites had already taken possession of it. It is there that the flourishing town of Uitenhage has sprung up.

In order to supply what the soil refuses to them, the Hottentots of Bethelsdorp work a salt mine, which happily has been found in their little domain; they also make mats and faggot wood, which find a ready sale at Port Elizabeth. The neighbourhood of this town enables them, moreover, to earn money as day labourers. Nearly all of them can read and write. The primary school is prosperous, numbering some 200 scholars. A female Hottentot had charge of the infant school. She acquitted herself with so much zeal and intelligence that we set ourselves to follow her lessons, and did so with profit. The little flock here had been greatly blessed in a spiritual point of view. It forgot its temporal poverty in the sense of being enriched by the treasures of the Gospel.

Nowhere have I seen public worship attended with such regularity. The chapel, which holds six or seven hundred hearers, is often too small. It is opened not only on Sundays, but every evening of the week, and I blushed to see that the number of those attending these daily devotions surpassed that of the congregation one sees in some French places of worship on the Sabbath. The missionary, from time to time, invited members of the church to pray aloud. They did so without any false shame, and with such simplicity and fervour that the assembly was frequently moved to tears.

The Hottentots, so little favoured as to external appearance, have one remarkable gift—they sing delightfully. The women have voices of an incomparable range of flexibility; and in the tenor or bass, which the men render in perfect harmony, there is an element of veiled emotion which profoundly moves the heart. This is one of Heaven's compensations, which the good people appreciate at its full value. Their greatest happiness is to assemble together on a fine moonlight night before the doors of their cottages, and to sing in chorus for hours together. I can say without exaggeration that in listening to them at such moments, when the ugliness of their features is hidden, I have more than once fancied myself in the midst of beings belonging to the upper spheres.

The Hottentots of Bethelsdorp enjoyed at that time the enlightened and paternal oversight of a veritable Oberlin. Mr. Kitchingman, after having for a long time shared the nomad life of the Namaquois, had exercised a ministry quite as devoted, though less laborious, among the blacks of Paarl Town, and he was now devoting the years of his old age to the children of Van der Kemp. There was in him an admirable mixture of good humour, amiability, and firmness. He had his hours for receiving in his study the Hottentots who were in need of counsel and encouragement. Everything in his features and in his life bespoke a man who sympathised with every form of suffering, who comprehended every human weakness, but with whom no sin or vice would be tolerated. Poor, with a large family and a small income, he seated himself each day at a table more than frugal; but he ate his own bread, and made others eat it, with a joyous heart.

I owe much to this man, and to his worthy companion. More effectually than by the lessons even of the excellent master God had given me, did they, by their example, reveal to me what a missionary ought to be. Mr. and Mrs. Kitchingman now rest in the Hottentot cemetery of Bethelsdorp. It was from them and some octagenarian converts that I obtained details about Van der Kemp.

This remarkable man, at first a cavalry officer in Holland, then a distinguished doctor of medicine and a thorough infidel, was led to become a fervent believer and a missionary after seeing his wife and daughter drowned in a boating excursion on the Zuyder Zee. He had a character, a way of looking at things, and a general behaviour, as singular as his career had been. He pushed frugality, or rather abstinence, and the forgetfulness of all care for his person, to the extremest limits. Thus, he never wore a hat. He had to buy one once, when some new trick played on his Hottentots compelled him to appear on their behalf before the authorities of Cape Town. But even then the hat did not officiate as a head-covering. He held it in his two hands behind his back, to the great delight of the street boys, who amused themselves by filling it with gravel. Learning from its weight the joke that had been played on him, the worthy doctor simply emptied it, and continued his walk.

He had as a maxim that in the matter of clothes and linen the missionary should possess only what he was actually wearing, and in food should confine himself to what the natives ate. His ideas on this point were so decided that he insisted on the London Missionary Society allowing only £30 a year to his workers. It was not so much that he aimed at economy, as that he possessed a fixed idea that in order to raise the natives to his own level he must in everything which was not reprehensible go down to theirs—a principle of which experience has demonstrated the falsity. It was, in fact, giving up civilisation. It is said that once an English officer in the diplomatic service in Caffreland asked directions to the doctor's dwelling of a white man whom he found brick-making, without a hat, and in a costume as light as that of the natives. The surprise of the officer may be imagined on learning that the man before him was the one he sought. Following out the same idea, Van der Kemp in his old days married an Hottentot woman whom he had led to share his faith, but who remained to the end utterly uncultivated, and who caused him much embarrassment.

But, spite of these errors of judgment, what elevation of sentiment and of view, what zeal, what courage were in this man! No fatigue, no danger frightened him when the work of his Master was in question. The frontiers were at that time the scenes of daily disorders. Adventurers, accompanied by retailers of brandy, were ceaselessly marauding amongst the natives, who, at times, gave them terrible lessons by falling upon them unawares. It was in the midst of such surroundings that the greater part of the ministry of Van der Kemp was passed. The miscreants who kept the country in a state of turmoil could not forgive this man for the love he bore to the Hottentots and the Caffres. More than once they attempted his life, but a celestial buckler seemed to protect him against their bullets.

This apparent invulnerability, joined to a constant recourse to prayer, greatly struck the Caffres. They came to regard him as a sacred being having all power with the Invisible King before whom they so frequently saw him prostrate.

Once, when the country was desolated by a prolonged drought, the chief Gaïka sent to ask Van der Kemp to obtain rain for them. Fearing that if he obtained this of God, it would be attributed to a magical procedure like that to which the native professional rain-makers had recourse, he refused. A second messenger shortly appeared. 'It is cruel on your part to treat us thus,' the chief bade him say; 'you know that if you will only go on your knees and hide your face in your two hands, we shall have as much rain as we want!'—'So be it then,' said the doctor, remembering Elijah, and he began to pray. Soon came torrents of rain, which lasted several days. The messenger returned, the bearer of warm acknowledgments, and of a recommendation which made Van der Kemp smile: 'Another time be a little more moderate. You have almost drowned us! Here, however, is a fat ox as a proof of my gratitude.'

The ox was peremptorily refused. And now comes not the least singular part of the story. One of the scoundrel whites who infested the country conceived the idea of making a good thing for himself out of the disinterestedness of Van der Kemp. Meeting in the woods the Caffre as he was conducting the ox back to the kraal, he inquired what had happened. 'What,' exclaimed he, when the native had told him the circumstances, 'one ox, one single ox for such a splendid rain as that! It is an insult! Let Gaïka at once send me six oxen like this one. I will take on myself to present them to the missionary. You will soon see that they will be accepted.' The six oxen were accordingly forwarded to the officious intermediary; and it need not be said that neither Gaïka nor the missionary ever heard of them again!

Van der Kemp's travels and the exceptional vicissitudes of his life never deranged his studious habits. Beforetime he had made himself a name in Holland by learned writings on medicine; now all his thoughts turned on the Word of God. It was on prayer and meditation he relied for obtaining a more extended and profound knowledge of it. Old Hottentots used to tell stories on this subject, the real grandeur of which escaped them, no doubt, but which nevertheless had left on their minds an indelible impression. 'In our travels,' said they, 'when on the approach of night we had unyoked and were preparing the doctor's meal, he would go and seat himself at some distance amongst the bushes, paper and pencil in hand. He then gave himself to prayer and meditation. We used to hear him say sometimes, "Lord, I do not understand this point, this word." A moment afterwards, it was, "I see a little better, but not enough. Enlighten me." And then often, after a moment of silence, he cried, "Oh, now I understand; thanks, thanks, Lord!" Then, spite of the darkness, he would begin to write, and one could hear his pencil running over the paper.' These flying sheets would probably have been indecipherable to everybody but the doctor; but we would have given something to discover them.

Van der Kemp did not want people to be always on their knees; he had too much faith in the efficacy of prayer for that. There is a characteristic anecdote on this subject.

One day, while he was traversing a forest in Cafraria with a young missionary, there appeared suddenly a band of warriors fully armed, and gesticulating in a very alarming manner. The novice, whose carriage was following that of the doctor, got out, and running to him, begged him to stop and ask the protection of God. 'My friend,' replied the old spiritual athlete, 'didn't you pray this morning? Let us go on.'

Van der Kemp had conversions, and left permanent traces of his work, among the Hottentots only. As to Caffreland, he only opened the door to other missionaries younger than himself. Nevertheless, up to this hour, in all parts occupied by the Caffres and their immediate neighbours, the many natives who have embraced Christianity are frequently called Ma-Yankana, which means 'the men of Van der Kemp.'

On his appearance in their country, the natives not being able to pronounce his name, gave him that of Yankana. The Moravian Schmidt and he were the true founders of mission work in South Africa.

We were now making preparations for our journey into the interior, under the direction of our good friend Mr. Kitchingman, aided by our senior brother M. Lemue. They made us buy in the first place two of those indispensable wagons which are for the African traveller what the ship is to the sailor: a habitation as much as a means of locomotion. We were taught how to arrange and firmly wedge at the bottom our portmanteaus, boxes and bags, and place over them, by means of four strong leather bands, a kind of mattress, on which we were to sit cross-legged by day, and stretch ourselves at night. In front was a box neatly painted, with a lid and hinges, intended to hold our tin vessels, and to serve as a seat for the driver. The kitchen utensils, happily for our ears, had their place behind. Not having prior to this known any form of riches beyond our books and the loose cash our good parents put from time to time in our pockets, a sentiment entirely new grew in us in proportion as the different purveyors brought the articles of which our advisers had made out a list. We were becoming proprietors!

We hardly knew ourselves when one fine morning we were called to see defile before us twenty-four draught oxen, and when we were asked what we thought of their height, their horns, and their colour, the name of each one was repeated to us, in the faith apparently that it would remain graven on our memory as indelibly as on that of any young shepherd of the country. What we did take in without difficulty was that the Dutch drovers who had invented these names had kept well in the region of prose. They had scrupulously resisted every temptation to give poetic or harmonious appellations to animals certainly prosaic enough in themselves. Their terminations were invariably in *veld*, *man*, *land*, or *berg*. We were to be drawn by a *Haververld* (hay-field), a *Roodman* (red man), a *Zwartland* (black country), a *Rondeberg* (round mountain), etc. By dint of vociferating these harsh syllables, and accompanying them with the cracks of a whip twelve yards long, each of these poor beasts had been taught to distinguish his name from those of his companions in misfortune.

As long as there was only question of purchases the absolute necessity of which seemed evident, we allowed things to take their course, though groaning to see the sum which the treasurer of our Society would have to pay in a few months. It was different when it came to a matter of provisions. Here certainly we could claim our right to regulate our appetites without anybody's interference.

We were told we should have to take a 150 lb. bag of rice, one of coffee, one of raw sugar, two of flour, each of the same weight; a 10 lb. chest of tea, a 200 lb. bag of salt, a demi-john of vinegar, and I know not what else. We at once broke into revolt. Were we taken for shameless prodigals! The rice must be reduced to 50 lbs., the coffee to 20 lbs., and so on with the rest. We were laughed at for our improvidence. The guides and drovers whom we had obtained said among themselves, 'We shall not go very far with these people.' The debate lasted two or three days. We consented at last, not without pain, to take about two-thirds of what was declared to be strictly necessary.

At last everything was ready. An old Hottentot called Philip, who had been whip to I know not how many missionaries, was to take us as far as the Orange River. He had himself chosen from the young men of Bethelsdorp all our other followers. Saws, spades, and axes were duly attached to the sides of our wagons, ready to render good service in the thickets and ravines. To these tools corresponded, inside, a formidable row of guns and powder flasks, provision against hyænas and lions. Our Bibles and a few choice books had found a place in some strong leather bags, hanging, within reach of our hands, from the two sides of our seats. Our worthy friend Mr. Kitchingman had just given his last counsels, while his wife and daughters were bringing biscuits and loaves all hot, which they had just cooked for us. The school children sang to us for the last time one of their sweet hymns. Each ox was yoked in its place, little Hans holding the reins which guided the sixth or leading pair. Philip had seized and unrolled the formidable whip. '*Trek*' (pull), he shouted in strident voice; '*help makaar*' (help one another); and the docile team, stretching their necks, arching their spines, and shaking their tails, set the heavy machine in motion.

We did not go far that day. The pretty little town of Uitenhage came in sight after three hours of travel. We had to stop and pay our respects to some worthy men who resided there. Moreover, it is with African wagons as with ships on a long voyage. There is always a pause between the roadstead and the high seas. There were still a number of details to look after, ropes to coil, pulleys to oil. Poultry, late in delivery, arrived at last. We had still two or three quarters of beef to buy, and some more sacks of potatoes, wherewith to make as long as they held out those tasty fritters which are never so appreciated as during a life in the open air.

We unyoked in the courtyard of a missionary of German extraction, who was zealously working amongst the numerous Hottentots and other blacks who found employment amongst the whites of the neighbourhood. M. Messer had been in Africa for thirty years. He had preserved of his native tongue only just enough to spoil his pronunciation of Dutch and of English. This did not prevent his preaching from bearing fruit. Uitenhage itself we found to be a pretty spot. The houses, surrounded by gardens, were all in perfect repair. The population appeared to enjoy great prosperity, the result of a judicious blending of commerce and agriculture. One might in fact say as much of all the small towns of Cape

Colony. Separated from each other by vast solitudes, they are built on the banks of watercourses, which, with the aid of man, transform an area of some miles into a perfect oasis. Their extreme neatness, the order and calm which reign there, the style of the edifices devoted to public worship, give them a Protestant stamp which one recognises at the first glance.

One is agreeably surprised to find in them a decided intellectual movement. Each of the miniature cities is the residence of a civil commissioner or landrost; it has its newspaper, with its little literary review and its advertisement sheet. The pastor of the Reformed Church of Uitenhage, Mr. Smith, who had some days before solemnized the marriage of our friend M. Lemue, offered us a repast. He much astonished us by his perfect knowledge of the state of religious affairs in France. He devoured all the copies of the *Archives du Christianisme*, of the *Semeur* and of the *Journal des Missions* which we had brought with us.

Beyond this was the desert, for we may well call by this name the regions where we must as a rule pass for hours without encountering a single farm. It was an interminable succession of little hills covered with stunted mimosas, with shrubs recalling our evergreen oaks, with aloes, cactuses, and euphorbias of all kinds. The soil which bore all these was reddish, and hard as stone. From time to time we saw in the valleys tortuous rifts which looked like watercourses. By dint of searching we did sometimes find water there. In these spots vegetation was more vigorous and varied, including numbers of interlaced climbers and of delicious jasmines. Various kinds of grasses formed a carpet sown with brilliant red flowers, with stamens so numerous and scattered that one would have said they were little tufts of silk.

During the first days we showed ourselves refractory to the life of the wagon. The slowness of these heavy vehicles and their incredible jolting exasperated us. Accordingly, leaving old Philip and his subordinates to enjoy the dignity of the front seats, we set off in the morning to range over the country in search of antelopes and ostriches. We saw them bounding along almost everywhere amongst the thickets, and for hours we chased them without being able to approach sufficiently near to get a single shot. We soon lost the taste for these useless pursuits, from which we returned generally with torn garments and bleeding hands, our drivers meanwhile drily demanding why, with such a passion for the chase, we had forgotten to buy ourselves horses.

Our warlike humour having worn off, we began to take interest in the thousand details of our Bohemian life. Philip had for us the watchfulness and the counsels of a father. We learned under his tuition to manage the whip, so as to make it not only a superlatively efficacious stimulant, but an instrument of direction as sure as the reins. We learned also why it often happened that, at the risk of putting us in a bad humour, the cattle were unyoked when we should have wished to go further. The reason was that the ox has his hours: there is a time when, if he is left, he will lose his time scratching himself or sleeping, instead of grazing. To determine by the sun alone the exact hour of the day, to recognise by certain indications the places where we might expect to find water, to estimate with sufficient precision the distance which separated us from such a mountain or such a forest, all this soon became easy to us.

Little by little also we began to find our mode of locomotion very supportable. We remembered what had been told us about the double use of the mattress hung above our boxes, and discovered that by seating ourselves on it tailor-wise we scarcely felt the shakings. From this time the slow and measured pace of the oxen gave us an opportunity for conversation, for readings, for taking notes, for sketching. In the solitudes through which we were passing, we could fill our lungs with air, and feel ourselves free, perfectly protected against intrusion. Dame Nature alone, with her ravines, her craggy summits, her barriers of climbing plants, of brambles, or of cactus interrupted our march from time to time; but she had a knack of imposing her will on us in a way that mingled lively interest with the struggle, and banished all ill humour.

When evening came careful choice was made of a place in which to take some hours of repose. What a piece of good fortune when hard by the watercourse, the meeting with which had determined our halt, we found a rock, covered it may be with verdure, or shadowed by some venerable olive tree! The wagons were then placed so as to secure for each one his share of this shelter. While Philip and his myrmidons unyoked the oxen, arranging the harness symmetrically, the masters became servants, gathered dry wood, struck a light, filled the big kettle, and fixed it on three stones over the crackling flame. The first thought of the African traveller after his halt is to swallow as quickly as possible a bowl of coffee. This clears the interior passages of the dust which is choking them, gives him his voice again, sustains the stomach without irritating it, and calms the impatience which would otherwise be produced by the delay of the repast which has yet to be prepared. At the end of some days we could not get on without it, and we understood how inadequate would have been the poor little provision of it which we had at first determined upon taking.

Supper, which consisted usually of stewed mutton and potatoes, was generally over at nine o'clock. Then the old Hottentot called out to us, '*Heeren wy zyn klaar*,'—'We are ready, gentlemen;' which meant that the time was come to read a chapter and to offer prayer. He generally held the lantern before the one who was conducting family worship. The singing was never long enough for these good disciples of Mr. Kitchingman. To listen to their clear ringing voices, one would never have suspected that they had all day long been bawling out menaces and exhortations to our teams. Towards ten o'clock the oxen, well filled, came one after another to lie down near the fire, giving play to their ample lungs in blowings and snortings. A circle of horns was formed round the encampment, the Hottentots lit their pipes, and then came the moment which to them compensated for the fatigues and mishaps of the day.

In the first place, the incidents of the march furnished matter for animated discussion. Each one received his portion of praise or blame, according to the manner in which he had discharged his duties. Philip, who, despite some weaknesses, was really pious, never failed to give a little bit of exhortation to those whom he called his children. He put into it so much tact and good humour that there was no excuse for anybody being offended. Then came lively anecdotes, descriptions of manners, in which the whites were not always spared, and dramatic scenes furnished generally by souvenirs of the chase, the whole accompanied by a pantomime so effective that we were the first to feel the power of it. When our Hottentots began to get sleepy, they stretched themselves each one on his mat, with the feet turned towards the fire, rolled themselves up, without saying 'Good-night,' in their sheepskins ; while we, climbing into the wagon, went to bed in the European fashion.

An hour or two before dawn we were awakened by the accents of prayer. It was our men, who one here, another there, were addressing to God their thanksgivings and requests. After that they lay down again. These habits of more than matutinal devotion we have observed amongst all pious natives. They wish by this means to guard themselves against the negligences of which they might render themselves culpable, if they waited for the hour of conversation and of labour. The darkness and solitude of the fields are for them the secret chamber which the Lord has recommended His worshippers to seek. Thanks to the thickness of the canvas which closed in our wagons, we were able more easily to find our hours for fulfilling this duty, but we were generally afoot very early. Nature has at this time, in that part of Africa, a stamp of mysterious grandeur, which leads one instinctively to meditation and adoration.

The plains and mountains least habited by man shelter and give life to an infinity of inferior beings who are also dear to their Creator, and who celebrate His praise each after its manner.

See first those two fine cranes who have just wakened, after having passed the night by each other's side under a clump of tall grass. They stretch their wings in the azure brightness, sending up to heaven discordant but joyous cries. Then placing themselves opposite each other, they execute a veritable minuet, leaping from time to time one over the other, until, carried away by a burst of wild gaiety, each runs off at full speed, to return after this threat of divorce, to grunt to his companion protestations of fidelity. This done, one sees them march off solemnly one after the other, in search of a breakfast.

Near by are some turtle doves, jubilant at the return of day, cooing and fluttering with endless pretty coquetries. Some paces further off, a partridge greatly upset is calling back with loud cries her too adventurous brood. Her signals have been understood. There comes at full speed her little troop, saluting her with infantine voices and pecking at her with an air that seems a reproach for her want of confidence.

There is an infinity of other scenes of equal charm, and perhaps of an even more piquant interest. One may guess at them by the noises brought by the morning breeze, though one cannot be a spectator, on account of the thickness of the forest. From these retreats comes the accent of simple happiness, of light-hearted gaiety, of dreamy meditation, of surprise, of menace, of invocation. One distinguishes amongst other voices, that of the cuckoo, indicating doubtless that he has discovered, on getting out of bed, some appetising honeycombs, but who is heartbroken at finding they are defended by bees who were up earlier than himself. Those piercing, precipitate cries are from the shrike. The rogue is probably already in full pursuit of an unhappy lizard or of a big grasshopper, which he is going to impale and leave suspended on the thorn of a mimosa, a habit which has given him among the Boers the title of *fiscal* (sheriff's officer).

In the barer spcts, hares and antelopes great and small disport themselves, and one may be witness of the thousand antics of noisy and grimacing monkeys. But the sun mounts higher, flooding the plains and the heights with its blinding rays; the pearls with which the dew had ornamented the foliage, the half-tints, the softened profiles are all drowned in his beams. In proportion as the heat increases, birds and quadrupeds lose their animation; they still pursue their various occupations, but without noise, and in the shade.

We pass by Boer farms from time to time, so distant from each other that one has always the feeling of being in the desert. The further one advances into the interior, the less do the farms resemble those of Europe. Irrigation is indispensable, and it is rare, especially in the province in which we then were, that a farmer can dispose of a volume of water sufficient to do more than cultivate a few vegetables and wheat enough for his own consumption. Their riches consist in cattle, and above all in wool.

A brick house with thatched roof, one storey high, and consisting only of three rooms; a barn open to all the winds, under which the wagon and some tools find shelter; two or three huts, of which one is used for a kitchen and another by the blacks who have charge of the flocks; two vast roofless enclosures, where every evening the cattle and sheep are penned, complete the establishment. There is nothing for the comfort and elegance of domestic life, rarely so much as a sheltering tree before the door. When wind rises it causes clouds of dust and of pulverized dung to swirl round these miserable habitations. The bones of animals which have served for food lie scattered on all sides, mixed often with old skins hardened by the sun.

The interior is not more comfortable: for flooring there is the bare earth; for ceiling, the rafters; and thatch for the roof. The walls, whitewashed or coloured with a sort of yellow ochre, are covered with myriads of flies, attracted by the milk and by the effluvium from the sheep which hangs in a corner. The housewife cuts from this till it is time to have a fresh one killed, which happens at least every other day, for there is an incredible consumption of meat among these people, scarcely anything else being eaten. With many of the farmers the absence of all convenience is compensated for by the knowledge that the padlocked box which generally serves for a seat is full of solid coin. These come almost without labour. It is enough to see in the morning that the sheep are duly led to the pasture by one or two Hottentots, and that they return without any missing in the evening. The sheep-shearing is somewhat fatiguing, but that lasts only a few days; and then come the dealers, who carry off the wool, leaving in its place clothing, coffee, tea, rice, brandy, or handfuls of sovereigns.

In the short time we had with these Boers we sought to be of some spiritual service. But this was not easy; conversation is not their forte. On our arrival they invariably addressed to us these questions: 'Who are you? Where do you come from? Where are you going? Are you married? What is your business?' After the replies have been given, silence is absolute. All the art and perseverance in the world were necessary to obtain from our hosts as much as a 'Yes,' or 'No' to the things we ventured to say to them. It is true that our quality of missionaries did not prepossess them in our favour. The nearer we approached the districts inhabited by free natives the more coolness we met with. 'What are you going to do amongst those people?' we were frequently asked (for on this point their tongues found their use). 'Are they not already cunning enough, without your trying, through your teaching, to make them still better able to do us harm?'

The scattered Boers only very rarely hear their pastors, going to their place of worship solely on fête days. They rely for the instruction of their children in reading and writing on the services of any stray teachers who may come along. This explains their ignorance and their prejudices. They have not the less preserved their simple and hospitable manners, their great attachment to the Scriptures, and to the principal doctrines of the Reformed Church.

Twelve days' journeying brought us to Graaff-Reinet, an important town which has received its name, like Uitenhage and some others, from one of the Dutch governors of the colony. By bringing into it the waters of a small river (Zondags Rivier), the people have made of this originally sterile spot a delicious oasis. All the streets are bordered with orange and lemon-trees, with oleanders and syringas. Fruits of every kind are seen in the back gardens which lie behind the houses, and which by a happy arrangement have become the greatest ornament of Graaff-Reinet, without preventing the growth of the population. From whatever quarter the traveller arrives, he sees before him the spire of the Dutch Reformed Church. This building is exactly in the centre of the town, in the place of honour. Some chapels have also been built since the English and Germans added themselves to the first colonists.

After the church we found the best situated and most considerable building to be the manse. It was there we had the pleasure of being received. Our wagons easily found room in the immense courtyard, while the harness was carefully deposited in a good stable. Our Hottentots, furnished with a letter of recommendation, set out with our cattle for a neighbouring farm, belonging to one of the most influential members of the consistory, and each of us found himself installed in a neat bedroom, surrounded by everything that could contribute to his comfort. It was thus that hospitality was understood and practised by Pastor Murray and his excellent wife.

When dinner-hour arrived, we found ourselves surrounded by several children and three or four black servants, whose features wore the expression of perfect satisfaction. Everything here was on a patriarchal footing. The size of the table showed that the family, numerous enough in itself, was expected regularly to be reinforced from outside. The eatables, copious, varied, and lavishly served, said plainly that the question of subsistence caused no embarrassment to the mistress of the house. What we most warmly appreciated was the dessert. There were grapes, peaches, and figs of wonderful size and taste. On leaving the table, we were taken into the garden, where our host was careful to assure us we were welcome to go any time during the day, and pluck whatever fruit we liked. What an offer for palates so long parched by thirst and the dust of the desert!

The religious life of the family was cherished with earnest care. Morning and evening, the children, servants, and guests were assembled in the largest room, where each received a hymn-book and a Bible. The mother led the singing, and the pastor, after a short meditation, offered a prayer in which nobody was forgotten.

Mr. Murray was Scotch, a native, if I mistake not, of Aberdeen. He knew Dr. Philip intimately, and much esteemed him, although not of the same denomination. At the time when the Cape passed under the English dominion, some Presbyterian ministers, knowing that there was a lack of Reformed pastors in the colony, and taking into consideration the identity of their Church with that which it was proposed to strengthen, went to Utrecht to learn Dutch, and then offered their services to the Cape Synod, by whom they were accepted. It was thus that Mr. Murray became pastor at Graaff-Reinet.

When he first came the town was inconsiderable, and he had greatly contributed to its development in every respect. He was at the head of various associations—religious, literary, and otherwise. The zeal and solicitude with which he watched over the colonists committed to his care did not prevent him from taking much interest in missionary work. We had sufficient proof of this in the welcome he had given us. Others before us had been received with the same heartiness. These hospitable habits never flagged; and during the whole life of this excellent man, which was patriarchal, not only in its manners but in its duration, we never called him by any other name than the 'Gaius of missionaries.' He gave us an introduction to M. Van Ryneveld, the commissioner of the district, which might have proved very useful to us, seeing his jurisdiction extended to the extreme limit of the colony. The latter was an extremely amiable man, speaking French well, having in fact spent several months in Paris. Our host also brought us into contact with some of the most pious and enlightened members of his flock.

Hardly had we left Graaff-Reinet when we began to mount the steep sides of the Snow Mountains, so named because in the depth of winter their summits are actually white, a thing unknown anywhere else in the colony. It was a rough climb, during which we were more than once afraid of seeing our wagons roll into frightful abysses. After reaching the first plateau the ascent was gradual and without peril. We had gone over two-thirds of the distance which still separated us from Orange River when a memorable adventure befel me.

Shortsighted to such a degree as not to be able to recognise a friend at three paces' distance, I had brought with me, in addition to the glasses which formed part of my personality, an ample further provision bought at Lerebours, at the corner of the Place Dauphine, opposite the statue of Henri IV. Five months later I managed to clumsily break the good spectacles by whose aid I had seen so much by sea and land. I reassured myself, however, in calling to mind the little packet that the first optician of France had himself put into wadding for me and tied up. I open my portmanteau and the packet. Consternation! Not a glass was left whole. The whole of them were in little pieces, and most of them reduced to powder. What was I to do? There had seemed to me to be almost everything to be got in the shops of Graaff-Reinet. Well, I must go back there. My companions promised to relax their rate of travelling, and if they found I was too long in rejoining them they would wait for me. But the question was how to get there?

While we were discussing the situation a traveller, seated in an open carriage drawn by two horses, hailed us in passing. That is the custom in the desert, as with ships at sea. Wonderful to relate, he had a French name—Lemaire. He was born at Berlin, but his parents were of French origin.

As surgeon in the allied army, he had seen Paris in 1815, and had made a sufficiently long sojourn there. Afterwards his Majesty the King of Prussia had despatched him on a botanical expedition into South Africa. Our naturalist took a liking to the country; and after sending to Europe several boxes of specimens, placed himself at the service of the colonists as a doctor. Learning my predicament, he cried, 'I will go wherever you want to go; get in with me quick, and let us be off!' The journey was soon accomplished, and in a most agreeable manner. We kept up all the way a running fire of conversation. Any one who heard us would have laughed at our transitions, as we discussed now a euphorbia or an iris, and now the 'cuckoos'[1] of Passy, etc. I thought only of dipping into the scientific treasures of my learned friend; while he, desirous of proving to me that he still knew his Paris, poured out a ceaseless stream of anecdotes and 'good things,' the taste of some of them sufficiently doubtful, which he had in past times picked up in the cafés of the Palais-Royal.

On the road my new acquaintance stopped at the door of a colonist, a friend of his, who, like the young German, had also been enrolled under the flag of the great Blucher. One should have seen the way in which these gentlemen embraced each other in the French manner, with what volubility, with what airs of the *salon*, they exchanged and exaggerated the formulas of politeness, which the *beaux* of the old *régime* had taught them. This scene, considering the place in which it was enacted, seemed to me the height of comedy, and made me almost forget the misfortune which had happened to me.

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[1] A species of omnibus to which this name was given in Paris.

Alas! I soon learned that my loss was irreparable, at least for a long time. No spectacles for short sight were to be had in all Graaff-Reinet. They would have to come from the Cape. They would reach me probably in three or four months, and even then on condition that I knew to what address they should be sent, which was at that time a sufficiently doubtful point. I had to content myself with some blue spectacles, whose slightly concave glasses assisted my vision a little.

There remained the question of returning. I had no more M. Lemaire to spirit me back in an easy carriage, making me forget the length of the road in joyous conversation. I set out quite alone, mounted on a little pony, which a man had been willing, as he said, to sell me for charity. The brute turned out to be one-eyed. Our mutual almost-blindness did not prevent us from trotting merrily along, and from making a good day's journey. In the evening a colonist gave hospitality to both man and beast.

The next morning we managed to lose ourselves, a thing by no means difficult in such a country, even for the most clear-sighted. After one or two hours' riding, the route we were following, and which had appeared to me the main road, became nothing more than a winding track, and ended by disappearing amongst the tall heather.

Startled somewhat, I stopped my nag, as though to consult him. He profited by this to begin browsing. This coolness reassured me, and recalled to me the proverb, 'All roads lead to Rome.' 'Come along,' said I, and we began again our gentle trot, my one-eyed mount lazily turning his head from side to side, and I swinging my legs as I rode, like the millers' boys at home on their asses, the while mechanically humming an air. We looked as if we were amusing ourselves; but that is not precisely the phrase for describing one's frame of mind when one has the misfortune to wander for hours a lost mortal in the region where I was. There is experienced in the first place that feeling of the incomprehensible silence of the desert to which one never gets accustomed, if one is French or nervous; that silence which so strongly resembles the awful pause presaging the outburst of terrifying sounds, the beginning of battle, or the first crash of the expected tempest.

Still the silence! Then a gentle puff of wind, which comes from one knows not where, and dies away one knows not how, carrying here a straw, there a little dust, and which seems to whisper to you as it passes, 'Alone, alone, all alone! You will fall where no one will know anything about it, neither to-day nor to-morrow! But no; to-morrow the vultures who nest on high, on those frowning summits, will know it. They will come flying on heavy wing above your head, till near enough to you to be sure your last agony has commenced, when with pitiless beak they will pluck out your eyes and tear open your bosom!'

In these moments it is a consolation to see one's horse prick up his ears or even to shy at something. There is then some live thing here after all! Perhaps it is a bustard panting under an aloe, and who with much regret quits this imperfect shelter to avoid being ridden over; or it may be a baboon gorging himself on scorpions amongst the reddish stones, and who, indignant at finding himself disturbed, mounts an ant-hill and gives himself up to furious gesticulations.

And then the general configuration of the country is by no means reassuring. It consists of a succession of plains cut across by barren hills forming a ridge, except where in certain places in the rainy season the waters have made themselves a passage. Wherever you go you have always before you a gorge, a defile more or less tortuous. In Calabria the imagination would place there a brigand, with conical hat, armed with his carabine. In Africa it sees the Bushman, his locks bristling with poisoned arrows, trying the string of his bow, to make sure it is well stretched; or perhaps, worse still, a lion determined to repair during the day his want of success of the past night.

But the sun is rarely concealed by clouds, and that burning eye, ever open, which seems to look down from heaven, recalls to us that there is One above who watches over the timid gazelle and the bewildered traveller. It is of Him I think in my better moments, and then, instead of humming some trifling air, I sing with joyous heart a verse of one of the Pilgrim Psalms.

We were approaching one of the ill-looking defiles of which I have just spoken, when I saw something coming towards us, apparently in rational manner, with none of those suspicious movements which indicate the presence of evil passions. Oh, joy! it was a dog! Yes, a dog, in real flesh and blood. I seem still to see him. He was of russet colour, of good size, and with a well-fed appearance. He was travelling with an air of quiet assurance, as of an animal that perfectly knew its way. No capricious stoppings on the road, no distractions, no more speed than was necessary. Unfortunately, he was going in a contrary direction from that which a confused remembrance counselled me to take. He hardly paid any attention to us. What would you have? He knew where he was going. Could he suspect that we were less competent travellers than himself? How I should have liked to interview him, if only to get from his glance some sign of helpful sympathy! Hastily repeating the proper names most in use at the Cape amongst the canine tribe, I tried to stop this most respectable animal. It was lost labour. However, the meeting with him was not without use. My nerves, before somewhat over-excited, had need of this respite.

Some instants afterwards, what should I see but a monstrous head, which appeared in the midst of a thicket of mimosas, and an entire animal disengaged itself from the brushwood. It was as to size something like a small pony. My spectacles did not allow of my distinguishing the outlines in detail, but the whole appearance awakened in me certain recollections of the menagerie which were anything but agreeable—to wit, a mane, a bearing assured and menacing, and a tail ceaselessly lashing the hollow flanks. Without doubt it was a lion, and of a large size! One thing astonished me—that my nag in no degree shared my emotion. I observed, however, that the wind was not coming from the direction of the dreaded beast, and I had heard say that it was the smell which usually revealed to the domestic animals the presence in their vicinity of the king of the forest.

What was I to do? Go back? I should only draw on the enemy, in the hope of an easy triumph. Send my horse along at full speed! But that would make him desirous of showing me how far one of his great bounds could carry him. Having no weapons, any idea of resistance was out of the question. It remained then only to resign myself: to wait upon God, and to let the pony continue his steady trot.

It was not without a certain shrinking within myself, nor without a little mist in the eyes, that I reached the point where the lion would probably fall upon me if he wished to profit by his opportunity. Once there, I felt no more fear. It is an experience which I have gone through since in more than one encounter. I looked fixedly at the monster, but still without seeing him distinctly. There was nevertheless in his attitude something that seemed to me to betray uneasiness; a brusque movement forward, followed by a recoil, and stampings, apparently of inquietude rather than of anger. I do not recollect now of which eye my horse was blind, but he went on as if he saw nothing.

Thanks to the steadiness of his trot, I soon found myself at a reassuring distance from the object of my terrors. 'That's enough for one day in the way of a fright,' said I to myself, wiping my brow; 'I have had the honour of exchanging looks with a lion in full daylight, and in his own domains!'

But my adventures were not yet over. I was in vein for heroic encounters. Soon after, behold six more lions, all as large as the first, and placed as if an evil genius had assigned to each one his post! I passed them, and yet lived!

The evening of this adventurous day, thanks to the perseverance of my little nag, and to the directions given me by a traveller whom Providence threw in our way, I found myself at the bivouac of my friends, seated with them before a great fire. Without asking me the date of my last repast, they treated me as a man dying of hunger. When at length the time for talking arrived the lions were not forgotten. 'Seven!' murmured M. Lemue; 'seven, and here am I without having yet seen a single one at close quarters!'

The next day our wagons were pleasantly rolling along. I had taken my place by the side of my incredulous friend, and was repeating to him how happy I was to have escaped. Suddenly, seizing him by the arm, I cried, 'There are the lions! You will believe now how this country is infested with them!' Without moving, he said to the Hottentot who was driving, 'Go quick with your whip, and chase my friend's lions over there!'—'No, no!' replied the other, roaring with laughter, 'better give me your gun, I will make him eat some steaks off them!' They were gnus! a very inoffensive kind of antelope!

I have had since the consolation of knowing that others have been deceived by them in the same way. In order that the mistake may be possible, it is necessary to be shortsighted, or not to have good glasses, and also that the animal be facing you, with his head down, which renders the horns less visible. He is not the only one who, in this world, in order to conceal his own terrors gives himself ferocious airs. But there is no being, whether biped or quadruped, who knows better how to do it than the gnu.

Three days' more journeying brought us to Colesberg, on the extreme northern frontier of the colony, near the Orange River. This town at that time was only in the embryonic state. It was developing in the same manner as those we had already visited. A pastor had encouraged the building of a small church for some scattered Boers, whom he visited three or four times a year. The governor then in office (Sir Lowrie Cole) had given his permission to name the place after him. A German shopkeeper, Maltitz, a doctor, my obliging friend, M. Lemue, a carpenter from the Cape, M. Waldeck, and a Swiss watchmaker (where are they not to be found?) had established themselves around the sacred edifice. The Boers came to them when they had need of their craft, and paid liberally. Colesberg with its environs counts now five or six thousand inhabitants, and has almost as many shops as houses. Saving the attraction which it offers to those who wish to make money, it is the dullest place in the world.

The lack of water renders all culture, whether useful or ornamental, extremely difficult.

A missionary had previously gathered there some Bushmen, whom he hoped by dint of kindness to detach from a wandering life; but as this establishment caused umbrage to the Boers, he was forced to give it up. When will Christian charity find the means of holding its ground against cupidity?

We passed three days here, and during this time heard nothing but French spoken. By a singular chance the four citizens above-mentioned all spoke it with ease. They profited by this to make us invest in a good many purchases. No shop was to be looked for anywhere after that of M. Maltitz. The argument was peremptory. Some weeks of travel had showed us the absurdity of provisioning ourselves by the pound and the ounce. These tradesmen, often paid by the Boers in kind, had a little stock of sheep and goats of which they were not sorry to rid themselves, and which were to become indispensable to us. Everything then went to the entire satisfaction of the young community. They did not abuse their advantages too much, hoping to retain us as customers. We were earnestly bidden by them to remember that commerce is a powerful means of civilisation.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM THE ORANGE RIVER TO BASUTO LAND.

After so many days passed in regions almost entirely deprived of water, what a happiness to find ourselves before a river, to sport in its limpid wave, to seat ourselves under the willows which lined its banks! The Orange at the point where we saw it first, and where we had to ford it, is nearly a 1000 feet wide, and about six feet deep. In the greater part of its course it is much narrower, and consequently deeper.

The fords are generally banks of rock or sand which lie between veritable gulfs, rendering any wandering from the track extremely dangerous. The sources of the river were unknown at the time we crossed it. To my colleague, M. Arbousset, was reserved the honour of discovering them later, in the high mountains of Lessouto, the country to which we were going, though without knowing it, without even ever having heard the name pronounced.

It was not without difficulty that we gained the right bank of the river. The wheels of our wagons stuck in the fissures of the bed of rock over which the waters were gliding. It took hours to extricate them. We succeeded at last by doubling our team, and so getting twenty-four oxen to each vehicle. We slept some little distance from the river, under a clear starlit sky, but in a most profound solitude. It was not without emotion that we felt ourselves for the first time in our lives in a land where no civilized government held sway. We had the assurance, however, that God would take care of us, and the prospect of being able to seek with the most entire liberty for occasions to serve Him was for us full of charm.

We thought we had bid adieu to the colonists, it might be for years; but we were not yet entirely beyond their reach. At a short day's march from the river there was a missionary station called Philippolis, so named in honour of our venerable friend at Cape Town. Some people were living there at the same time whose features and hair recalled our own race and that of the Hottentots. They were, alas! the fruit of illicit relations between our colonists and their native servants. In proportion as these mulattos multiplied they were driven back into the interior, where they formed numerous and independent communities, with chiefs of their own. The London Missionary Society and the Wesleyan Society sent them missionaries.

We found at Philippolis a work carried on under the direction of a M. Kolbe which was interesting in many respects. There was a large chapel filled on Sundays with attentive hearers, and well-managed schools for boys and girls. Dutch being universally spoken by these people, the teaching was carried on without difficulty. Several had built themselves good houses. They had small farms in the neighbourhood of the station, where they cultivated enough wheat and maize for their wants; they raised, moreover, cattle and sheep and excellent horses. Unhappily, they made too much of the white blood in their veins, and showed themselves haughty and tyrannical towards the blacks pure and simple. This did not prevent them from cordially hating the whites, and with some reason; for, after having brought them into existence to gratify their vile passions, they had refused to allow them the smallest share in the heritage of their legitimate children.

Without knowing it, we had reached the place and the hour where God was about to reveal the field of labour He had destined for us. Quite recently one of these mulattos, Adam Krotz by name, a very intelligent hunter, had resolved to explore the country which extends to the north east of Philippolis, as far as the neighbourhood of Natal. This region up to then was entirely unknown. A map which we had bought in Paris left it blank, with these words 'sandy and desert plains.'

It was known at Philippolis that a horde of thieving Koranas and Griquois called Bergenaars, because they generally concealed themselves in the mountains with their booty, were making incursions in this quarter, and returning with cattle. There had been seen following them some natives of the Caffre race, coming from the same region, and in a state of terrible destitution. These unfortunates had been received at Philippolis. Adam Krotz had allowed some of them to establish themselves on his farm. After having learned enough Dutch to make themselves understood, they had begun to speak of their country and of the depredations which were being committed there.

Learning that their host was a lover of the chase, they had given him the most enchanting descriptions of the beauty and number of the antelopes in their native land. These conversations had made Krotz an explorer, and, as will be seen, a forerunner for us.

Having learned of our arrival at Philippolis, he came to seek us, and told us the following story: 'While I was carrying on my hunting at a place eight days' journey from here, a chief sent two men to beg me to visit him. I took with me as interpreter one of the natives of the country whom I had received on my farm. He conducted me to a mountain where this chief had fixed his residence, and who was, for this reason, called the Mountain Chief. His true name was Moshesh, son of Mokhatchané.

'He told me that for several years past he had been the victim of incessant attacks, by which three-quarters of his subjects had been destroyed or dispersed. He had asked me there to know if I could give him any good advice, if I could show him any means of securing peace for the country. I thought at once of the missionaries; I spoke to him about Moffat and about our own men. I tried to make him understand the services which such men could render him.

'The idea of having near him permanently wise men, friends of peace, disposed to do all in their power to aid him in his distress, pleased him greatly. He wanted to have some at once. "Do you know any?" said he to me, "who would be disposed to come?" I replied that such men sometimes came our way.

"Oh, I beseech you, tell the first you meet to hasten here. I will give them the best possible welcome. I will do everything they advise me to do." I promised him not to forget his prayer.

'Shortly after my return home I found that he, in doubt whether I should have the means of fulfilling my promise, had sent me 200 cattle, in order that I might procure him in exchange at least one missionary. But they had been intercepted and captured *en route* by the Koranas.'

Adam Krotz added that if we were disposed to devote ourselves to the salvation of this unfortunate chief, he was quite ready to serve as guide and to introduce us.

Dr. Philip, in his last journey into the interior, had heard of what had passed between Krotz and the 'King of the Mountain.' He had spoken to us of it; but the thing had seemed to have a character so romantic that we had not paid great attention to it. We had confined ourselves to noting it as a point to clear up, when the time came, after crossing the Orange River, to decide definitely towards what peoples we should direct our steps. But Providence seemed now to have spoken. Krotz having offered to accompany us, there could be no longer any doubt as to his veracity. To the advantage of carrying the Gospel to peoples ready to receive it was added that of making important geographical discoveries, and of opening a new region to the civilised world.

It was decided that M. Lemue should rejoin his colleague, M. Rolland, at Motito, in the immediate neighbourhood of Kuruman. The population of this district, already numerous, was continually growing, from the arrival of Baharoutsis, who, like our missionary brethren, had had to save themselves by flight from the massacres of Mossélékatzé. There was here a field of labour sufficient for two missionaries; and, if peace was re-established, Motito would serve as a base for further operations towards the north.

M. Pellissier, whom we had found at Graaff-Reinet, was going to undertake the gathering together and instruction of some thousands of Bechuanas-Batlapis, whom the fortunes of war in the north had driven to take refuge along the banks of the Orange River. The London Missionary Society offered to give up to us, for the establishment of these natives, a post where they had tried and failed to win to Christianity a horde of Bushmen. This spot, situated sixteen or eighteen leagues from Philippolis, higher up the river, would offer the great advantage of securing for us, on the confines of the colony, the means of communicating with the civilised world. These arrangements made, M. and Madame Lemue continued their journey to Motito, and we urged Adam Krotz to conduct us without delay to the 'King of the Mountain.' In order to lessen the difficulties of a journey in a country entirely without roads, we decided to leave one of our wagons at Philippolis with the heaviest baggage.

The philanthropic zeal of our mulatto did not prevent him from looking after his own little interests. He had resolved to take some friends with him, in the first place, to get hunting on a large scale, and then with the view of seeing, according to the reception given to us, if there would not be an opportunity of profiting on their part by the advantages which the chief offered to us. He took a long time in organising his expedition. We began to get impatient, and to talk of setting off at our own risk and peril, when at last we saw him coming with a *cortège* consisting of Booi Armans, Hans Lubbe, men of the same extraction as himself, a freed negro on whose fidelity he could entirely trust, his interpreter, Sépéami, two or three other natives of the country we were going to, and finally quite a small army of half-naked Bushmen, who were to look after the draught oxen, saddle the horses, and follow their masters in hunting, carrying their heavy guns. The first object of our escort was evidently to regale themselves on roast antelope, afterwards to carry home with them some hundredweights of the meat dried in the sun. We saw that a journey in a direct line was out of the question, and that we were going to make a kind of rambling expedition over the forest. To impose our own will on all this army was impossible, and we felt it was important in the highest degree to keep in the good graces of the chief of the band.

When, arrived at our destination, we compared notes, compass in hand, we found that a ten days' journey due north-east would have sufficed to bring us there. Instead of that we were three weeks going. In order to get to the districts where the big game abounded we had to make great detours. We seemed to be traversing interminable plains; in reality we were crossing a succession of plateaux which were bringing us towards a chain of mountains. In the bottoms it was not rare to see rising between a bank of vegetable earth and a bed of clay a stream of clear limpid water, while the plains generally contained in their centre pools of it, very repulsive to us in their appearance, but much sought after by the quadrupeds of all kinds which abound in this wilderness.

During the first part of our journey we took every possible means of making ourselves acquainted with the animals of the country, and I became able at last to distinguish a gnu from a lion. I still had to wear the miserable spectacles which had caused me to make the blunder I have recounted; but the necessity of seeing well, the extreme purity of the air, and the habit of looking over almost boundless horizons, appeared to have sensibly diminished my short-sightedness. Moreover, our indefatigable hunters came every day to spread out in the bivouac specimens of almost everything slayable in these regions. We could study their victims at leisure, handle them, measure them, and assist in their dismemberment. The evenings were passed in listening to descriptions of their habits.

The zoology of the country offered nothing very new. In the matter of ruminants, there were innumerable multitudes of spring-boks (*Gazella euchore*), of bless-boks (*Damalis albifrons*), of gnus (*Catoblepas gnu*), less numerous hordes of caamas (*Acephalus cæama*), and of elands (*Boselaphus canna*), of ree-boks (*Pelea capreola*), and riet-boks (*Eleotragus arundinaceus*).

The eland was the game most sought after by our people, on account of its size. It is not less than eight or nine feet long, and five feet high. The flesh is very good, as is also that of the other antelopes. By the side of these we encountered almost everywhere immense troops of quaggas, or striped asses. These differ from the zebra in not having their body entirely surrounded by the black bands which give so much elegance to their congeners.

What specially interested us was the habits of these coursers of the desert. See them in the early morning, starting off at a gallop towards the summit of a rocky hill, whose stones resound and roll away under their hoofs. At their head and behind are the great stallions, who form the front and rear guard. The former give the example of ardour and speed, while the latter hurry up here and there a lazy mare, or a too fat colt who may be lingering behind. Now they are at a summit, their hides freshly curried by the white thorns of the mimosas, with which they have rubbed themselves in passing. They stop, right about face, in serried rank, each one looking straight before him. One would say it was a squadron of horses who, having got rid of their riders, had taken the fancy to form line for the purpose of executing a manœuvre by themselves.

What are they doing up there? They are saluting the rising sun. Their great nostrils dilate to breathe the pure air which sweeps across the desert. During the night, tracked and pursued by lions, they have been a prey to unspeakable terrors. I have more than once heard with emotion the heart-breaking cries which they have uttered in these moments. But the dawn has put an end to the danger. From the heights where they now are a careful inspection gives them the assurance that the enemy has retired. One can comprehend how happy they are to find themselves still inside their skin, to be able still to proudly paw the ground, and to warm their flanks in the sun. They are about to descend; but before doing so they sniff the odours which the morning breeze brings from a certain corner of the wilderness, carpeted with a tender and savoury herbage. The eldest of the band paws and snorts, prowls round his charge until they are formed into close column, and then conducts them without deviation straight to the pasture.

After feeding they lie down in the most varied attitudes, the young ones leaning their heads on the flanks of their mothers. Later on they will go to drink at the accustomed watering-place. The movements of the past night have perhaps taken them far away from it; but whatever the distance, they will not go to any other. Prudence is still necessary. It sometimes happens that a lion, unfortunate in his nocturnal hunt, is concealing himself in the day-time amongst the reeds with which the pools are generally surrounded. His presence may perhaps more easily be discerned in a place that is well known. They approach with caution, the neck stretched out, the eye on fire, the nostrils quivering, until they are sure of being able to satisfy without danger the most imperious of necessities.

We were told there were also buffaloes in the country we were crossing, but we saw none. They are much dreaded, from their habit of falling with resistless impetuosity on whatever dares to meet them. In one of their hunting songs, the natives say of this animal, ‘When bellowing, he hurls himself upon you, he tears at your lungs, your liver, and your entrails.’ He is inexorable in his wrath; and it sometimes happens that when a man succeeds in escaping him by climbing up a tree, he lies down at the foot of it and waits there for hours.

Naturally, in the study we were making of the animal kingdom, the greatest interest centred in the wild beasts. These keep the thought and the imagination of the natives in a constant state of wakefulness, and it was on them that the conversation most frequently turned round our camp-fire in the evening. Lions, panthers, ounces, hyænas, and jackals, abounded in our neighbourhood. That was quite enough, without adding, as some travellers have done, the tiger, which does not exist in South Africa. The error has arisen from the fact of the colonists giving the name of 'tiger' to leopards, panthers, and all the spotted felines. These last are specially dreaded in the thickets, whence they rarely emerge. It is there they tear and devour their prey, which they generally obtain by surprise. If any one goes after them in their retreats, they are more dangerous than the lion, since they do not hesitate to accept the combat, and have the advantage, moreover, of being able to climb the trees. They throw themselves thence upon their adversaries with terrific fury.

The hyæna has received a reputation which he does not merit. He is only ferocious towards beings which are quite incapable of resisting him. We have met four or five of them together under a tree in full daylight, and have put them to flight by a single shot. In fact, threats alone would have sufficed. But this wretched beast is a constant enemy of colonists and travellers. It is impossible to get rid of him. Drawn from afar by the smell of the smallest flock of sheep or goats, it never ceases to roam round the farms or encampments. Even when it can get nothing, it disturbs the sleep by its hideous howlings, and by the incessant barking which it sets up amongst the dogs. Frustrated in its night-watch, it will content itself towards morning with the dung of animals, or will go and surprise some unhappy frogs in the pond; but one may be certain of its return at sundown. It becomes more audacious in times of war, not hesitating then to attack and finish the wounded, or to surprise some warrior overcome with fatigue. It is also a great resurrectionist: the natives endeavour to prevent its profanations of the dead by heaping stones upon the grave.

As to the lion, I have found him prosaic, although there is some discount to be taken off the legendary account of his bravery. When he is in a hilly country, the king of the forest generally chooses for his lair an eminence crowned with rocks, which serve as a shelter for him against sun and rain. If one would see the lion of statuary, with all there is of majesty in his port and movement, it is necessary to study him in the first rays of dawn, when, after a successful chase, he is returning to his domicile. He appears then to experience a certain sense of self-satisfaction, and that voluptuous good temper which looks out of the eyes of a gourmand who has dined well. The digestion is still at a point where it produces only agreeable sensations. He is satisfied. He will see an ox close at hand without troubling himself to give him a scratch.

He walks leisurely, turning his head now and then towards the scene of his nocturnal exploits. From time to time a movement of the tail, almost grotesque, appears to denote some facetious reminiscence; or seems to say: 'If the world is not satisfied, so much the worse; as for me, I am perfectly.' In this fashion he reaches the highest point of the hill which forms his residence. There the sense of his dignity appears to re-awaken. Is it because he is now on a pedestal worthy of him, or that he wishes to make the world understand that if he is just now good-tempered and sleepy, no one will, however, be allowed to take liberties with him? He raises his head, walks backwards and forwards, utters a majestic though not angry roar, then lies down in the sun. Not for long, however. The too brilliant light fatigues him, the flies trouble him, a vague feeling warns him that he is no longer in condition to expose himself to battle; he utters a low growl, which ends by an enormous yawn, and descends into his den.

It is the hour so well described by the Psalmist, when man may go forth without fear to his work and to his labour until the evening. The lion at this time asks only one thing. It is to be well let alone. If he has hunted according to his liking, and if too strong rivals have not prevented him from disposing of his prey according to his appetite, he is gorged with blood and flesh. He has swallowed, all smoking, the heart, the liver, the entrails of his victim. These are generally his dainties. They are succulent, easily swallowed, and do not give the jaw too much trouble. I picked up, one day, on the track of a lion, and carried to my wagon, a splendid antelope which had been opened by one stroke of the paw almost as neatly as a butcher could have done it with his knife, and of which nothing was wanting but the contents of the chest.

But if the lion, when he can, eats quickly, his digestion is slow. The process produces great torpor, accompanied by febrile movements. In this state light becomes insupportable to the animal; if any thing wakes him, he opens his eyes with regret, and closes them as quickly as possible. This comparatively harmless condition by day explains why, in places even where they abound, lions devour so few human beings. It is necessary, however, to except from this rule old lions, whose teeth are too broken and whose limbs are too stiff to permit of their hunting with success. These place themselves by day on the watch for flocks or their shepherds. But they do not continue long at this business. The natives, who distinguish this class from others under the name of *man-eaters*, take up arms against them until they are exterminated.

It must be said also that lions may become very dangerous in day-time, when thirst interrupts their slumbers and compels them to quench it. When this happens, they generally do it without noise, and as if wishing to be unnoticed. It will not do at such times to interrupt them. They are in a bad humour, and are easily enraged. If let alone, they will return to their lair without wishing to quarrel with anybody.

The lionesses who have young ones are much less somnolent. They hunt at all hours to provide food for them. The joys of maternity contribute also to keep them awake. They love to frolic with their offspring, which they do in the manner of cats, playing a thousand pranks, to develop their bellicose humour and their dexterity.

But let us resume the history of the lion in the employment of his twenty-four hours. He does not wake up for good till nightfall. Then, fresh and nimble, he remounts his observatory. No longer has he the majestic nonchalance of the morning. Now he is slim and slender; his mane has not, as when we last saw him, the appearance of an ample collar surrounding a grave and senatorial face. It lies back on his shoulders, the head being stretched far out, to reconnoitre the forest. Everything in the attitude denotes the greatest activity of the senses of sight, smell, and hearing. The back is lightly arched, the tail, as though in suspense, is stiff and slightly curved upwards. If darkness falls before his observations are finished, the traveller who is crossing the plain sees on the hill above him what seem two balls of fire. He knows by their closeness together and intermittent light that they are a lion's flaming eyes.

Before descending, the forest king roars two or three times. That is the prelude to the formidable employment which he will later on make of his lungs. It is also very probably a means of ascertaining if there are any comrades within reach. If so he may count on a response. This is but a matter of indifference to him. He avoids the society of his kind or seeks their cooperation, according to the kind of hunt he has decided to follow.

If there are in the neighbourhood pools of water where antelopes have the habit of quenching their thirst, he prefers generally an ambush, in which he can only succeed on condition of being alone. He goes off at a slow trot, making the least possible noise, to choose an ambuscade as yet unoccupied, observing the direction of the wind in relation to the narrow path along which the antelopes generally come, in single file, to reach the watering-place. He so places himself as to make the breeze come from them to him.

A different set of tactics presides over the hunts, properly so called. In an open country, to catch the antelopes by running them down would be very difficult. There is only one resource; it is to render them mad with fear. For that the lions act together in a manner truly marvellous. The advantages of association for the time being cause them to forget their private professional jealousies. At the approaches of a plain stocked with game they will utter, at sufficiently long intervals, very sonorous roars, not as yet menacing, and seeming rather to express a certain solicitude. When the responses which they have all made give them the certainty that the attack will be simultaneous, they each start off at a trot straight before them. It is then who shall roar the loudest, and in a tone the most terrifying. The threatened animals, not knowing on which side to flee, hesitate and draw together. The fear which at first paralyses them, ends by producing a general flight, but too late for impunity. Then the assault commences. Here a lion leaps on the flank of a zebra; there another seizes a buffalo by the throat; elsewhere it is a gnu which a lioness snaps up running.

Often in these terrible struggles all is not pleasant for the assailants. Many a thrust with the horn, many a well-applied kick, teaches them what the courage of despair can do. But these gentry are not particular. An eye knocked out, a handful of mane the less, a tooth broken, do not prevent them from roaring triumphantly, and from setting themselves to their repast with eager delight. When it happens (which is very rare) that they secure only one victim, they are sometimes sufficiently good-humoured to eat it together; on other occasions they will dispute the prey *à outrance*. That depends on the mood of the moment.

Amongst the animals which lions sacrifice to their appetites there are some which, according to our hunters, by their ill-timed curiosity offer them singular facilities. This is especially the case with horses when feeding in company. Should one of them be struck down, all the rest rush off, with bristling mane and glaring eyeball. But soon they stop, gallop round each other, as though to reconnoitre and to reckon up their number, and then return to the scene of the disaster, and pushing their imprudence so far as to go smelling almost under the claws of the lion the blood of the comrade they have lost. A second misfortune does not render them any wiser, and cases have been known where four or five horses have thus offered themselves to death one after the other.

There is one victim who, if he has been seized by chance, seems to cause the greatest embarrassment to the lion. It is man. Amongst our people there were some with whom an experience dearly bought gave authority to affirm this. While they sustained, more dead than alive, the grip of their terrible adversary, they remarked that he avoided looking at them, and that while they remained motionless he seemed to be turning away his eyes with an uneasy air, as if towards some distant object. Did they make the least movement, he bit them ferociously, but even then showing a certain nervousness. Later on the lion had profited by a moment of apparent insensibility on their part to leave them and get away as quickly as possible. This is not to be attributed to the dignity of the human appearance and look, so much as to the unusual and exceptional character of the victim. The lion is an animal of routine, and very impressionable. He allows himself to be easily disconcerted by anything which is new and contrary to his habitudes.

If he has been wounded, or if he has already tasted human flesh, there is no longer any scruple—he tears and devours without ceremony. But, in his normal condition, the presence of man, especially if it is unexpected, disquiets him more than anything else. If you encounter him by chance, rely on it the meeting will be as disagreeable to him as to you. He will not immediately put himself in a passion, nor rush at and bite you like a dog. That is not his way. While he is asking what he should do, you might without great danger go close up to him, and finish him there and then. If you have not the courage for this, and he meanwhile conceives some sinister design, he will try and make a detour to escape your observation. He will then take his measures, choose his ground, and with a bound be upon you.

When he is irritated, and is actually in combat, cunning gives way to fury. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the suppleness and power in those limbs, where everything is spring, or the devilry concentrated in that face convulsed with rage. We have seen a lion with one stroke of his paw lay open the entire spine of one of our people. When he has stricken down an adversary who has irritated him, he stands on him, and not content with tearing him with his teeth, ploughs up his flesh at the same time with his fore and hind paws.

Here are one or two well-authenticated facts which show how, in his relations with the human species, he will commit at times singular blunders. A Boer was travelling with his wife and children in a vehicle similar to our own. One clear moonlight night the good man waking up was astonished to see shadowed on the thick canvas which closed the entrance of the wagon the outline of a lion seated on his haunches like a dog. He had found it convenient to instal himself on the driver's seat, the better to make his observations. The Boer, without waking anybody, picked up his rifle, placed the end of it close to the ear of the too confident beast and blew out his brains.

Another incident of the same kind happened in the Basuto country shortly after our arrival. The natives generally make a little courtyard round their huts by means of a palisade of reeds. The entrance is by a narrow, winding passage, without any door. A lion took it into his head, one fine morning, to penetrate into one of these enclosures. A man and his wife were within squatting before the fire, quietly taking their repast. The man, without giving the strange visitor time to recover himself, leaped on his back astride as on a horse, telling his wife to take a javelin and plunge it into the animal's side. The thing was done in a moment, without any kind of struggle. Nothing remained except to call the neighbours to come and see!

If it had not been for the novelty of the situation, the affair would have turned out differently. As evidence, take what was related to me by a native who became afterwards one of my best friends. One night, as he was seated with a comrade before a fire, a lion leaped upon them, rolled them one over the other, and began to devour the unfortunate friend of my informant, who was uppermost. For hours the survivor heard his companion's bones cracking, and felt his blood running over him. When he had finished with the poor fellow, the animal retired without thinking of making a second victim.

Till they learned the use of firearms the natives scarcely dared to measure themselves against an enemy so formidable. When forced to do so, they went to work as though giving battle to an army, endeavouring to enclose the foe in a circle of warriors, and then raining upon him a hailstorm of darts. Even under these unequal conditions it was rare that the lion before dying did not slay or wound some of his adversaries.

Amongst the Zulus there is another method in use, in which courage is depended on rather than numbers. One of the hunters, detaching himself from the rest, goes first to stir up the animal. As soon as the latter accepts the combat, the aggressor stretches himself on his back, covered entirely with his large shield, which he holds firmly with his two hands. To get at his adversary, the lion throws himself on the shield, trying to tear it, and concentrating upon it all his attention and his rage. Seizing the opportunity, the other hunters rush at him, and three or four strokes of the lance stretch him dead.

The colonists generally go six or eight together to attack him in his lair, armed with rifles. The danger is not great, provided that care is taken not to fire all at once. On these occasions dogs are of great help. They beset the animal with their barkings, and stop him when he tries to throw himself on the hunters, thus giving them time to take good aim. The lion-killers by profession, who are, it is true, not very numerous, despise this sort of expedition. They go alone, counting on their certain aim and on their perfect acquaintance with the habits of their adversary.

I have written here at some length on the subject of the king of beasts, and could easily add much more on the subject. In fact, so long as we were with Adam Krotz and his friends there was scarcely anything else talked about. Moreover, during the journey the subject was continually offering itself to us in the concrete and under aspects such as produced ineffaceable impressions.

In these regions, where the animal species was so well represented as regards power and beauty of form, we encountered only the saddest caricatures of our own. The Boschjesman, as the Dutch call him, or Bushman, according to the English spelling (which tends more and more to prevail), showed himself from time to time in the most unexpected fashion.

Squatting behind a little heap of stones or clump of reeds, he would watch our approach with a lively anxiety. As soon as he was sure we were not Boers, his mortal enemies, he would rise like a spectre and rush to us to ask for tobacco. Should we really say a spectre? No; he is something much more hideous. Small, with a flat, dirty yellow face, the skin wrinkled like that of a frog, with large abdomen and thin spindle legs and arms, he reminded me altogether, his proportions apart, of the disgusting abortions which the amateurs of anthropology preserve in their large phials.

This atrophy of the entire frame is the fruit of poverty and privation, joined to the constant use of hemp, smoked like tobacco. I have seen since some Bushmen who had been amply provided for by the chief towards whose residence we were travelling. From the second generation the height of the children had increased, and their limbs had begun to present the graceful forms with which the hand of God, when it is not interfered with, clothes the human skeleton. The spark of vitality and of intellect was rekindled in their eyes: mental activity had quite altered, and greatly improved their features.

Although the Bushman offers, as I have said, the most hideous caricature of the human race, it is, nevertheless, in taking him as a starting-point that we can demonstrate to the materialists the absurdity of their denials. What, on the physical side, is this ignoble and repulsive biped by the side of the gazelle, with his shining coat, with outlines so perfectly symmetrical, with an eye at once so soft and so keen? What could the arm of this pigmy accomplish against it? With one blow of its horn it could break his head; some strides made without the least effort would put it beyond all attack from him. He knows it well, and yet he has no fear, for—*he has taken thought.* He has remarked the terrible effects of the drop of venom which a feeble reptile deposits in a wound almost imperceptible. This observation has made him seek and invent the lilliputian arrow, which chills and curdles the blood of the elephant himself, if it has to the smallest extent penetrated his epidermis.

This weapon, which you might mistake for a child's toy, is a little masterpiece. The iron, extremely thin, is only a quarter of an inch long, and half an inch broad. It is half-moon shaped, and its curved, sharp edge makes a jagged wound as it strikes. The two horns of the tiny crescent destined to fasten it in the wound have, as an auxiliary, a little spur or rather a ridge raised on the surface of the blade. This bit of iron, in appearance so little to be feared, serves as the head of a piece of bone from two to three inches long, perfectly rounded, which is rubbed over with a dark coat of sticky poison. This is the part of the weapon which kills. However small a quantity of the poison comes in contact with the blood, the Bushman knows the business is done. To send the bone to its destination, he inserts it at the end of a reed, which he stretches on a bow almost as small as those with which children play. He shoots the arrow in a parabola, but with a precision which William Tell himself would have applauded.

It is thus that of all men the frailest, the most degraded, a dweller amongst leopards and lions, who has for shelter only a hole, or some armfuls of reeds, who has never possessed a flock or cultivated the earth, has nevertheless found out how to invent, for his defence and his livelihood, a weapon apparently as petty as himself, but in reality much more formidable than the heavy club, the sharp lance, or the huge shield of the athletic Caffre. The latter has been content to have recourse to the axe and to the forge; the thought of the other has dug deeper, and has made him a chemist. It is from the juices of various plants, and from the venom of different reptiles and insects, that he has compounded a poison which slays the animal on which he wishes to feed without rendering its flesh unwholesome.

This *human scorpion*, as the Bechuanas call him, does not simply concern himself with the needs of his stomach. He has a sense of honour of a kind; he is very jealous of his rights. The least insult thoroughly rouses him. Naked, covered with dung, he looks the proudest and best attired white man full in the face. That clucking sound he has just made before you means, 'You are only a man like myself.' He demands from his wife the strictest fidelity, and punishes pitilessly any infraction of the conjugal law.

And this wife has not been stolen by him. He has paid court to her for a long time. He has had to measure himself with her brothers, and even with herself, to prove he is strong enough to serve as her lord and protector. He owns no domestic hearth, no place of residence, and yet in his mind he has circumscribed a certain extent of country in which it will be difficult for any one else to hunt except himself and the members of his little clan.

You meet in the wilderness a decrepit Bushwoman, and you think her abandoned. Not so. Stop a moment; you will see that if she walks with tottering step, she is nevertheless following without hesitation a definite direction. Her children, in going to the chase, have dropped at certain distances stones, which tell her the direction they have taken. She will find the last at the spot they have chosen for passing the night. She will wait for them there without anxiety. They will bring their venison here, and will share it with her. Let any one do injury to this poor woman, he will be tracked, and on the first favourable opportunity will serve as the target for a poisoned arrow. Whilst among the Caffres and the Bechuanas, who live in organised societies and have well-defined national institutions, the father's widow is received with the inheritance, like any other portion of his estate, the Bushmen prefer that the widows remain free, and disapprove of their re-marriage. They hunt specially for them, in the place of their deceased husbands.

When game is lacking, the Bushman gets nothing to live upon except some insipid bulbs, the larvæ of the white ant, and grasshoppers. I have seen him regale himself on worms. He throws them by handfuls on the embers, and devours them before their contortions have entirely ceased. Almost always a prey to the pangs of hunger, their ideas rarely extend beyond the present hour. Nevertheless it is not as difficult as one would think to awaken in their minds the sense of the invisible and of the eternal.

When one speaks to them of God for the first time, they express neither surprise nor scepticism. They admit without difficulty that there must be a Kaang or Lord of heaven. They generally add that this idea is not new to them. But they seem to think that it does not concern them; and they view also with an indifferent eye the superstitious practices of the settled natives with whom they have dealings.

The Bushman has preserved only one cult: that of independence and of liberty. He must be utterly and absolutely free, like the deer around him. He sees communities where people live sheltered from the privations and perils which are his daily lot. He could, if he liked, join them, or at least adapt their usages. He has always refused hitherto, and it is probable that he always will. And, moreover, in a few years, the last of these poor savages will have disappeared. The history of the colony gives ground for believing that there have been moments when they might have been won over, and led by degrees to change their mode of life. But the battues which have been habitually made amongst them, the massacres inflicted because of a few sheep robbed here and there under the pressure of hunger, have rendered all reconciliation impossible.

It may be said now that 'their hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them.' The regulations which have in some measure protected the Hottentots living in communities have been completely eluded as far as the unfortunate

Bushmen are concerned. When the Boers meet with them in their hunting expeditions, they fall upon them without scruple, slay the adults, and make slaves of the boys and young girls. All this takes place in solitudes where there is no fear of repressive measures. A neighbour who hears the story will take good care not to speak of it, proposing to do the same himself on the first occasion. In our journey across the colony an old Boer boasted to us of having killed sixty Bushmen during his lifetime. It was in his eyes a meritorious action. The Caffres and Bechuanas, when they had any grievance against them, were also too much inclined to consider them as people outside the law; but in ordinary times they avoided doing them any kind of harm. They repulsed with horror the idea of taking away their children.

The existence of these Hottentots, so essentially savage, as compared with the natives who, spite of the injustice of which they have been the victims, have ended by becoming citizens of Cape Colony, is very difficult to explain. The general opinion attributes it to the oppressive *régime* of the Dutch colonisation. The worst treated or the proudest of the blacks may have taken the resolution to fly to the mountains or the uncultivated plains, to renounce social life and all other means of subsistence except hunting or repine. One cannot doubt, in fact, that the Bushmen have been led by despair to adopt the mode of life which now characterises them. They are the true Hottentots, and, although the physical defects peculiar to that people have been increased in their case by suffering, yet in their veins runs the purest blood of the race.

But here is the question. The Hottentots originally had social habits, obeyed chiefs, and possessed flocks and herds. How is it that a certain number of them should have these different manners? We deceive ourselves in attributing to white injustice the separation between the Bushmen and the rest of their tribe. These iniquities have only served to confirm them in their habits. The Bushman was already distinct from the Hottentot when the Dutch established themselves at the Cape. I have convinced myself of this by a careful study of the extracts of registers kept by the first governor Van Riebeek, and by his immediate successors. They speak frequently of wandering natives whom they call Souquas, and the description they have given of them correspond on all points with that of the Bushman of our day. A hundred years ago the Swedish traveller Sparrman found the Boschis almost everywhere on his route. The Boschis were no other than the Boschjesmans of the Dutch and the Bushmen of the English. At this epoch one was still too near the founding of the colony for injustice to be able to produce so considerable a number of savages of a new species. Moreover, the settled Hottentots spoke of others as existing a long while before, and having nothing in common with them either in features or language. A little later Le Vaillant made observations entirely agreeing with those of Sparrman.

It is then in an epoch anterior to that of the foundation of the colony that we must search for the moment when the Bushmen appeared as a separate people in South Africa. I believe the moment was that of the invasion of the Caffre tribes. The representatives of that race, Caffres properly so called, as well as Bechuanas, recognise that their installation in the provinces they now occupy is comparatively recent. It dates from four or five centuries at most. They affirm that their ancestors came from the north-east, and that in their migrations they found the Hottentots before them, and kept pushing them back towards the southernmost point of the continent. This fact is confirmed by the Hottentot names which the mountains and most considerable watercourses of the Caffre and Bechuana countries still bear.

From the Cape to the tropics (and perhaps beyond that), in almost every region where there are caverns, one finds the walls covered with rude designs representing men, animals, and hunting scenes. Now the Hottentots are the only natives who like to leave similar traces of their sojourn or of their passage. To judge from the immense extent of the regions which the invasion caused them to lose, they must have suffered incalculable disasters. Entire tribes were dismembered, and despoiled of their means of subsistence. The Bushmen are nothing else than the remains of these tribes. The pressure of the invaders diminishing by the extent of their territorial conquests, the people nearest the Cape were able to preserve their possessions, and so found no necessity to become homeless wanderers as a condition of retaining their independence. These would be the settled

Hottentot tribes who occupied the countries over which the colony gradually extended. The line of demarcation between them and the Caffres lay as far up as Algoa Bay. They appear to have succeeded even in obtaining relations of friendship with the conquerors. The frequency and closeness of this intercourse was such that the neighbouring Caffres acquired a taste for the strange clicking of the tongue peculiar to the Hottentot idioms, and adapted them to many words in their own vocabulary. The two races even entered into matrimonial alliances, and there thence resulted a tribe of mixed blood—that of the Gonaquas.

The Bushmen have never lent themselves to any such accommodating policy, which confirms the hypothesis that the Caffres were the first cause of the evils which have brought about their present condition.

CHAPTER IX.

ARRIVAL IN BASUTO LAND.

ALL these observations on wild beasts and on the only human beings who haunted the regions we were now traversing did not bring us any nearer the residence of the mountain chief, but they rendered us less sensible of the abuse Krotz was making of our time. At last came the day when he thought himself in possession of a sufficient quantity of meat, of skins, and of horns of all kinds. Then, without consulting our compass, he was able perfectly well to steer for the point where our affairs called us. In three good stages he brought us out of the plains where we had so long been wandering.

We then found ourselves in a land of hills, mostly of rounded form, like artificial mounds. Some were inhabited by people who, we were told, belonged to the nation we were going to visit. A famine, brought about by incessant wars, had forced them to instal themselves provisionally in these districts where game was plentiful. They here secured their food without fatigue, and without having to go far from their wives and children. Their method consisted in digging holes by the side of the watercourses where the antelopes came to drink. These holes were funnel-shaped. The animal falling into them found himself with his legs doubled up under him, and his feet so wedged that he could not make the least movement. Some reeds, covered with a little grass, so well concealed these traps, that a horse of ours fell into one, and we ourselves were many times on the point of doing the same thing. Happily, they had not the habit here of planting at the bottom of the hole a pointed stake, as is the custom further north.

Two days later we arrived at the foot of a mountain which appeared to us of great height, and with a circumference of several miles. At its base were some large fields of maize and sorgho, almost ripe. The inhabitants had constructed their huts overlooking the steepest side, to guard against attack. Those who were working in the plantations fled at our approach. This did not prevent us from unyoking, and from establishing ourselves at our ease on the borders of a stream whose clearness and soft murmur put us into a veritable ecstacy.

We had reached the western frontier of Basuto Land. We learned now that the word Basuto was the national name of the populations under the government of the sovereign who had asked for missionaries. He had not informed all his subjects of his desires, and of the steps he had taken. Thus was explained the commotion which our appearance produced. The people observed with terror that our guides had almost the same features, wore the same costume, carried the same arms as the Koranas and other brigands who had caused them so much suffering.

The oldest of the natives in the train of Adam

Krotz climbed the mountain, to reassure the inhabitants of the village, and to try and persuade the chief of it to come and see us. Our man had a great deal of trouble in securing a hearing. The conference was long. He had to explain the nature of his relations with such suspicious strangers as ourselves, and to give satisfactory reasons for believing in the honesty of our intentions. It was the chief who hesitated longest. He knew that many of his neighbours, lured on by protestations of amity, had found themselves seized, garrotted, and forced to give as a ransom their last head of cattle, happy, indeed, if they escaped receiving a bullet into the bargain. He, however, at last understood that if he refused to accept the explanations which were given him, he risked putting himself into a false position with his sovereign.

After waiting a long while, we at length saw our delegate descending the mountain with a fine-looking man some fifty years of age, followed by a small escort without arms. It was the chief. He received our first politenesses with dignity, but not without anxiously studying the expression of our faces, and acquainting himself, by a look, with our number. Then gaining courage, he told us his name was Moséme, that his family was allied by blood to the master of the country, that the mountain on which he resided was called Thaba-Ntsou. Here Krotz's interpreter explained to us that this word meant Black Mountain ; an appellation justified by the dark colour of the rocks which overhung our camp.

The features of Moséme brightened when, on rising to return home, he saw that we offered no obstacle to his departure. We had told him that the morrow was a sacred day with us (Sunday), that we should pass it at the foot of the mountain, and that if he was willing to come with his people we would try to make them understand the 'Great Word' that we were bringing to his country.

This took place in the month of June, a time when the products of the country are almost all ripe. In the evening they brought us from the chief some maize in ear and vessels of sugared sorgho. We were able also, at the price of some pinches of salt, to procure for ourselves some magnificent pumpkins. These fruits of the earth were quite a feast for us, who had lived for whole weeks on grilled meats. Our salt had also caused equal if not greater pleasure to our visitors. This country had no saline springs. It was necessary to go sixty leagues to the north to find them, and for a long time the roads had been so infested by enemies as to make the journey impossible. Our buyers of salt had all the difficulty in the world to keep from eating it on the spot. They crunched up little morsels of it, trembling with pleasure. After having deposited it in pretty little pots made of clay, they licked greedily the hollows of their hands, so as not to lose a single grain. We were ourselves to learn later on, by experience, what it is to be entirely deprived of this invaluable article.

The next morning, Mosémé and a hundred of his followers came and seated themselves in a circle round our principal fire. The details of our service, which we performed in Dutch, were followed by them with much curiosity. The singing at first provoked laughter among the younger members, a rudeness which the chief hastened to repress. Our drivers, thanks to their Hottentot blood, had splendid voices, and on this occasion they showed them to the greatest advantage. Their impressive harmonies produced at length among their auditors a very powerful sensation, for which it was evident they found it difficult to account. They looked at each other, appeared to ask if they ought to remain, or if it would not be better to escape by flight from a mysterious influence which might possibly conceal some danger. There was further excitement when we rose for prayers.[1] Why this change of posture?

But they saw we were unarmed, and this somewhat reassured them. In a word, thanks largely to the unconcerned attitude of the chief, no one ran; but it was an evident relief to all when, prayers being over, they saw our men relight their pipes, and give a stir to the saucepans which were boiling over the fire.

When our guests seemed to have entirely regained their self-possession, I rose, and placing at my side as interpreter the native guide who had the best knowledge of Dutch, I began to explain to them what we were coming to do. This Christian address, the first which had ever been heard in these regions, contained only one idea, viz., that we have a Father in heaven who has revealed Himself to us, and from whom we were bringing grace and blessing. As to the manner in which this was said I have no recollection, except of one phrase which satisfied me at the time from its local colour. ‘If,’ said I, ‘you receive our message, you will be like the ostrich, which casts off its old feathers, in order to clothe itself with finer ones.’ I have no knowledge, however, as to how far my poor interpreter himself comprehended me.

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[1] Amongst the French Protestants standing is always the attitude for prayer.

What Mosémé in the end managed clearly to understand was, that he had nothing to fear from us, and that he might without danger allow us to visit his village. He went first, in order to prepare some pots of beer, with which he proposed to regale his guests. We saw from his residence the whole panorama of the surrounding country spread out before us. This bird’s-eye view was magnificent. From the height of Thaba-Ntsou we beheld on all sides majestic mountains of a fortress-like appearance, separated from each other by wide valleys, and covered with a vigorous vegetation up to within a hundred yards of the summit. There they were crowned by huge sandstone rocks standing up like masses of gigantic masonry. At the top stretched vast plateaux, on which the inhabitants can build their villages, and pasture their flocks.

On the eastern side, at a distance of fifty miles, the view was bounded by a splendid chain of peaks running from south to north, at this time lightly powdered with snow. These mountains separate Basuto Land from Natal. We were shown two points, widely distant from each other, in the chain where the streams Magokaré and Sinkou debouch. The whites up to now scarcely knew of these rivers, except at the point of junction near Bethel, south-west of Philippolis. They have given to the Magokaré the name of Caledon, and to the Sinkou that of Orange River. The first divides Basuto Land longitudinally into two almost equal provinces; the other forms its frontier with Cape Colony.

The scene forced from us a cry of admiration. The next thing was to laugh at the Paris maps, and the resemblance of the scene before us to 'the barren and desert plains' they had led us to expect.

Moséme was careful to point out to us, not far from the mountain chain and the River Caledon, a greyish point somewhat indistinct in the distance. It was the residence of the chief we were seeking. His mountain was not high, but it had the reputation of being impregnable. It was called Thaba-Bossiou, or the Mountain of the Night. We could not find out the origin of this name. As to the chief himself, Moséme spoke of him generally under the name of Mora-Mokhatchané, the son of Mokhatchané, because his father was still living, and was regarded as yet in power, although he had entirely delegated the exercise of it to the hands of his son. The latter, in his infancy, bore the name of Lépoko, 'Quarrel,' which had been given him in consequence of certain intestine discords in the midst of which he had the misfortune to be born. Later, having succeeded in making various rivals bow before the ascendency of his house, he had taken the name of Moshesh 'the Shaver,' or 'the Leveller.' This superiority, which no one now thought of contesting, he owed to a rare intelligence, to great firmness, and to a skill, quite new in that country, of understanding and managing men.

We quitted Thaba-Ntsou greatly encouraged. The

Basutos made a most favourable impression upon us. With the exception of the Caffres, they were the finest natives we had yet seen. Their features and their colour were in no way disagreeable. They seemed in these respects the middle term between the Negro and our own race. Their skin was soft, bronze rather than black in colour, their limbs robust and well modelled. Their average height was the same as our own. We were struck by the dignity of their bearing, the grace of their movements, and the deference and cordiality which characterised their manner of address. The mantles, made of the skins of animals, with which they covered their shoulders, the huts in which they lived, and the pleasure they took in anointing their limbs with oil, seemed the only things that assimilated them to the savage, such as we are accustomed to conceive him.

The hilly character of the country and the absence of roads forcing us to make more than one detour, one of our men was sent in a straight line across country, to announce our approach to Moshesh. After leaving Thaba-Ntsou we found on our track terrible indications of massacres and devastations. Almost everywhere were human bones. In some places their number indicated battle-fields. Broken earthenware, fallen walls overgrown with brambles, the easily recognised boundaries of fields formerly cultivated, revealed to us frequently that we were on the site of a once populous village. There were still some left which were inhabited, but they were much smaller and on almost inaccessible heights. We had everywhere to resort to the same means as at Thaba-Ntsou to calm the terrors of the natives, and to lead them to speak with us. We, however, remarked with pleasure that the population became more dense and more accessible in proportion as we approached the residence of the chief. We were only a short day's journey from it when we encountered the River Magokaré or Caledon.

Since our entrance into Basuto Land we had almost everywhere met with springs and streams which had afforded us delightful refreshment. On this account the Caledon failed to receive the lyric salutations which would certainly have been lavished on it had we fallen in with it three weeks earlier, when we had to satisfy ourselves with the water of a nauseous marsh. It now produced on us the disagreeable effect of a formidable barrier. In order to reach the water, we had before us an almost perpendicular descent of some forty or fifty feet. Then the ascent on the other side looked quite beyond the efforts of our strongest oxen. It was evidently necessary to have recourse first of all to pickaxe and shovel. Fortunately the soil was sandy and easy to work, and our men went at it with a will.

Put at our ease by the vigour with which they set themselves to work, our interests as explorers re-awoke, and we pushed our way with livelier interest along a riverside where Europeans were for the first time leaving the imprint of their footsteps. The two banks were shaded with willows whose roots buried themselves in the water. These trees were all alive with scarlet chaffinches and small ringdoves. At every instant we heard the cries and the flapping of wings of teal and wild duck flying at our approach;

while moorhens took refuge under clumps of reeds, betraying their presence by a timid and plaintive piping. At this point the river was about sixty yards wide and five feet deep. The bottom, where it was not sandy, was composed of blocks of basalt, polished by the current, and regularly arranged like a pavement. In the gravel on the banks were to be found abundance of agates, of cornelians, and sometimes of very regular crystals of great transparency. The united efforts of twenty oxen, urged on by four whips plied without pity, placed our wagon at last on the left bank of the Caledon. The others followed in like manner. Night fell before we got much further.

The next morning a noisy cavalcade burst in upon us. This consisted of the two eldest sons of Moshesh, Letsie and Molapo, who, accompanied by some followers, had brought us a message of welcome from their father. As a special honour they had come on horseback, making use of a dozen horses which they had carried off from the Koranas in a recent encounter. Their appearance was not at all in harmony with the solemnity which, from another point of view, characterised the incidents of this memorable day. Entire novices in the art of riding, they came down on us with a rush, almost without warning, at the risk of upsetting everything. It would be impossible to imagine anything more grotesque than the aspect of these young madcaps, mounted bare-backed, their naked legs striking the steaming flanks of their steeds like flails. The panther skins which floated over their shoulders did not improve them. Certainly the nude is nowhere more out of place than on horseback.

The unclothed outlines of the human form are too meagre to sustain well the comparison between the animal and its rider.

These deputies contented themselves with telling us of the impatience with which we were expected. According to the ideas of the country their age did not permit them to indulge in long phrases or in official discourse. After having examined our persons and our equipage with a somewhat scared look, they set off again as they had come, gesticulating and galloping as though possessed.

At the foot of a mountain which still concealed Thaba-Bossiou from us we saw for the first time villages in the level plain. Here everybody was aware of the pacific character of our visit. The principal personage, Chosané, a man of tall and athletic form, respectfully saluted us as the 'Foreigners of Moshesh,' while he placed at our feet vessels of milk and some baskets of boiled maize.

The moment had come to return to the sovereign of the country the politeness which he had offered to us. Leaving the wagons to continue their journey under the guidance of my companions, I accordingly went forward on horseback with Adam Krotz and his interpreter. In an immense circle formed by the last spurs of the Malouti Range, we soon saw, rising before us, a pentagonal hill completely isolated, which appeared to us to be from four to five hundred feet high. Its summit was quite flat, and of an area almost equal to that of the base. From the point where we were, we commanded it sufficiently to see that it was almost entirely covered with black points, from the midst of which smoke was escaping. These were the huts of the town, or rather of the towns, of Thaba-Bossiou, for at that time the necessities of defence had, contrary to usage, led several inferior chiefs to establish their habitations by the side of those of the sovereign and of his immediate followers.

This wide and densely-peopled plain was completely surrounded by a border of huge perpendicular rocks, which appeared to make access impossible. But as we drew nearer we saw, at one of the angles of the mountain, a line winding serpent-like round it from the top to the bottom. This must be, and, as we saw a little later, was, in fact, a path, or rather a ravine serving as a path. I can compare it to nothing better than to the longitudinal furrow we sometimes see in the rind of an over-ripe pomegranate. To make the resemblance perfect, it would be only necessary to take the blocks of basalt which formed the stairway for the pomegranate seeds. Men and beasts found means of reaching the summit by this rude ascent without breaking their necks. We were approaching as we thought the moment when we were ourselves to attempt the escalade, when suddenly we found ourselves before a small river bordered with willows. This watercourse, a tributary of the Caledon, bore the name of the Phuthiatsana. It has, in order to gain a passage for itself, cut through the angle uniting Thaba-Bossiou originally to the plateau which serves as a base for the Malouti Mountains, and has thus completed the isolation which makes the strength of the position.

All the land included between the river and the foot of the mountain was covered with sorgho and maize. As we followed the narrow pathways, our progress hindered by the broad leaves of these plants, we saw a long line of human beings forming on the edge of the rocks above. I was at first inclined to take them for crows, so diminutive did the height and the distance make them. By-and-by we dismounted, and, taking our horses by the bridle, climbed as best we could the rugged stairway which still separated us from this impatient multitude.

Near the summit we made a short halt, to recover breath, and to re-adjust our attire a little, as well as to respond to the salute with which we were welcomed. Our messenger, who had arrived two or three days before, had told them that this was a mode of salutation much appreciated by the white men. They esteemed themselves happy to be able for this purpose to lay under contribution some muskets recently taken from the Koranas. As soon as we showed our faces there was a general rush, everybody wishing to see us first.

Suddenly a personage attired in the most fantastic fashion advanced, a long wand in his hand, growling and snapping like a dog. At his appearance everybody retreated and fell into line, making in this way an immense semicircle behind a man seated on a mat. 'There is Moshesh,' said Krotz to me. The chief bent upon me a look at once majestic and benevolent. His profile, much more aquiline than that of the generality of his subjects, his well-developed forehead, the fulness and regularity of his features, his eyes, a little weary, as it seemed, but full of intelligence and softness, made a deep impression on me. I felt at once that I had to do with a superior man, trained to think, to command others, and above all himself.

He appeared to be about forty-five years of age. The upper part of his body, entirely naked, was perfectly modelled, sufficiently fleshy, but without obesity. I admired the graceful lines of the shoulders and the fineness of his hand. He had allowed to fall carelessly round him, from his middle, a large mantle of panther skins as lissom as the finest cloth, and the folds of which covered his knees and his feet. For sole ornament he had bound round his forehead a string of glass beads, to which was fastened a tuft of feathers, which floated behind the neck. He wore on his right arm a bracelet of ivory—an emblem of power,—and some copper rings on his wrists.

After we had looked an instant at each other in silence, he rose and said, *Lumèla lekhoa*, 'Welcome, white man!' and I replied by holding out my hand to him, which he took without hesitation. It is considered unbecoming amongst these people to make the most distant allusion to business in a first interview. Every new arrival is considered as needing some time for repose and refreshment. There is then, at first, nothing but interchanges of politeness, and the performance of the duties of hospitality. Moshesh having placed me by his side, faced about, and began to walk towards his principal residence. The crowd followed at a respectful distance.

During this movement the extraordinary personage who had at first protected me against a too eager curiosity re-appeared. He wore an enormous head-dress of black ostrich feathers, something like the bearskins of our Grenadier Guards. In one hand he held the long wand which had before produced so magical an effect, and in the other a network bag. This time he began to dance backwards before the chief, calling him by his name, vociferating with incredible volubility certain rhythmic words, and mingling the whole with a curious imitation of a dog's bark.

I found that this functionary had a plurality of offices. He was at once royal panegyrist and buffoon, public crier, and policeman. He everywhere preceded the sovereign, in order to keep off the importunate, and to recall his great deeds. He was also charged with issuing orders and proclamations; while at night his duty was to make frequent rounds, in order to prevent any surprise, and to see that no rash person threw himself over the rocks.

These last-named functions had procured for him the title of *town dog*, of which he felt in duty bound to show himself worthy by imitating the cries of that animal, as well as its watchfulness. Such numerous services merited reward; but as the municipal budget was as yet a thing of the future, poor Rasébéla had hit upon the idea of making for himself a large bag, which he held out to passers-by, while he regaled them with the most persuasive barkings.

The town of Moshesh offered no other interest than that of its position and its extent. It consisted of a mass of low huts, around which people circulated by narrow lanes, encumbered with children and dogs.

In the middle of the village was a vast space, where the cattle were penned during the night. It was divided into enclosures, whose stone walls, perfectly circular, showed a certain talent in construction. Contiguous to this was the court devoted to business and to public harangues. Moshesh conducted me towards a house a little higher and more spacious than the others, that of the Queen Mamohato. Before entering it, he caused to pass before me his inferior wives, to the number of thirty or forty, not suspecting, poor man, what I thought of polygamy nor the blows which I was meditating against it.

Mamohato received me, in the manner customary with the housewives of the country, seated before a fire in the midst of the little palisaded court which surrounded her hut. She was installed there as sole mistress. Each of the other wives of the chief had her household apart. A sign was made me to seat myself on a very neat mat. A pot of milk, a small shallow basket containing a loaf of sargho of the size and form of a cannon-ball, were then placed before me by two old women, evidently filling the office of servants. As I hesitated to eat, they understood the cause of my embarrassment, and one of them went to fetch me a horn spoon very prettily worked and almost transparent. As soon as I could do it from conviction, and with a reason for it, I hastened to utter the word *monaté*, ‘good,’ and my hosts smilingly repeated it after me.

I was during this repast the object of the most minute observations, and I did not fail to make some on my side. Mamohato was a tall and strong woman already of somewhat ripe age, but not wanting in attractions. Her physiognomy expressed goodness; the expression with which she looked at me seemed to say that she found me very young, and that she was happy to mother me a little. Moshesh seated himself by her side, and took their youngest son Ntalimi, a little boy between four and five, between his knees. The apparently perfect union between these two, and the perfect cordiality mingled with respect with which they addressed and offered little services to each other, greatly struck me. Evidently, polygamist as he was, the chief had kept a special place in his heart for the wife of his first choice.

Krotz soon came to inform me that our wagons had arrived at the foot of the mountain. I therefore took leave, being eager to inform my friends of the good impressions I had received.

Moshesh was not long in coming to see us. He greatly admired a little tent which we had just pitched, and retired, after ordering some provisions to be sent in to us, evidently touched with the interest we seemed to show in him. We were not less moved ourselves, by the goodness of the Lord in conducting us thus far. We besought Him fervently during the evening to establish us amongst this people, and to instruct and direct us in all we should have to say and do.

One thing astonished us. It was to be shivering with cold in this Africa which we had expected to find everywhere parched and burning. In truth, we were then in the middle of winter; but in the colony and at Philippolis, whence we had come, the only difference in point of sensation which the winter brought was a welcome coolness in the evening, requiring an extra blanket, after several hours of hot sun. We did not know then, however, that we were here at an elevation of five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

It snowed during the two or three days that followed our arrival. This hindered things somewhat. The natives at such times are with difficulty persuaded to come out of their huts, or to put their feet outside the furs with which they cover themselves.

Spite of our complete ignorance of the culinary art, and of the poverty of our larder, we had the hardihood to invite Moshesh to dinner. The repast consisted of hashed mutton, with pumpkin, and several bowls of coffee. The colour of this beverage seemed at first somewhat repulsive to our guest, but we succeeded in making it delicious for him by putting into it some handfuls of raw sugar. He inquired very particularly as to the source of this priceless sand, the taste of which was better than that of the most delicious honey. Great was his surprise and his admiration for the science of the white men, when he learned that we made it out of a plant strongly resembling the *infés*, the sweet sarghos which he and his people daily sucked with so much relish. I remember that we sent to our venerated directors in Paris a description of this dinner, which ought to have brought upon us a sharp reprimand. We had the coolness to inform them that the king received his portion on the saucepan lid! what incredible forgetfulness of the proprieties! What a way of treating the poor black race, even when represented by one of the most distinguished of its chiefs! We forgot to add that we had not such a thing as a plate, and that we ourselves ate together out of the saucepan itself!

The moment came for explaining the object of our arrival, and we did it after this memorable dinner. As we were about to begin, Moshesh, understanding our intention, caused his principal counsellors to approach, while we on our side invited Adam Krotz to the conference. The latter, speaking first, recalled to the chief the commission he had received from him, and said how happy he was to have been able to fulfil it. 'Here,' said he, as he finished, 'are the men whom I promised you; it is for them to explain to you their plans and to arrange matters with you.' To this Moshesh replied by long and warm acknowledgments, of which the interpreter gave us the substance.

Speaking in our turn, we said how greatly we had been moved by the description which had been given us of the misfortunes of the Basutos and of their present sad position. The observations we had ourselves made proved that these statements had not been exaggerated. We believed that we had for all these evils a sovereign remedy, the efficacy of which it would be difficult for the chief to understand at first, but which we earnestly besought him to try. All the misfortunes of men proceeded from their evil passions and from their ignorance. We were the messengers of a God of Peace, whose protection and love were assured us, and who was willing to protect and bless the Basutos also. If Moshesh and his people consented to place themselves with us under the care and direction of this God, we had the most perfect assurance that He would undertake to make the incursions of their enemies cease, and to create in the country a new order of belief and of manners which would secure tranquillity, order, and abundance. In order to prove to our new friends the firmness of our convictions on this subject, and the purity of our intentions, we offered to establish ourselves definitely in their midst, and to share their lot, whatever it might be.

Touching after this on the material side of our work, we said that, wishing to provide entirely for our own subsistence, we must have a site where we could build houses and cultivate the ground according to our own ideas and habits. Our buildings and plantations would also serve as a model for the Basutos, whom we regretted to see dwelling in huts, and living in a manner so precarious and so little worthy of the intelligence with which they were gifted. Thaba-Bossiou did not appear to us to offer the advantages which we desired. Wood for building was lacking in it. There were, moreover, no streams that we could turn from their course to help in various works, and especially to water certain very useful plants which we proposed to introduce into the country, and which could not, like sorgho and maize, support a long drought.

'My heart is white with joy,' replied the chief; 'your words are great and good. It is enough for me to see your clothing, your arms, and the rolling houses in which you travel, to understand how much intelligence and strength you have. You see our desolation. This country was full of inhabitants. Wars have devastated it. Multitudes have perished; others are refugees in foreign lands. I remain almost alone on this rock. I have been told that you can help us. You promise to do it. That is enough. It is all I want to know. Remain with us. You shall instruct us. We will do all you wish. The country is at your disposal. We can go through it together, and you shall choose the place which will best suit you.'

The chief counsellors expressed their assent to all he had said. The most influential among them were Ratsiou, his maternal uncle, who took his place when he was absent or ill, Makoanyane, his right arm in war, and Khoabane, his second cousin, who had acquired a special claim on the gratitude of the tribe by preventing its dispersion at a specially critical moment. 'My friends,' he had said, 'our misfortunes are like the overflow of a river. Wait a while. The flood will pass, and you will remain.' This comparison had sufficed to prevent an irremediable dismemberment. The chief on retiring told us that he was going to make all arrangements for the projected excursion, and that he would be ready to accompany us in a very few days.

I have forgotten to say that he had previously introduced us to his aged father, Mokhatchané. He was a dry old man, with a cynical look, and abrupt and brief of speech. Our appearance in the country appeared to interest him very little. After having looked at us a moment, making a shade of his hand in order the better to take in our features, he said to his son, 'Very good; you have now the direction of affairs; I have seen your white men; do with them what you judge best.'

He was in truth a singular personage, this Mokhatchané, a veritable original. Suspicious and mocking, a thorough egotist, he despised men, and did not conceal the fact. The care of his dignity and of his interests as chief never stopped him when he had an opportunity of disconcerting his circle by some piquant speech. He loved, like his foster-brother Libé, to compare his subjects to flies, who are only drawn together by the sweet morsel which they find in the plate. At bottom he was more roguish than wicked. A thing unheard of in this country, he abhorred long speeches and circumlocutions. People who liked to have justice promptly and squarely dealt out to them found in this no reason to complain. Without being warlike he had more than once made war, like other chiefs; but either from superstition or from scruple, he had imposed on himself a law never to slay any one with his own hand. He directed the action, and made all the combinations necessary to prevent the enemy from escaping him, but he left the work of blood entirely to his subordinates. Surrounded by people extremely superstitious, he lent himself to their practices, but not without rendering himself guilty of many profanations. In paying the diviners, for instance, he did not hesitate to tell them that he regarded them as the biggest impostors in the world. It may be easily understood that a man of such a spirit would find it supremely ridiculous for Moshesh to expect the salvation of the country to come from three unknown young men, who appeared to have brought with them nothing but fine speeches.

The mass of the people were far from sharing in this disdainful indifference. They seemed, in fact, to have completely forgotten their ordinary occupations, so absorbed were they in studying us. With the curiosity which we excited was mingled a great deal of fear. The women and children approached furtively, seated themselves at a respectful distance, keeping close together, watching our least movements, and making meanwhile in a low voice their observations to each other. If we happened to turn sharply round, or seemed as though we were about to approach them, the whole crowd rushed away with loud cries. The most timid ran as if they were about to be devoured. The men were not free from similar emotions, but they made it a point of honour to conceal them.

We found that these poor people had all the difficulty in the world to believe that we were really men. They had seen close at hand, they had even slain in the war with the Koranas, Griquas who were dressed almost like ourselves, and who had the same weapons. Their colour and their woolly hair, however, had not left any doubt as to their origin. But the whites from whom they had borrowed their costume and their arms, who were they? Some went so far as to ask, in accents of terror, if they were not ghosts, a new variety of those spirits with whom the magicians pretended to have frequent intercourse.

It was a great consolation for all parties when, having learned the existence of these doubts, we encouraged the bolder spirits to make an examination of our persons, and thus reassure themselves. It was then discovered that our hair, spite of its resemblance to that of baboons, was real hair, that our boots and stockings covered toes, and that my spectacles did not form a part of my physical structure. By seeing us eat and drink, it became evident to them that this act was accompanied by the same sensations with us as with other mortals. They learned with pleasure that we had fathers and mothers. Why had we not wives? To this our interpreter quietly replied, that it was probably because we were as yet too young; that white men married late.

These infantine and superstitious terrors contrasted singularly with the perfect naturalness and entire confidence which the chief and his immediate surrounding showed in their relationships with us. Evidently Moshesh was a superior spirit, and he exercised a very marked influence on the persons who had direct dealings with him.

After some days of waiting everything was at last ready for the projected excursion. A great lover of venison, the chief profited by the slowness of our march to bring down a good many specimens of big game. He threw the javelin with astonishing precision and power. We saw, moreover, that in this country, as well as in the forests of St. Germain and of Compiègne, the beaters knew how to arrange easy shots for royal hands.

After a somewhat long search our choice finally fastened on a spot which appeared to us to offer all the advantages we sought: abundant water, fertile land, wood for building and for firing, as well as charming scenery. It was some twenty miles from Thaba-Bossiou, towards the south, at the entrance of a deep valley stretching away to the foot of one of the most remarkable peaks of the Maloutis. This locality, which war had caused to be entirely deserted, bore the name of Makhoarane. We gave it that of Moriah, in remembrance of the difficulties through which we had passed, and of the providential guidance which had brought us thus far. We had reached the 9th July, 1833.

CHAPTER X.

FIRST LABOURS AT MORIAH.

I HAVE recounted at sufficient length, in my work entitled *The Basutos*, the principal incidents connected with our first establishment at Moriah. What I have to say here will deal more with personal and inward experiences, showing with what lovingkindness the Lord watched over three raw untrained young men in a position which at times seemed desperate. It took us three years to get fairly settled, and to organise for ourselves a life which was supportable and at the same time of some real utility to the people around us. These three years form a part of my existence entirely by itself. The sensations I experienced during their progress were like nothing which I had known up to then, and differed almost equally from those which were to follow. By their power, their variety, their strangeness, they produced upon me, in a lapse of time short enough in itself, the effect of a period of a dozen years at least.

Our isolation from the civilized world seemed absolute. We could hardly realise the possibility of ever again renewing relations with it. In this position it was, after God and our Christian convictions, to friendship that we owed our preservation from *ennui*, that great enemy of the Frenchman in a foreign land.

We were only three, but our respective characters offered sufficient diversity to secure the absence of anything like monotony in our relationships. On the other hand, the close affection, the perfect confidence which reigned between us removed all danger of serious dissension.

Gossellin, our senior in age, was force and good humour personified. He had tried life on its hardest side, and knew what it was to be at close grips with circumstance. A strong dose of the essentially Gallic spirit preserved him from all approach to gloom or discouragement. In the matter of food, lodging, bed, all came alike to him. By a kind of special adaptation, he was able, like the savages, to eat prodigiously when there was anything to be had, and to fast one or two days together without losing any of his spirits. He had at his disposal an inexhaustible mint of 'wise saws and modern instances,' which were constantly in requisition. The more serious the position, the more exasperating the dilemma, the more brilliantly gleamed his gay and quenchless humour. There was in him a genuine native originality of character; but the vigour and the immoveable confidence which characterized his moral and religious life were above all the result of the perfect simplicity with which he had received the teachings and promises of the Gospel. He would not admit that we could be unhappy if we really believed we had been saved by Jesus Christ.

Our friend Arbousset had a piety at once sweet and fervent, reminding one of that of the Moravian Brethren. He owed this, under God, to the venerable pastor who had brought him up, M. Gachon de Mazères, whose religious temper had been formed in contact with some disciples of Zinzendorf. In other respects the temperament of my colleague had all the characteristics of Languedoc, his native province. The ardent imagination, the adventurous spirit, the sensibility, at once quick and profound, the constant need of activity, the picturesque speech, the intuitive and sometimes sufficiently eccentric ideas which one so often meets in that part of France, were all richly blended in my companion.

I occupied an intermediate place between these two fine natures, and drew from both of them many things which were wanting in my own. The Hottentots of our company called me *Meinheer*, 'Mister,' simply, while they added to the 'Mister,' in speaking to my two companions, a qualifying word derived from the maturity of the one and the apparent youth of the other.

Two or three days after our arrival at Moriah we found ourselves in a solitude almost absolute. Adam Krotz and his followers had departed. Moshesh, returned home, was occupying himself in seeking out young men disposed to share our first adventures and to aid us in our labours. The driver of our team and his subordinate alone remained with us. Some shrubs, which the winter had not despoiled of their foliage, sheltered our little tent from the wind. The wagon served as a sleeping-place. Thousands of antelopes roamed around us, without appearing to trouble themselves about our presence. At first, far from cheering us, the spectacle made us sad. It gave us a sense of what we had to do before we should have acquired the right of calling ourselves *at home.* But at this moment it was necessary on every account to see things on their bright side. Without great effort, we soon were able to congratulate ourselves in having so near us flocks which had cost us nothing, and which, thanks to our guns, would secure us as much fresh meat as we should want.

Some paces from the encampment was a wood. This might, for aught we knew, be sheltering lions and leopards, for they were not wanting in our neighbourhood. We were soon to have positive proof of this. Moshesh had told us the contrary, a falsehood which he had allowed himself, doubtless in his desire that the difficulties of the position should not present themselves all at once to our imagination. We had not, in fact, at the time put an implicit confidence in his word in this matter, and felt it needful to explore the wood with a certain amount of precaution. Its sole defenders, however, appeared to be some baboons, who retired, greatly scandalised apparently at the disdain with which we treated them. Freed from their vociferations, we were able to enjoy at our ease the musical murmur of a cascade as it fell into a basin carpeted with watercress. With this murmur was mingled the cooing of a multitude of beautiful turtle-doves. These charming creatures seemed to take delight in exhibiting to us the grace and airy lightness of their movements, as they gave to the sand from time to time the imprint of their tiny red feet. Some paces further we raised some shrill guinea fowl, who fled affrighted into the brushwood. We promised ourselves to approach them more cautiously when we wanted them for the pot.

The wood was on the flank of a mountain, and contained great numbers of rocks that had rolled down from above; some of them isolated, and standing up like the fragments of obelisks; others massed together in the strangest fashion—here forming grottoes, there tortuous lanes. In these passages, all carpeted with maidenhair and mosses, lived colonies of marmots (*Hyrax capensis*), whose fur and flesh are greatly appreciated by the natives. Although their feet are fleshy, these rodents climb the smoothest walls with astonishing agility. One sees them afar off, nestling one against another, along the ledges of their basaltic habitations. At the approach of the least danger, the watchman of the company gives a little cry, and all disappear as by enchantment. The bottom of the passages where they live is covered with a particular kind of secretion from them, which one would take at first sight for hardened bitumen, and to which the colonists attribute a medicinal virtue.

For the moment what most interested us in this wood was the wood itself. We needed a shelter with the least possible delay. One could be quickly extemporised with stakes and branches; but we wanted to render these materials amenable to the plumb-line and the square. We had remarked, not without anxiety, that in this country almost all the trees preferred bifurcations, and all sorts of grotesque protuberances, to a vertical growth. We found, however, amongst the younger ones, a certain number which answered our requirements.

The next day we cut down as many as we needed, and the cabin was nearly finished in the week. It was worth about what it had cost us. Never was improvised domicile less comfortable. No groom would have accepted it for his horses. But Gossellin, our master in this line of things, was reserving himself for the masonry, which was his strong point. We were going by-and-by to have buildings altogether irreproachable. 'This is merely provisional,' said he. That word answered for everything. He coolly added, 'The little house is good enough for those who have to live in it.'

As we were finishing it, we saw coming towards us a squad of young fellows from eighteen to twenty years of age, commanded by Molapo, the second son of Moshesh. They were the assistants whom he had promised us. They soon established themselves, putting up some huts after their fashion, which they adorned inside with their shields, placing along the walls, by way of pillars, sacks of sorgho or large millet. Their parents had considered that some handfuls of this grain daily would suffice for food. They were furnished with old earthenware pots to boil it in. If they were desirous of improving their bill of fare, had they not their javelins, and game within reach?

Having seen my friends thus lodged, and surrounded by their body-guard, I felt able to quit them for awhile, in order to go to Philippolis for our wagons and the effects we had left there.

I returned at the end of six weeks with the necessaries for quite a little colony: tools of all kinds;

vine-shoots ; slips of peach, apricot, fig, apple, quince, and other trees ; a herd of heifers, which had cost me only 17s. 6d. each, and a flock of sheep at 3s. per head ; a fine mare in foal, and two horses ; some wheat ; some vegetable seeds; and, above all, potatoes. Adam Krotz had joined me with his family and those of two of his friends. He considered himself bound, he said, to help us realise our plans. I had more than one reason for thinking that this would be on condition of being able to make some use of us, and to obtain, later, from Moshesh, the concession of a cosy corner of land. But for the moment it would not do to look too closely into motives ; we owed much to this man. Moreover, he and his people were excellent shots. Their presence might have its effect on the thieving Koranas, who understood perfectly what our moral influence and our counsels would be worth to their former victims. They did not fail, in fact, to send me an abundance of threatening messages when I was at Philippolis.

It was not without difficulty that we succeeded during the journey in saving our poor live stock from the jaws of the lions and of other wild beasts. We took the precaution always to unyoke early, and to pasture our cows and sheep in places where the grass seemed the most appetising, in order that, having well filled themselves before the hour of danger came, they might have no inducement to wander from the wagons and the fire. But the marauders of the forest had also their tactics. They arrived from all sides, attracted by the smell, and set themselves to roam round our fires, at a respectful distance. A shot now and then echoing through the dark woods generally prevented them from coming nearer. But towards midnight impatience maddened them, and their roarings became horrible. Our beasts, seized with terror, would leap to their feet, stamp on the ground, rush here and there, and jostle one another with their horns. We had to exert ourselves to the utmost to calm them, and to prevent, at the risk of being ourselves trampled under foot, a general stampede.

We did not always succeed in this. There was then no other resource but to run after the stupid brutes with a lighted brand or a gun in our hand. In fact, the firebrand was the better weapon of the two. Some sheep were lost on these occasions, but that was all.

I had one evening a proof of what a surprise will do in the way of disconcerting lions. It was about ten o'clock at night. I had gathered the whole company round the principal fire for worship. Just as I was about to commence, we heard very distinctly close to us the kind of convulsive hiccough which the lion makes as he creeps towards his prey, ready to spring. Instinctively, or rather inspired by God, I started a hymn, the air of which was brisk and lively. The men at once caught it up; there was quite a fusillade of voices—contralto, tenor, bass, nothing was missing—and I have already said what the Hottentot lungs are capable of. After it was over we listened, but nothing more was heard. We armed ourselves with firebrands, and scoured the neighbourhood of the camp; the brute had disappeared.

Perhaps we had deceived ourselves, and there had been none after all. The more experienced of our party, however, persisted we had been in great danger. In fact, next day, we discovered twenty paces off the still fresh track of the formidable paws which had been already bent to spring upon and tear us.

It may be imagined with what joy my friends saw me arrive. I found them in perfect health, and full of spirits. They had improved the cabin. Such as it had now become it might have contented a not too particular coast-guardsman or tide-waiter. There were three compartments in it: one in front, which served as sitting-room; another, a little larger, which formed the bed and dressing room; and, in addition, a small chamber for our boxes, tools, bags, etc. In this last a prominent feature was a huge cord hanging from a beam with a hook at the end. It was there we hung the piece of game, or the sheep killed for the weekly consumption. There were neither windows nor wooden doors. Some holes, which we could at need stop up with our oldest hats, allowed just enough light to penetrate to allow us to read without too much difficulty. For ingress and egress we had an arrangement of strong wattles pivoting on a wooden socket.

We had thought we should have nothing to fear in the way of nocturnal intrusion. We were deceived. After my return the lions of the neighbourhood, drawn by the smell and the bellowing of the cattle I had brought, began to make evening calls of a sufficiently alarming kind. One fine morning, going in search of them, we found several lying down under a tree, about half a league from our cabin. Followed by our men, we slew a large lioness, which, with the others, had eaten one of our horses, a chastisement which caused such terror to the rest of the troop as decided them to establish themselves farther off. It took us much longer to get rid of the wretched hyænas, whose attentions were specially directed to our sheep.

We were now up to the eyes in work. It was necessary to plant without delay the young trees I had brought, to make sowings of vegetables and wheat, to prepare the materials for a solid and spacious house, and those for a chapel. From the beginning the demands of Adam Krotz and his Hottentots taught us that we must only in the last resort avail ourselves of their assistance, using them generally for ploughing and carting. These worthies knew that we were connected with a Society animated by the most generous intentions. They imagined, therefore, that we should simply fold our arms, and for their benefit draw to an indefinite extent on the funds of this impersonal entity. At every moment they were coming to borrow the Society's saucepan, the Society's kettle, the Society's axe or saw. When the payment for such and such a work was being discussed, they could not understand why we should make the least difficulty, since, after all, the money was not to come out of our pocket. It was a system too convenient not to appear to them a perfectly natural one.

It must be said that there had been a defect here in their first instruction. Our predecessors in the mission work in South Africa, condemned by the colonists to an almost wandering life among the Hottentots, had had at first to content themselves with gathering around them a number of unfortunates, fugitives, and others, who, from one cause or another, were in need of being entirely provided for, physically as well as spiritually. The missionaries shared their goods with these people; a state of things which led them very easily to imagine that the treasury of the London Society was more or less at their disposal. We were very determined to prevent any such ideas being entertained with reference to us. Were such notions perpetuated, they would not only have ruined the Societies, but have made mere beggars of the natives. We ought to remark that the missionaries of our time have reacted with all their might against a system which their brethren of the previous epoch had unwittingly gone a long way towards creating.

It is singular, but a difficulty of an exactly opposite kind arose on the subject of the services which the Basutos sent us by Moshesh were to render us. Their chief had expressly warned us not to pay them. 'If you do,' said he, 'you will spoil everything. They will forget that you are our benefactors, that you are here not for your advantage, but for ours; and they will end by demanding that I also shall pay them when I want them to do anything for me.' This last word was quite a revelation to us. On making inquiries, we found that the natives, though great bargain-makers in matters of sale or purchase, did not recognise manual labour as having any price. As a matter of fact, each family sufficed for its own needs in this respect, having as much land as they required, and generally a few cattle. When it was wanted, they would ask for a helping hand from their neighbours, as, for instance, in building a hut, in finishing their sowings, or getting in crops which might be a little late. It was understood that the same services would be rendered in return when required. The chiefs demanded forced labour from time to time, paying for it by refraining from the levy of taxes and by administering justice gratuitously.

At first sight we were reminded almost of the golden age; but there was here, after all, no element of progress. By following these customs, the natives would have for ever to keep at the same level. It would be impossible to create workers capable of aspiring after anything better than the first necessaries, impossible to establish trades, to create industries. The prohibition laid upon us by the chief was then no more agreeable to us than the greed of our ten or dozen half-civilised Hottentots. For the time all we could do was to escape from our difficulties by showing to the one party that we knew how to do without them, and in asking from the others those services only for which some slight gift would be a sufficient recompense.

That meant that we should do most of the work ourselves. It was agreed that the strongest and ablest of us in the matter of material labour, Gossellin, should be in these matters leader, at least so far as consisted with the realisation of our whole plan. In becoming his labourers, Arbousset and I were imposing no sacrifice on ourselves in the matter of self-respect. We were only returning to our excellent friend the deference of which he gave the example to our following when our own special mission and ministry were in question.

What cost us the most was the exempting him from the cares of the kitchen. This was so much the worse, as his appetite added notably to the labours and anxieties of this most disagreeable portion of our daily task. Our young native aids felt themselves still less called upon to attend to it than ourselves. It was with difficulty that we got them to procure for us wood and water. It was arranged between Arbousset and myself that we should each take a week in turn. But, without any malice aforethought, I soon managed to get dismissed from my situation. Cooking was certainly not my strong point. My friend, on the contrary, had carefully followed the course of hygiene by Rostan. He did not fail to observe that, to the great detriment of the outside work, my week was generally marked by a serious waste of power and by various indispositions. He had the generosity at last to emancipate me entirely from the scullion's apron.

From that time we always had our meals at regular hours; and if still it happened occasionally that the dish was burnt, or was not half baked, it became rather the exception than the rule. Our menu was sufficiently simple. A leg of mutton or a haunch of venison, rice, black haricots with a very earthy taste, which we bought of the natives, with boiled millet, formed its staple. Sometimes, however, we were able to treat ourselves to an omelette of ostrich's egg; I say egg, and not eggs, for one was enough by itself to fill the saucepan. Milk, the main stay of diet in South Africa, was added later, when our heifers became mothers.

I have not spoken of bread. Alas! we had had to give it up from the time we passed the limits of the colony. I ought not, however, to forget that a sack of wheaten flour which we had brought with us, allowed our friend to treat us from time to time to a cake. He hit on an ingenious contrivance to make it last as long as possible. The cake by imperceptible degrees changed in taste as time wore on; our cook was introducing into it larger and larger proportions of ground millet. At last came the moment when the fraud could no longer be concealed; the taste of wheat was completely gone! The trial was not a small one for French stomachs. It was followed by another, still harder to bear. Our salt gave out, and this privation was to last a long time. We understood then why the eyes of the natives shone so when, on our arrival, they saw some packets of this substance in our hands. We were obliged to give up almost all kinds of boiled meats and soups. The cooking was simplified, but our gums greatly suffered from struggling so often with tough roasts and grills.

One thing consoled us somewhat. We had sown some wheat, and it was coming on wonderfully. We saw the moment approaching when bread, real bread, so delicious to our thought, even though without salt, would again comfort our nauseated palates. But, alas! for human expectations! There happened to visit us just then the good Moshesh, accompanied by a whole cavalcade of followers. Now, our field had not the least enclosure, and the next day the harvesting had been done for us. Spite of our injunctions and those of the chief, the men set to guard the horses had let them run free during the night, and instinct had guided them only too well, at our expense.

The question of clothing was for us much less complicated than that of food. We had procured for ourselves in the colony jackets of a thick material, and trousers made of hide, strong enough to resist all the thorns and briers of the country. It was a serviceable costume, but as far removed from that demanded by polite society as the blue blouse of the French workman. We kept, however, to our white shirts. To simplify matters, we used to take one out of our boxes as we wanted it, and wear it to extinction. When it needed washing we rinsed it in the stream that ran through the neighbouring wood: the sun dried it in a few minutes, when we put it on, and returned to our work.

These are little inconveniences which upset one almost more than serious misfortunes; and our European dress demanded certain small accessories, the want of which produced singular embarrassment. A pin, a button, what are they? What indeed! But there came to us moments when we would have given almost everything for a button. To get one, we should have had to make a pilgrimage. We were obliged to have recourse to mimosa spines to hold up our braces, and to more slender ones to fasten the wrists and collars of our shirts. In the matter of shoes we soon learned from our Hottentots to protect our feet with a kind of half-shoe, half-sandal, made out of antelope skins.

Our sleeping arrangements did not give us much trouble. Youth and hard work bring sound slumber everywhere. In our hut our beds consisted of the small mattresses we had used on board the Test, laid over some wattles. When we journeyed on horseback we stretched ourselves at night on the bare ground, wrapped in sheepskins sewed together, our saddles serving for pillows. Arbousset, always great on hygiene, improved on this, as he thought, by putting under his saddle a canvas bag filled with grass or dry leaves. In this he found no imitator. Gossellin and I found that after having slept on the hard ground we never woke with a clammy mouth, and we were always up in time to watch the first gleams of the morning and the incomparable scenes which accompany the awakening of Nature. While to the indistinct shades of the dawn succeeded the opal, orange, carnation, and purple which heralded the flaming orb of day, we were putting our little kettle over a couple of dry sticks, and by the time the great luminary had begun to warm our limbs we were enjoying a first light cup of coffee.

Strange that in this region, infested with serpents, I was never troubled by them during sleep. I cannot say as much for the mosquitoes. We were devoured by them if we had the imprudence to bivouac near a pool or on a marshy flat. They made us almost unrecognisable by each other when day came; a mere mass of bumps and swellings, even on the scalp.

The labours of the first three years were extremely fatiguing. The hardest came first; those demanded by the preparation of materials of construction. During entire months we were doing nothing except hewing stones, working lumps of clay for bricks, with our trousers turned up to the knees, cutting down trees, and sawing them into beams and planks. Of all our work nothing was so trying as this last. We understood absolutely nothing of sawyering, and our instrument being an English one, that is, an immense flexible blade, unmounted, it was especially difficult to manage. It was continually getting out of the track, to the right or left, and once out of the right line it would have been easier to break it than to get it to move an inch. It was necessary then to have recourse to all sorts of expedients; to turn and return, spite of its weight, the unfortunate tree-trunk we were handling so awkwardly. At times one might have seen us all three stretched on our backs, exhausted, quite out of breath, and asking ourselves if our vertebral column would ever recover from such a strain. The natives would look at us with open mouths, seeking vainly to comprehend the view of life which could lead men to kill themselves to provide so simple an affair as a shelter from the sun and rain. The reflections they made did not prevent our young natives from lending us a hand when we asked them. The son of the chief went to work as eagerly as the rest. They burst into shouts of laughter when they found they had misunderstood the directions we gave them, or had made some blunder. Their good humour helped to keep up ours.

There were certain kinds of work at which they were very apt. They were handy at the spade, and we were able to make good use of them in the cultivation of our plants. They were useful also in raising rough stone or mud walls. Thanks to their help, we were enabled, without much interruption in the preparation of our materials of construction, to substantially wall in our cattle enclosure and our garden. We gave them as acknowledgment some sheepskins, which they softened and sewed together with much address, some knives, small hatchets, and other trifling articles, with which they were greatly delighted.

The kind of life we were leading ought to have ruined our constitutions. However, by the goodness of God, we escaped all severe illness. We had various accidents, but nothing serious. Where we suffered most was in the direction of our social and domestic sensibilities. We were not conscious of intellectual loss. We preserved ourselves from decline in this respect by the observations of all kinds which we were making, as well as by the study of languages, and of the standard works we had brought with us. The religious side of our nature, also, was not too sorely tried. The daily experience we had of God's protection, and the sweet visitations of His Spirit, did more than maintain our faith. There was, indeed, something singularly strengthening to our spiritual life in the thought that we were there in virtue of a direct order from Christ, that we were representatives of His Church in places which had been closed against it up to our arrival.

More than once, after having sung one of our

French hymns on some savage rock, we have, with a thrill of joy passing through our hearts, grasped each other by the hand, saying, our eyes wet with tears, 'At last has been uttered in these wilds the glorious name of our Father in heaven!' And our friendship, which never suffered eclipse, was an immense sustainer. But for all that the heart finds a difficulty in preserving a true equilibrium when one is completely cut off from the relationships of home and of society. Correspondence would have done much to supply what was lacking in this respect. But at that time the nearest post-office was at Graaff-Reinet, that is to say, nearly 300 miles from us. Almost a year rolled away before we received the first letters written by our parents immediately after our departure from France. To get these, and others that followed, sent on to us it was necessary to confide them to white or black travellers, who always faithfully delivered them, but who never put themselves about with reference to time. When postal arrangements had been fairly organised, by this means we found that a reply from Europe took ten or twelve months to reach us. In such conditions correspondence is a trial rather than a consolation. If news is received which gives one pleasure, there is other intelligence of a disquieting nature of which one burns to know the issue.

I can say that not one of us ever experienced the shadow of a regret for having quitted, for the Master's sake, all that had been most dear to us; but when the era of travel and of fresh observations was passed, we found ourselves exposed to the consciousness of exile. From that time we understood that our imagination might become the great enemy of our peace, if we did not succeed in putting a bridle on it.

We thought we should best secure this result by imposing a law upon ourselves to speak as little as possible of the distant objects of our affection. Gossellin charged himself with enforcing the order of the day. His temperament was equal to this painful duty. The lively interest which my other friend still found in the details of our picturesque existence helped us to live on from day to day. For myself, without exactly knowing why, and certainly without desiring it, I began to find the remedy worse than the disease.

Towards the end of the first year, I was conscious of yielding to the insidious approaches of a secret melancholy. I began in my secret heart to nourish the unworthy hope that my life would not be a long one. Gossellin saw into this, despite the vigour which I continued to put into my work. One evening, when we were seated by the threshold of our cabin, he asked me if I had not remarked at the bottom of the valley a strip of turf four or five yards long, shadowed by a mass of rock on which some young olive-trees were growing. On my reply in the affirmative, he told me that, on the morrow, he should dig a shovelfull of earth out of this place, and continue to do so from day to day.—'But whatever for?'—'I have made a calculation, and I find that when the hole is finished you will be just ready to be put into it!'—'And what makes you think so?'—'My friend,' replied he, in a tone of authority mingled with tenderness, 'do you think I have not noticed the sadness which is undermining you? Come, come, you must shake it off! Family affection is no longer a benediction when it unmans the heart, instead of fortifying it. You, so young, and yet to be thinking of ending. Why, we haven't begun yet!' These words restored me to myself. I saw clearly enough where I was going, and blushed at the revelation. I lifted my heart to God for pardon, then seizing the hand of my brave brother, 'It is over,' I cried, 'you have cured me!' And it really was over. He never had cause to complain of me afterwards.

Some days later I received the news of my father's death. His constitution, for a long time in a weak state, had not been able to resist the shock caused by my departure. I had a presentiment that it would be so when he held me in his last embrace. In the first burst of my grief there was mingled a feeling akin to remorse. It was this element which gave it its bitterest pang. I seemed to myself to have killed my father. And yet I could bear testimony that if I had resisted the appeal of God during several years, it was precisely because I could not support the idea of the tears which my decision would cause to flow. And had I not in all my course carried with me my father's and mother's blessing? Had they not told me a hundred times that their rights over me came only after those of the Saviour?

To these reflections were added as a consolation the details about my beloved parent's closing moments. My vocation as a missionary had greatly contributed to cheer them. He had died of cancer in the stomach, and his sufferings at the end had been terrible. But it had pleased God to accord to the dying saint some hours of ineffable happiness before he drew his last breath. Surrounded by his family, with one of his hands in that of my mother, and the other in that of his doctor, my maternal uncle, he expressed himself as embracing in one look the things of earth and those of the spiritual world. He asked them to sing to him, and spoke of the hymns of heaven as though he heard them already. Jesus Christ seemed visible to his eyes as he commended to Him, one after another, the dear ones he was leaving behind. My name was often on his lips. He blessed God for having chosen me to carry the Gospel to the heathen. One of his last words to my mother was, 'I shall see Eugène again before you;' a mysterious word, of which my heart, after the first anguish was over, took full possession. It was a pledge that my father and I were no longer separated, and that I should henceforth live under his eye as well as under that of our common Master and Saviour. In the midst of my sorrow I remembered that on a certain day, when making an excursion with two or three natives, I had been seized with an undefinable yet overwhelming sense of distress. I had taken note of it, and on referring to my book, I found that this dark hour was precisely that when our family had lost its head. May we not add this to the multitudes of other similar experiences which have been vouched for by persons of unimpeachable veracity, and whose united testimony puts beyond doubt the existence of supernatural relations between the soul and the invisible world?

More intimately united to me than they could have been ever by the ties of blood, my companions in labour wept for my father as if he had been their own. This sorrow taught me also that the natives began no longer to regard us as strangers. The news spread abroad that lamentations had been heard in our cabin, that a letter had brought the tidings of the death of my father. People ran from all sides : a deputation from Moshesh speedily arrived. These poor people were at a loss what to say to me, not knowing yet what we thought as to the causes and consequences of death. But a lively sympathy painted itself on their features as they saw me weep. Having as yet only a few words of their language at my command, I contented myself with saying to them, 'God has done it.' *Ntaté o magolimong.* 'My father is in heaven.'

This confounded them, for according to their ideas it was into the bowels of the earth that people passed after death. What was most clear to them, however, was that we were mortal as well as the blacks, a discovery which much impressed them. They avowed to us afterwards, that seeing us so wise, capable of doing so many things that seemed to them miraculous, they had imagined that we must have a remedy against death. The dissipation of this illusion did not prevent them from remarking the perfect confidence with which I told them that I should see my father again one day, and that I should go to dwell with him in the kingdom of heaven. Endowed with plenty of discernment, they easily saw that I obtained genuine consolation from this expectation of an eternal reunion. My faith was to them a revelation. They concluded from it that if, as they said, we could not conquer death, it was far from having the same terrors for us as for them. The bereavement I had undergone had another effect, to convince them that we were resolved to remain among them indefinitely. They expected at first to see me go away, if only to take possession of the property my father must have left me. It is thus that amongst these new peoples everything in the life of the missionary serves to instruct and to convince.

We had, in fact, arrived at the moment when our ministry was to become a reality. To the young men whom the chief had at first sent us several families had joined themselves. They formed around us, under the orders of Létsié, the eldest son of Moshesh, a community of three or four hundred souls.

CHAPTER XI.

FIRST ATTEMPTS AT RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

We had, for the communication of our ideas to the natives, a very indifferent interpreter. He was a Mossuto of the name of Sépéami, whom we had picked up at Adam Krotz's, on the borders of the colony, where he had learned a little Dutch. He was sufficiently acquainted with it to translate ideas relating to the material side of life and to the first elements of morality, but he knew nothing of the language of religion. In this region his vocabulary was confined to the word *gebed*, *thapélo*, prayer. When we spoke of believing, of repenting, or of any other manifestation of piety, he always returned to his phrase, *Moruti o re re rapèlè*, 'The missionary says that you must pray.' He sometimes managed to commit the most extraordinary blunders, deceived by the resemblances of words. Thus he made us say once that Jesus Christ was a great *saddle-maker*, confounding *Zaligmaaker*, 'Saviour,' with *Zadelmaaker*, 'maker of saddles.'

His manner was no better than his interpretation. His physiognomy, his intonations, his gestures, all said plainly enough, 'I do not believe a word of what I am translating.' At first he proposed to perform his functions with coat and waistcoat off, and with his pipe in his mouth. We discovered afterwards that he was an atrocious liar—that it was, in fact, almost impossible for him to open his mouth without uttering some falsehood.

Happily our people soon found this out, and, guided by their good sense, they put to our account only the good things which made their way through the follies of our dragoman. I suspect they said as much to him. At any rate, his views about them were the reverse of complimentary. He suggested one day that the best method for converting them would be to thrash them well! 'I will help you,' said he, 'and you shall see how well I can handle my whip. The only way of getting anything into these fellows is by blows.'

It may be imagined how much was to be expected from our teachings so long as we were obliged to have recourse to such an auxiliary. More than once we asked ourselves if we should not do better by saying nothing at all. We should certainly have followed this course, if we had known at the time how ignorant and disloyal Sépéami really was. Till we could do better, we went on planting and cultivating, making use of the natives meantime to get out of them every day some fresh words of their language, and especially verbs—that part of speech so difficult to conquer, even when spread before one in the paradigms of a grammar. Having discovered that Lessuto, the language of the Basutos, had more affinity than we at first thought with that which the missionary Moffat and our brethren Lemue and Rolland were studying further north, we profited also from the fruit of their researches.

From the time of our arrival we had held services regularly in Dutch for the eight or ten Hottentot drivers who came with us from Philippolis. These men, having been brought up in the missionary stations of the colony, had religious habits. They knew a great many Dutch hymns, and sang them with taste. They had, almost all of them, Bibles in the same language, and could follow with interest the exposition of a text. For want of a building, we gathered them in the open air; and the Basutos, drawn by the singing, came generally to squat round us. They followed all the details of the service with much attention, being evidently struck with the seriousness and conviction with which we addressed ourselves to an invisible Being. If they did not understand the words we used, our attitude, our gestures, and the tone of our voice, gave them some idea of the greatness and goodness of Him to whom we spake.

At last, and that much sooner than we had hoped, we found that the Basutos understood without too much difficulty the sentences we began to put together in their language. Whereupon Master Sépéami received his *congé* without ceremony. Henceforth all the time we could spare from our building and planting operations was devoted by Arbousset and myself to writing little abstracts of Biblical history, together with short meditations, which we recited on Sundays. We even ventured to compose two or three hymns. The first was about the Lord's Day. We set it to the French air, 'Au clair de la lune,' which by its extreme simplicity seemed made for the natives, and to which we gave a sufficient solemnity by singing it slowly. The greatest difficulty was to prevent our people marking the time by beating the ground with their feet with all their might. They have become since very sensible to harmony; but at the beginning the measure was almost everything with them.

A more serious difficulty was to get them to join us in the act of prayer. As long as we were speaking to them, our instruction consisting generally of stories, and never going beyond ten minutes, they listened with attention. It was not so when we offered prayer. As we were no longer addressing ourselves specially to them, they saw no necessity for listening. One looked to the right, another to the left, a third gaped noisily, while others entered into general conversation. We found a remedy for this in getting them to repeat all together word for word each of the thanksgivings or requests which we offered to God. This at first pleased them as an exercise: they liked to hear their fine deep voices rising and falling in unison; but soon we could see that reflection and sentiment were beginning to enter. The fact that we improvised our prayers, and that every thing they expressed was new to their experience, saved them from falling into a mechanical routine. From this time, feeling ourselves in possession of the mighty weapon of speech, we took up our ministry afresh, and felt ourselves to be missionaries indeed.

Our labours of installation had not prevented us from going, from time to time, to visit Moshesh at

Thaba-Bossiou, and to renewing to him our assurances of friendship and devotion. He received us with evident pleasure, and, spite of the disadvantages of a defective interpretation, he revealed himself more and more to us as a superior man, well meriting the title of *Mothou oa litaba*, 'man of wisdom,' which his subjects gave him in one of their songs.

We thought at first he had the intention of coming to establish himself near us, but this illusion was soon dissipated. His plan, carefully thought out, was to allow us to found a new town at Moriah, with his sons and their subordinates, and so encourage his subjects to gradually descend from the heights to which they had retired during the wars, while he would continue himself to reside, with two or three thousand of his followers and his principal counsellors, on the natural fortress where he had been able, in the most critical moments, to defy his enemies. Thaba-Bossiou was thus to remain a rallying-point and a refuge if new troubles should break out.

As the resolution of the chief became more evident, we the more felt the necessity of making him frequent visits. The man who had brought us into the country had the first right to our instruction. We saw also that in order to familiarise ourselves with the customs, the ideas, and the manner of life of the Basutos, we needed from time to time to get away from Moriah. There we were at home, and were, as well as we were able, regulating our life in accordance with our own usages. At Thaba-Bossiou we were obliged, on the contrary, to live like the natives. As soon as the language of the country was sufficiently familiar to us, it was decided that every week one of us in turn should visit the metropolis. The chief strongly approved our resolve. 'Now,' said he to us, 'you will be indeed my missionaries, and you shall see if you ever have any lack of auditors. Every time you come to teach us, I shall be there to get my people together, and to see that everybody listens to you with attention.' And he kept his word. As soon as we arrived, his public crier informed the population of our presence. For this purpose he mounted on a kind of platform adjoining the chief's residence, and cried with all the strength of his lungs, *Thapélong, thapélong*, 'to prayer,' to which he invariably added *Kaofèla, kaofèla, bana le basáli.* 'Everybody, everybody, children and women as well.'

At first this last injunction provoked murmurs among the men of mature age, while it was the occasion of much merriment to the young ones. To convoke the women to an assembly appeared to the former an unheard-of humiliation for the noble sex. The ominous news ran also that our teachings were not favourable to polygamy. The young men, on the contrary, found it mighty amusing to watch the embarrassment into which this new state of things plunged the maids and matrons. Would they come, or would they not? We were kept a long time waiting. They at first sent their children, hoping that would suffice; and the youngsters planted themselves without hesitation in the front ranks, very happy to be able to satisfy their curiosity and to see themselves treated like men. But Moshesh was inexorable. *Basali!* 'the women!' cried he; *Basali ba kaé!*

'Where are the women?' They came at last, a dazed expression on their faces, but advanced no nearer than the entrance of the enclosure, where they squatted down, squeezed together like a flock of sheep, and taking care to turn their backs to the assembly. *Ba têng*, 'they are here,' said Moshesh to us, 'Begin.' And with a look he warned the audience that no impropriety would escape his observation.

Moshesh was not less careful to invite to our services the strangers of any tribe who might be his guests, whether as messengers from their respective chiefs or as simple travellers. He specially enjoined upon them to report amongst their own people the teachings they heard from us. This habit, which he kept up to the end of his life, brought us into relation with multitudes of other peoples, many of them of far-distant tribes.

The services were held in what was called the *khotla*, a kind of grand courtyard, surrounded by an enclosure of bamboos and reeds, in which men worked at basket-making, hide-dressing or carving, while the chief gave audience to strangers or settled disputes. This *khotla* facilitated in a remarkable manner the work of the missionary. He always found there men to speak to, and his words acquired importance, from the mere fact that he proclaimed his message in a place reserved for men and for serious affairs.

At night Moshesh made us seat ourselves by his hearth in the house of his chief wife. We supped with him and his children. He himself cut and placed before us slices of beef or of game, taking care to see that some one brought us a dish of curdled milk and a loaf of sorgho. The repast finished, he took great pleasure in repeating what we had said in public, and in asking explanations. It was thus that he discovered, to his great surprise, that our teaching was based on facts, or real history, and was not, as he had thought at first, composed of myths and allegories. 'You believe, then,' said he to me one evening, pointing me to the stars, 'that in the midst of and beyond all these, there is an all-powerful Master, who has created all, and who is our Father? Our ancestors used, in fact, to speak of a Lord of heaven, and we still call these great shining spots (the Milky Way) you see up above, "the way of the gods;" but it seemed to us that the world must have existed for ever, except, however, men and animals, who, according to us, have had a beginning,—animals having come first, and men afterwards. But we did not know who gave them existence. We adored the spirits of our ancestors, and we asked of them rain, abundant harvests, good health, and a good reception amongst them after death.'

'You were in darkness, and we have brought you the light. All these visible things, and a multitude of others which we cannot see, have been created and are preserved by a Being all wise and all good, who is the God of us all, and who has made us to be born of one blood.'

This last assertion appeared incredible to the chief's advisers. 'What!' said the boldest, 'that can never be! You are white; we are black: how could we come from the same father?'

To which the chief replied without hesitation, 'Stupids! In my herds are white, red, and spotted cattle ; are they not all cattle? do they not all come from the same stock, and belong to the same master?' This argument produced more impression among them than it would have done amongst us. The natives observe with great attention the phenomena attaching to the reproduction of animal life. They attribute certain abnormal deviations to accidents happening during gestation. It is thus they explain the existence of albinos, who are not rare among them, and unexpected combinations of colour in the hides of their animals. There are also among the Basutos, in the same communities, and even in the same families, striking differences of complexion. By the side of some who are very dark are seen those who are only bronzed. And to these differences of colour correspond generally more fundamental divergencies. The lighter-complexioned usually have slighter limbs, the hands and feet better modelled, the voice more flute-like. According to the natives, prognathism is the result of poverty, and of insufficient or too exclusively vegetable food. In the families of the aristocracy (there is one there also), where men are well fed, and where they can marry the women they prefer, the eyes are more prominent, the nose not so flattened, the lips thinner. In a word, the type more nearly approaches our own, which, except in the matter of colour, remains the ideal of beauty among these people.

The robust faith of Moshesh in the unity of the human race reposed on observations of this kind. He insisted much also on the identity of sensations. ‘Black or white,’ said he, ‘we laugh or cry in the same manner and from the same causes; what gives pleasure or pain to the one race, causes equally pleasure or pain to the other.’

When he was on this subject the chief generally expressed the conviction that the ancients (his ancestors and those of his people) had ideas very similar to ours; that many traditions and legends supported this belief, and that if the Basutos were ignorant, it was because they possessed no book, such as we had. ‘Look,’ said he, ‘everything degenerates; everything is inferior to-day to what it used to be. It seems to me that even our cattle are less fine.’

When I told him that this was an illusion arising from the fact that in infancy we had more vivid impressions of things, he had difficulty in accepting this view; but he took note of the fact that amongst the whites also the past was thought to be better than the present, and he found in this a further proof of the unity of the human species.

He was greatly struck when we enumerated the commandments of the decalogue. ‘That,’ said he, ‘is written in all our hearts. We did not know the God you announce to us, and we had no idea of the Sabbath; but in all the rest of your law we find nothing new. We knew it was very wicked to be ungrateful and disobedient to parents, to rob, to kill, to commit adultery, to covet the property of another, and to bear false witness.’

He admitted the existence of sin, and indeed went beyond our own statements as to the extent of the evil which reigned amongst men. On this point he was more than a pessimist. He explained evil as a kind of fatality, or at least the result of an incurable weakness. ‘ To do good,’ said he, ‘ is like rolling a rock to the top of a mountain ; as to the evil, it comes about by itself : the rock rolls without effort to the bottom.’

The histories of the Old and New Testaments greatly interested him, and he continually made me repeat the more striking of them. The history of Joseph, and that of David in the first part of his life, threw him into veritable ecstacies. Amongst all the parables of the Sacred Book he gave the preference to that of the Prodigal Son. But we did not fail to observe that what struck him the most, as well as those of his subjects who followed our instructions with assiduity, was the person and work of Christ.

Knowing the white men only through us, they accorded them a high place as regards intelligence and virtue, but the life of Jesus seemed to them a superhuman ideal. They so clearly recognised in Him a man-God that they would not have believed the stories of the Evangelists if these had not insisted on His celestial origin and miraculous birth. It was as Redeemer that His mission most appealed to them, and in which they were most interested—a striking proof, surely, of the indestructibility of conscience in all lands. The practice of sacrifice was familiar to them : they had the habit of offering victims as a means of averting domestic or public calamities. From that to the idea that a man such as Jesus was had been able to save sinners by dying for them was to them an easy transition.

Beyond the religious question, which predominated in our interviews with the chief, his insatiable curiosity raised an infinity of others. He wished to know the origin and history of the different peoples whose names he heard us pronounce. It was a great stumbling-block to him when he learned that the nations which recognised Jesus Christ still loved war, and applied themselves to perfecting the military art. 'It was excusable in us,' said he, 'who had no other models than wild beasts, but you who profess to be the children of Him who said, "Love your enemies," for you to take pleasure in fighting!'

All that we could say to him about the alleviations which Christianity had introduced, as, for instance, the care which was taken of the wounded, the absence of personal hatred in the heart of our soldiers, etc., only increased his stupefaction.

'Then you work this evil without anger, mixing wisdom with it! I can make nothing of it, except that war must be a rod which God does not choose to break, because He will make use of it still for the chastisement of men.'

There was no pretence in this indignation, for, generally speaking, Moshesh had the greatest repugnance to the shedding of blood, showing it often even to the detriment of his policy. He was not wanting in personal courage, but on almost all occasions when he had taken arms to resist the invader, he drew upon himself the blame of his subjects by the extreme facility with which he gave up the results of a definite success as soon as the enemy sued for peace. In his civil judgments he did not have recourse to capital punishment, even in cases of murder, saying that the execution would not resuscitate the victim, and that instead of one death there would be two. After hearing the history of Cain, he did not fail to observe to his counsellors that the Divine procedure on this occasion fully justified his own views. I confess I did not myself share them without restriction; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that under his *régime* cases of murder were very rare. On many occasions I have had to repeat with reference to Moshesh the words, 'He who does not sufficiently hate vice, does not sufficiently love virtue.'

At the same time it was impossible not to admire (especially when one compared him with other African chiefs) his good nature and his inexhaustible patience. I have seen him endure from some of the most scoundrelly of his subjects invectives and affronts which it would have been very difficult for me to digest. 'Let them alone,' he would say, smiling, 'they are mere children.' And his dignity lost nothing by this, for never was chief more respected or more loved. The imbeciles of the country almost all came to seek his protection; they felt instinctively that with him they would be guarded against all ill-treatment, and that he would not allow them to die of hunger.

And polygamy, what did our brave chief think of this: he who was notoriously the greatest polygamist of the country? The subject often came up in our conversations. We never introduced it in a special or direct manner in our preaching, because we well knew that a reformation in this matter could only be the natural and spontaneous fruit of a cordial adoption of the great Christian principles. But Moshesh made no difficulty about discussing it with us.

‘You are right,’ he would say; ‘even with us there have been, in all time, men here and there who were content with one wife, and, far from blaming them, they have always been cited as models. Since we do not admit that one woman has the right to several husbands, one does not see why a man should have the right to several wives. And then if you knew what these women make us suffer by their quarrels, and the rivalry which they foment amongst our children!’

‘As in Jacob's case, for example,’ we would say.

‘Precisely; ah! we recognised ourselves perfectly in that narrative when you recounted it. Would you believe it? With all my herds and my stocks of grain, there are days when I am in danger of dying of hunger because all my wives are sulking with me, sending me from one to the other, “until,” say they, “you get to your favourite, who certainly ought to have a choice morsel for you!” But there, it is an affair of our manners and of our tastes. Our women age quickly, and then we cannot resist the temptation of taking younger ones. Amongst the older women there are some who become idle, and they are the first to advise us to take another wife, hoping to make a servant of her. For, as chiefs, it is a means of contracting alliances with the chiefs of other peoples, and this helps to maintain peace. And then we have a great many travellers and strangers who visit us. How could we lodge them or board them, if we had not several wives?’

'You could have domestics.'

'Domestics? What do you mean by that? I have warriors, but no domestics. These people, these young men you see around me, recognise my right to punish them if they refuse to obey when I order them to look after my herds, to carry a message, or to bear arms; but there is not one of them who would not laugh at me if I wished him to draw my water, grind my corn, or sweep my cabin. Ah! polygamy;—you are attacking there a strong citadel: I greatly fear you will not be able to shake it, at least in our time. Perhaps our children will be in a better position. Those whom you call the patriarchs were polygamists, you have told us; and it took a long time to get the white men from whom you are descended to content themselves with one wife.'

'No, it did not take long after the coming of Christ; and it is the Word of Christ that we have brought to you, not that of the patriarchs.'

'Very good,' said the chief, with a laugh. 'We will talk of this again. It is certainly annoying there should be this difference between you and us. Without that we should soon be Christians.'

I replied to this observation one day, by speaking of the rows of stones which we had buried in the ground at Moriah to serve as a foundation for our house. 'Poor stones, what a weight they carry! They will never see the sun; one will never praise their beauty. But they will bear the whole edifice, and is not that an honour? And will you not, at the price of some sacrifices, serve as a foundation to the family, to the new city which is going to rise in these places, and which your descendants will not cease to bless?'

The comparison was thought ingenious, but it won over nobody. That result came later, thanks to a general progress of ideas, but above all to the influence of the Spirit of God. It was much indeed that at the beginning we were listened to with respect on such subjects. One thing which always as much surprised as rejoiced us was to find that our people made so little use of the scandalous facts reported in many pages of the Bible as a justification of the excesses into which they fell themselves. Here, again, the good sense of Moshesh frequently came to our aid. 'These histories are in the Book,' he would say, 'to teach us the better to understand what is right. It is because some people are very ugly that we appreciate more those who are good-looking.'

It may be understood with what interest we followed these workings of the reason and of the moral sense amongst people who had not passed through any school. We had very frequent conversations with the Bagolous or old men of Thaba-Bossiou, in which almost every conceivable topic was discussed. The chief complained sometimes at not being able to give us as much time as he wished. His position was by no means a sinecure. He had every day an infinity of causes, great and small, to pronounce upon, as well as native visitors to lodge and provide for. He got up sometimes in order to talk with us during the night. I remember that one evening he pointed out to me a hut somewhat isolated, saying to me, 'Go and wait for me there; I have had two mats spread, one for you and the other for me. Don't make any noise.' An hour or two later he was by my side. Our conversation was in full flow when a dark body presented itself at the entrance. 'Keep quiet,' said the chief; 'pretend to be asleep.' But soon, 'Moshesh! Moshesh!' No response. 'Master, I know that you are here.'—'Be off! my white man is with me; let him have his sleep.'—'No; here have been I waiting three days for you to judge my case: judge it now. My wife and children are at home alone. I want to get back to them.'—'You are hungry, no doubt!'—'Yes, indeed I am hungry, as well!'—'Go then as quickly as possible to so-and-so (naming one of his wives), and tell her from me to give you the shoulder of mutton which I have just left there.' Our man at once disappeared, and the night passed without further interruption.

Moshesh had a singular habit—that of going out of doors in the first gleams of the morning and crying, *Ah! dia ha!* 'I have again seen the light;' after which he re-entered the house, went to bed again, and slept generally to a somewhat late hour. This cry of joy, which is also that of defiance and of victory amongst the Basutos, he was in the habit of uttering in remembrance of a terrible period, when, hemmed in by his enemies, he went to bed each night with the thought that he would probably be massacred before the morning. *Ah! dia ha!* was the thanskgiving of this interesting pagan. We tried to get him to learn a better; at the same time asking ourselves if, on our side, we were as faithful in uttering our *Ah! dia ha!* to Him whose providence had dealt with us from the cradle with so much kindness and indulgence.

It was during the visits and sojourns we made at Thaba-Bossiou that we learned the extent of the sufferings of the Basutos during the period which preceded our arrival. They were deeply imprinted in the memories of the inhabitants. The people, in fact, had clung to their natural fortress as shipwrecked mariners to a raft. Incessant invasions, famines, and the partial cannibalism which was the consequence, had forced thousands of their compatriots to flee the country.

Each time that Moshesh accompanied us round the rocks that, like a great rampart, surrounded the town, he described to us the assaults which he had had to repulse. He had even been necessitated, at the most critical period, to treat with some old vassals of his who had become cannibals, to enter into negociations with them for the recovery of prisoners, and to submit to visits from them. On one of these occasions they refused every kind of food which was offered them, saying they must have, if not a man, at least a dog. These wretches, in order to inspire terror, called themselves *men and dog eaters!* Old Mokhatchané, the father of Moshesh, gave up to them a large white dog to which he was much attached, and obtained from them, as a great favour, that they would go some distance from his house to devour it.

Hyænas and lions had so multiplied that they climbed the mountain during the night and prowled round the huts. Large numbers of the inhabitants fell victims. Others escaped only by a species of miracle. We had amongst our disciples a man, one side of whose head and face were one horrible scar.

A hyæna had seized him, and was dragging him away to make a meal of him at his ease, when in struggling he managed to get the brute's ear between his teeth. He bit into that with such vigour that it uttered a desperate yell and fled.

The carrying off of one of the wives of Moshesh by a lion was one of the most frightful of the episodes of those times. It was towards midnight, and very dark, when the lion had leaped upon her. Moshesh and a number of his men, in accordance with their custom when an adversary of this kind was to be attacked, armed themselves as for a battle, and advanced in close order. The lion, finding himself hard pressed, dropped his victim, turned round, and uttering a frightful roar threw himself upon the band, who immediately took to flight. A moment after, the cries of the woman recommenced; the animal had once more seized her in his jaws and was making off with her. There was a rally, a fresh attack, a fresh rout, renewed cries from the poor victim, who, after a moment of respite, felt herself once more in that terrible grip. This scene was repeated six or eight times, over a course of five miles, the woman's cries becoming fainter and fainter, in proportion as the monster approached the spot where he proposed to devour her. The next day, on going there, they found only a few half-crunched bones.

It may be understood how, after such misfortunes, Moshesh, and those of his subjects who remained faithful to him, found a charm in the words of men who showed towards them a real sympathy, and opened before them a better future.

Let it be here said, that it was long after our arrival, in fact, only towards the approach of death, that Moshesh openly declared himself a Christian. He did it in a very touching way, after having given proofs of profound repentance and of a living faith. He died with this filial cry, 'Let me go to my Father, I am already very near to Him!'

How are we to explain the tardiness of his avowal? The fact is, in spite of his intelligence and of his fine qualities, he was excessively attached to the usages of his fathers, and still more to his possessions, which he increased at times by means which were not defensible. The comparison which his followers and himself could not fail to make between his humanity and the harsh and arbitrary proceedings of other African chiefs lulled his conscience. In a word, as I have already said, a bitter experience of human perversity had rendered him a fatalist. To struggle with success against evil seemed to him almost an impossibility. To be converted was in his eyes a dream which certain white men entertained, and which he admired without being able to accept.

CHAPTER XII.

ESTABLISHMENT AT THABA-BOSSIOU.

September 17th, 1834, saw our large house at Moriah nearly finished. The roof was on, and it was secured against winds and wild beasts by doors and windows. We celebrated the occasion by a thanksgiving service and the killing of a fat ox, with which to regale the young men who had been our assistants.

We determined at first to use only three rooms, the other part being devoted to the Sunday services and to our first attempts at a school. We were by this means enabled to put off to a later date the erection of a chapel and school-house. This respite was indispensable to us: we were wearied of hewing stones, of making bricks, and of sawing wood.

On its material side the year 1835 was devoted mainly to agriculture, a much more agreeable occupation, and one in which we could count upon the assistance of the natives. The seeds of the cereals and vegetables which we had brought with us, as well as the slips of fruit trees, had prospered abundantly. Under the sky of this country almost everything flourishes. The Basutos in due time understood the value of the new grass from which our bread came; and one may imagine their exclamations when they tasted for the first time our peaches, apricots, figs, etc. On all sides there were demands for seeds, pips, and shoots. The sons of Moshesh and their followers, whom our building operations had so astonished and disgusted, showed themselves more disposed to help when they saw us preparing a nursery plantation to which every one might have access.

To agriculture also we joined the breeding of horses, which was hardly known before our arrival. By our advice and under our protection an Irish dealer brought over to our people some fine mares and choice stallions, for which they were eager to give him more than equivalent in cattle. To the stock of their domestic animals were added by degrees—a better breed of dogs, the cat, the pig, the duck, the goose, and the turkey. They knew the hen already. The cat was regarded as a godsend. The huts of the poor natives were infested with rats and mice, which they knew not how to get rid of. They would, I think, have been ready to render religious worship to this small guardian, who noiselessly and without biting anybody rid them of a veritable scourge.

We had brought in our own wagon the first cats, male and female, and their progeny were not long in spreading over the country. It was the same with the first boar and pig. As to this couple every one will understand what we had to suffer in allowing them to travel in the same vehicle as ourselves. And yet people go on saying that missionaries do nothing to secure the material progress of the countries in which they labour! The Basutos were at first puzzled at the value we seemed to attach to the propagation of the last-named animals. 'White man,' said a very intelligent native, who took great interest in all we were doing, to me some time after their arrival, 'I do not understand how men so clever and so wise as you are can care for such detestable animals. I have seen them eating everything, even frogs and serpents.' They soon did worse than that: they devoured our first brood of young ducks, an exploit which so exasperated me that I sent a ball through the head of the principal offender.

Since then the Basutos have learned to reckon the pig as an element in their riches. They greatly improved their habits by appointing young herd-boys to conduct them daily to the fields, and by feeding them regularly. The result has been that the inhabitants of our stations during the wars that the whites have since waged against them, have felt much less the loss of their cattle than they would otherwise have done, and the pork diet has not been followed by cases of leprosy, as a Jew might perhaps have predicted.

We also applied ourselves with some perseverance to the taming of certain animals of the country, but this only resulted in disappointment. In order to get them to take on habits of domesticity it would have been necessary to thoroughly isolate them, and to change their temperament by rendering them entirely dependent. As it was, the unrestrained freedom of their life with us rendered the experiment a hopeless one.

We could easily procure ostriches, for they used to come to feed with their young under our very eyes. They are charming when young ; later, nothing escapes their enormous voracity. It is quite necessary to avoid consulting one's watch when near one of those birds, ever ready to swallow something. The mule is nothing compared with the ostrich in the matter of kicking, and they will do it very often from pure viciousness. They have a very disagreeable fashion of welcoming travellers or anybody whose unexpected appearance piques their curiosity. They rush at them at full speed, envelope them in a cloud of dust, and often also salute them with a loud harsh cry which resembles a roar. If this salutation is addressed to a horseman, it is a hundred to one but he will measure his length on the ground. Such attentions make the oldest screw bound like a kid.

Since our time ostrich raising has been tried with success in Cape Colony, whence there is now a large exportation of feathers. In order to succeed, it is necessary to enclose a considerable extent of ground, and to make up for the insufficiency of the pasturage by giving the birds lucern grass, cabbage leaves, and corn.

Our most assiduous cares were concentrated on a young zebra, to which we were greatly attached. The poor young thing, while our people were pursuing the troop to which it belonged, had quitted its mother to follow the mare of one of the hunters. These latter wanted to eat it. We protested, and they consented to let us have it. As though it had understood what it owed to our intervention, it showed towards us an extraordinary affection. It followed us everywhere like a dog. This warmth of regard showed itself sometimes in a grotesque and very inconvenient fashion. For example, when I went to bathe in a small lake near our residence, if I forgot to tie up my zebra, nothing would satisfy him but to gallop up and throw himself into the water, at the risk of splitting my skull with his hoofs. After living with us for some time he fell a victim to his social habits. He persisted in following us one day in a forced march which we were making, mounted on vigorous horses. At nightfall, he was left behind. A cold rain came on, and the next day we found him dead at the foot of a rock. The fatigue and cold had killed him. Though constant in his affections, he would never consent to abdicate his independence. He would let us mount him in sport; but as soon as he perceived that the thing was becoming serious, he stopped short, or bolted away in a direction opposite to that in which we were trying, by exhortations or blows, to get him along.

But his obstinacy never approached that of a young gnu, whose education we had also undertaken. His resistance from the first was of the most uncompromising order. When we wished to get him to draw a wheelbarrow, or to do any other kind of work, his disapprobation showed itself in desperate stampings and bellowings. He would end by lying down and beating his head against the ground in sheer rage. He would have killed us if he could, but his horns were not yet long enough. At other times, on the contrary, he would be full of sociability, and would march into the house in search of us. His awkwardness, however, rendered these visits anything but agreeable. One day, when he had made a terrible havoc amongst our poor little stock of crockery, we decided to get rid of him. This was also the end of several beautiful black-eyed gazelles, of engaging and at times almost caressing manners, but who could not be persuaded to keep their horns out of mischief.

My disgust was at its height, and I finally gave up all further attempts at domestication when a Cape marmot, which had won my affection, and had amused me immensely by its drolly solemn ways, stupidly went and drowned itself in a bowl of water.

It need not be said that the attention we devoted during the year 1835 to agriculture and to breeding did not lead us to neglect our missionary work properly so called. Our visits to Thaba-Bossiou became more and more frequent; and we added to this department of our work regular visits to five other localities, dependent on chiefs under the authority of Moshesh. We made great efforts to organise at Moriah a regular school, and to give more solemnity to our Sunday services. Our success at first was not great, or rather it was only in the way of preparation. Among the Basutos whom the chief had placed around us there were scarcely any children: they were almost all unmarried or recently married young men. They appeared to think of nothing but hunting and dancing. These dances were to us a terrible nuisance, especially as they had a habit of commencing just as our little bell began to ring.

If at Thaba-Bossiou Moshesh listened to us with a lively interest and remarkable discernment, at Moriah his sons and their followers found our lessons absurd and utterly wearisome. Otherwise, with the exception of some petty larcenies in the matter of knives and hatchets, we had not much to complain of in them. They respected us so far as to abstain, in our presence, from violent quarrels and acts of immorality. But this did not prevent us from seeing that at bottom their hearts were very depraved. They were not old enough as yet to become polygamists, but fornicators and adulterers were not rare amongst them, and they would boast of the address with which they covered their evil deeds. In our days, as in those of St. Paul, impurity is the sin which most prevails amongst the heathen.

About this time an unexpected incident demonstrated to us on how slender a basis the public tranquillity rests in a country where everything depends on the temperament or caprice of the rulers. The sons of Moshesh had not as yet distinguished themselves by any warlike exploits. They accordingly secretly organised an expedition which was not only excessively rash in itself, but also a direct attack upon their father's authority. He succeeded by a mixture of address and firmness in crushing the attempt. But this did not prevent him, shortly afterwards, from himself leading them against a tribe who had given him cause of complaint. He did this, he said, and I believe with some sincerity, to show his sons that to go on the war path was by no means all pleasure. Nevertheless, it cost him the life of one of his own brothers, to whom he was strongly attached.

The moment for real success had not yet come. We had preached for too short a time for our teachings to create in the heart the fear of God, and a sense of shame on account of sin. In due season, however, the joy was given us of witnessing the first-fruits of our labours. On the 9th January, 1836, we overheard one of our young men at Moriah spontaneously offering a fervent prayer. It was towards nine o'clock in the evening, at a little distance from our house. Thinking we heard the accents of contrition, we approached in the darkness without uttering a word. It was really so! Astonished, moved beyond expression, we fell on our knees and burst into tears. We were the witnesses of a very genuine conversion, for Sékhésa, from that day to his death in 1881, never ceased to be a faithful disciple of Jesus Christ. Some weeks after his first prayer, Arbousset having read to him a hymn in Lessuto on the coming of the peaceful reign of the Saviour, the poor negro, with a beaming countenance, ejaculated, 'Blessed be His name!'

Thus, after the discouragements and times of unfulfilled expectation through which we had passed, our preaching was at last beginning to be understood. Since then hundreds of Basutos, in demanding baptism of us, have traced their first religious impressions to the time when Sékhésa besought the Lord to make him His child.

During this time our brethren and intimate friends, Pellissier and Rolland, had founded two stations: the first, Beulah, on the Orange River; the second, Beersheba, on the Caledon. These two settlements were to become a great help to us, by linking our own to the northern provinces of Cape Colony, and by serving as a rallying-point for the numerous Basutos whom war and the fear of cannibals had dispersed among the whites, but who, since our arrival, had started to return to the land of their fathers.

As soon as they heard of the foundation of these stations, the Committee in Paris wrote us to constitute ourselves into a regular Conference, in order to advise on the measures to be taken in the interest of our respective works. We did this without delay, choosing Beersheba, the most central point, as our meeting-place. In our consultations it was recognised that a population so numerous as that of Thaba-Bossiou ought not to remain without regular instruction, and that it was important also to provide this, as a means of preserving the interest and esteem of Moshesh, who could not quite understand that his sons should have missionaries while he himself was left without. It was therefore decided that one of the pastors of Moriah should establish himself definitely at the chief's residence. This coincided entirely with my own views, and I offered myself for this service.

On our return to Moriah my colleagues expressed the greatest regret at this decision. They could not, they said, do without me; adding that it would be a real injustice to deprive me of my share in the domestic privileges and other advantages which accrued from our common residence and labour. These pleadings and remonstrances greatly moved me, but I was under the sway of a conviction which I found it impossible to resist. My beloved colleagues yielded at length, and Gossellin declared that he was ready to help me in my first labours of installation.

But a difficulty presented itself. Our stock of furniture and utensils was so meagre that I could not think of appropriating any of it to my separate use. I therefore started for Colesberg, to see if I could find there what would suffice for my small bachelor establishment. To get there I had to pass the stations of my friends Rolland and Pellissier. They welcomed me with cordiality the more hearty, since they entirely approved of my scheme.

These brethren were married. I cannot say with what emotion I heard the accents of a civilised language as uttered by their wives. It was for me as the echo of the voice of my mother and my sisters. But the condition of my toilette cruelly embarrassed me. I had come to my last pair of trousers, and they were anything but presentable. The morning after my arrival, while chatting together, M. Rolland told me that being able to count on his wife's needle, he had taken to cutting out clothes for himself and for some of the natives; that he had now by him a pair of trousers which were too small for himself, and which would fit me perfectly. They were there useless, and it would be a charity to deliver them from the ravages of the mites. I understood and accepted, spite of the protestations of my poor pride. But my heart was very full.

The two or three shopkeepers at Colesberg charged me five or six times their value for the few things which were necessary for my little household at Thaba-Bossiou. In order to get them, I had had to come more than a hundred leagues, reckoning the journey there and back. This point was urged by my friends at Moriah as a reason for still longer delaying the moment of our separation. 'I must be in need of rest. Moreover, the question had not yet been sufficiently studied as to the place where my future dwelling was to be erected, nor that of its dimensions,' etc. Touching pretexts of friendship! On my side I urged that I should not be going very far from them after all. Two or three hours on horseback would suffice to re-unite us any time, when we felt the need of seeing and speaking to each other. But we could not agree on the point, and a crisis was inevitable. It came in fact; but the struggle resulted in a blessing, as will all those where conflicting views proceed from the same aspirations and are submitted to God in prayer. One night Arbousset and I, lying side by side in the same wagon, opened our hearts to each other, shedding tears the while. I confessed that I had been too hard, and my inestimable brother said he had not sufficiently recognised what it was costing me to be separated from him.

I had informed Moshesh of my intentions, and he had encouraged me to realise them without delay. Some anxiety, however, was mingled with his approval. Many of his people began to fear the changes which a teaching like ours was likely to produce in the manners and institutions of the country. He feared them also. His perspicacity warned him of an approaching struggle; but he saw that to deal with it and to conquer in it, it was important that one of the missionaries should be near him. He made me feel that I had not a moment to lose in establishing myself at Thaba-Bossiou. Later on, his counsellors might have repulsed me, and that would have forced him to an act of authority in my favour which would certainly have been as disagreeable to me as to him.

With as little fuss as possible, and without asking for any public authorisation from the chief, I set out one fine morning with Gossellin to a place half way from Thaba-Bossiou, where we set to work to cut trees and laths, and to gather together reeds and other materials necessary to the construction of a house, or rather of a small cabin. We carried them from there to a little hill at the foot of the chief's mountain, and there set to work, aided by three natives.

It was the rainy season, and we had to work in the midst of incessant storms. The canvas which covered our wagon was worn out; it rained almost as freely inside our poor vehicle as out of doors. Some paces off, however, we found a natural shelter in three rocks, which in rolling down from the mountain had struck one against the other, and were so arranged as to form a little cave. Various climbing plants had completed the arrangement. A fine tree decorated the entrance of it. It was as if made for us. At each fresh downpour we dropped our tools and ran to our grotto. Some ringdoves often followed, and finding the place taken would accommodate themselves in the foliage of the tree. We should have been glad if we could have contented ourselves with admiring their graceful movements and listening to their cooings. But the rains had prevented our friend at Moriah sending us provisions, and in the meantime we must eat. A pigeon plucked while still warm, and grilled immediately afterwards, is tender and succulent. The poor little things, who could not even see the muzzles of our guns, fell one after another. We lived in this way for several days, adding to our meal a little milk, which Moshesh sent us every morning. In this country everybody stops at home while it rains. The housekeepers even dispense with cooking. To light a fire would mean having to go out of the hut. The intermittent fasts thus brought about are lightened somewhat by means of tobacco. The greatest sufferer at these times was our brave chief, who had always considered the snuff-box and the pipe as abominations.

The rains stopped us to such an extent that Gossellin had to leave me before the cabin was quite finished. The storms which forced us to strike work at Thaba-Bossiou had caused him to lose some thousands of bricks which he had moulded at Moriah, and had demolished a large portion of the wall of a school then in construction. He loved me warmly; but, always hard upon himself, he would never allow sentiment to stand in the way of duty. During a lucid interval which promised to last several hours, he had his horse fetched, slung his rifle behind him, wished me God's blessing, and set off. He left me the three workmen we had first brought with us.

Then commenced for me a kind of life which was the quintessence of all the difficulties and all the vexations which I had known up to then, but of which I had before borne only a third. *Væ soli!* 'Woe to the solitary!' I experienced in its every phase, from the time of my waking till the hour of sleep, and during the watches of the night, the terrible truth of that word.

If I had had the aspirations of a Simon Stylites, I might have delivered myself up to the ecstacies of the contemplative life. But the blacks of South Africa, though with a dash of poetry in them, are at bottom very practical people; the saint of the pillar, far from converting them, would only have inspired them with pity or contempt.

I could only fulfil my mission by means of assiduous and varied toil; school instruction, visiting, preachings, counsels, and directions for the improvement of agriculture, the construction of good houses; all this and more was demanded of me in turn. Where was I to find time for it, obliged as I was to prepare, as well as I could, my own meals, repair my clothes and linen, and keep up a measure of order and decency about me?

I found myself faced by this alternative:—either to recognize that I had deceived myself in believing God had called me to serve Him at Thaba-Bossiou, or to take to myself a companion. This conviction seized upon me one fine morning, as if God had breathed it into me. Instead of making me smile, it made me tremble.

Marry! I, who was already more than half a savage! And then, this was a business for two! Where and how to find the other? It was this, above all, that made the blood run cold in my veins. Ridicule has always been my bugbear. And I saw myself travelling about the colony, *incognito*, of course, and yet everywhere recognised and preceded by a knowing smile.

Isaac and his faithful Eliezer came to my mind. Could I likewise send an embassy to a far country? My manner of life, of late, had certainly brought me back to very primitive ideas. At last, when my state of mind and heart permitted me to view the matter calmly, I said to myself, 'If in going according to what seems my Heavenly Father's direction, I meet with no success, I shall know that He calls me to serve Him in countries where, like St. Paul, one can be a missionary without a sister-wife, and I will ask the Society to send me to India or to China.'

This idea comforted me; but it was immediately clouded by the reflection that I had no right to think of marriage without the consent of my mother and of the Committee under whom I served. Having foreseen this contingency, I had already written with the view of ascertaining whether, on the sole point in which I felt doubtful about the verdict of my own heart, I should or should not have their approval. But the answer had not arrived.

Meanwhile my perplexities increased from week to week, and my strength declined. One fine day, trusting in God, I set out for Moriah without knowing where my journey would end.

I had a difficulty in making myself understood when I tried to explain the reason for my appearance. The idea itself, when at last it dawned upon them, was strongly approved of; but how was a man with such a temperament as mine going to carry it out, at any rate, along the lines which I proposed to myself? The next day was Sunday. I took the service. As I was finishing, a native came in carrying a packet of letters at the end of a long reed. They had recourse to this means to avoid dirtying them, having neither bags nor pockets. 'You will see,' said I to my friends, 'that there will be something here to confirm my resolution.' And in fact, these letters, dated more than six months before, and which had been exposed to a thousand dangers, contained the assent of my mother, and the best wishes of my directors in connection with any step I might take for the improvement of my position, and for assistance in my ministry. This little ray of light somewhat reassured my colleagues, and they helped me with more spirit to finish my preparations.

Five days afterwards I was at Beersheba with M. and Mme. Rolland. There I encountered the same surprise, but more encouragement. In fact, Mme. Rolland told me she knew some one at Cape Town whose name had more than once joined itself in her mind with mine; but she was a little afraid on the question of health, and—— 'Don't add another word,' I hastened to reply.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

I had as drivers two Hottentots, skilful with oxen and the whip. We went at a great pace, for the wagon was light. Some pounds of coffee and sugar, a quantity of biscuit, a little flour and rice, a small portmanteau, and a skinned sheep all covered with flies, hanging behind the vehicle, constituted my baggage. The sheep disappeared, thanks to the appetite of my 'boys,' before becoming too green. We should get another quite fresh at the first colonist's we passed on the route. Under such conditions Frans and Piet would have traversed Africa from one end to the other without thinking anything of it. Their poor master's constitution was, however, not so accommodating. For some time past I had lost all appetite. We were traversing steppes calcined by the sun. My biscuit soaked in black coffee, the sole food I had the courage to take, gave me an unquenchable thirst: symptoms of dysentery declared themselves.

I was sustained by the hope of finding on the road a diversion from which I anticipated much pleasure. We had learned at Moriah that we were about to receive a reinforcement. Two of our intimate friends, M. Daumas and M. Lauga, should be now on the road; and it might very well happen that I should encounter them before arriving at Graaff-Reinet, the first colonial town which I was to pass.

We were not more than a good day's journey from this place, when, one morning, towards ten o'clock, I observed two wagons quite new, freshly painted and almost elegant in appearance, crossing our track. A furtive glance revealed to me two young men, well-dressed and good-looking, seated inside, absorbed in reading. I was at the time so reduced, so little in condition for thinking of anything, that it did not occur to me that perhaps these might be the friends we were expecting. The wagons were already almost a mile apart, when suddenly bethinking myself, I cried to one of my men, 'Run quick, ask if there are not some Frenchmen in that wagon!' I had mine stopped, and soon, looking behind, I saw the two travellers running towards me out of breath. A moment after Daumas and Lauga had folded me in their arms. 'What! It is you! Really you! Where are you going? But how he is changed! And what a costume! Our poor friend!' And the sweetest words of the dear mother tongue, accompanied by gestures and leaps entirely French, assailed me all at once. I was like a man in a dream. I looked at them, my eyes bathed in tears, without being able to answer a word. 'This is glorious,' said they; 'we will go back and spend two or three days with you in a nice sheltered place, with a fine spring of water, from which we set out this morning.'

An hour after, our wagons were in a line by the banks of the stream. Upon a folding table covered with a cloth were spread out small loaves of white bread, some cold meats very appetising to look at, boxes of sardines, pots of preserve, and, in the midst, a bottle of Bordeaux!

'You must be hungry,' cried my two friends both at once, 'how long is it since you had anything to eat? My, but you are thin! Come, first of all, a taste of this good wine; that will put some heart into you.'

'Softly! How you do go on! Remember I have not touched wine for years. I am unwell too. You mean to turn both my head and my stomach together!'

'Well, well, try it in small doses—little and often. You are not more than thirty miles from Graaff-Reinet. You can't show yourself there in that state. You will frighten everybody. And your toilette! Well, happily we have not, like you, come from the desert: we have a little of everything with us; you must take just what you like!'

After these first attentions devoted to my outer man, the conversation entered upon more elevated topics. My good friends were all in Africa, and I was all in France. This cross-fire of eager question and reply lasted all day. On the morrow we were calmer. Our talk turned largely on the experience we had had of the goodness of God. I felt myself reviving, on learning how the interest in missionary work was growing from day to day amongst the Protestant churches of our dear country. Soon we had to say adieu; but this happy meeting, by its refreshing effect on my mind, reacted also on my shaken constitution, and prepared me to support with more courage the emotions I was about to experience on my return to civilised life.

Twelve days later I was at Port Elizabeth. I had hoped to catch a vessel starting for the Cape. I found, however, there would not be one before two or three weeks. My oxen were not in a condition to take me any further, and I had accordingly to resign myself to making the journey on horseback. This was no trifling enterprise. I had before me 500 miles of travel under a tropical sun. There was not an hotel on the road; but I could, generally speaking, count on the hospitality of the Boers, and on pleasant halts at some missionary stations where I should be received with open arms, and see things of the highest interest.

I set out from Bethelsdorp, where I had hired two horses from a Hottentot, which I was to ride alternately. He was himself to accompany me for three days, with two other horses for his own use. We expected the first night to be at Hankey, a station of the London Missionary Society. Two sons of missionaries, lads of fifteen to sixteen, were of the party. For them it was a holiday. While we jogged on at a gentle pace, they were constantly setting their ponies at a full gallop. Now it was to chase a hare, anon to pull up some succulent root, the stalk of which had been detected by their lynx eyes. The next moment they wanted to plunge into some watercourse or pool that showed on our route. 'Go on,' they would call out to us; 'we will soon catch you up.' This would be repeated three or four times in a few hours, and recalled to me the coming and going of a dog, which in accompanying its master will traverse the ground five or six times. For a happy childhood, commend us to that of missionaries' sons in South Africa. These youngsters have all the enjoyments of their young native friends, combined with the feeling of superiority which their knowledge and their relation to their parents gives them.

The sun was about to set, when through the sea fog (for we were not far from the coast) I perceived a hamlet of small white houses grouped round a chapel, whose otherwise somewhat meagre outlines were dignified by a very pretty spire. We were soon out of our saddles before the door of the Hankey missionary. The lady of the house made a sign to two Hottentots to take charge of our horses, and conducting us across a verandah all covered with a splendid grape-laden vine, made us sit down, without giving us time to salute her, before a table covered with peaches, figs, grapes, etc. One needs to pant under an African sun for ten hours to properly appreciate these fruits.

Where was Mr. Melvill, the husband of my hospitable hostess? I was expecting every moment to see him come in, but the meal was finished without his making his appearance. His wife, when she saw I was sufficiently refreshed, rose, and signing to me to follow her, led me to the church, where I found to my great astonishment a man lying on a bed, under the pulpit. It was the pastor of Hankey. He welcomed me with an affectionate smile, shaking me cordially by the hand. 'My young colleague,' said he, 'I know where you come from. It is a wonder I did not precede you among the Basutos. Some years ago I was a missionary at Philippolis, on the banks of the Orange River. There I heard speak of peoples who were living near the sources of that river, and I made an expedition to the borders of the country where God was about to introduce and establish you. I envy your position. To have new peoples to conquer for Christ! What a privilege! For me, my explorations are finished. I can no longer even walk from this chapel to my house. As I cannot mount the pulpit without being carried up like a child, and that with much suffering, I have made this bed my pulpit. I have nothing else to do except to speak of my Saviour to the souls who wish to learn of Him, and when Sunday comes I can conduct the two services without fatigue. I am awaiting the call of my God.' It was there in fact that he was, a little later, to die.

After a long conversation I retired, greatly moved, feeling that in point of abnegation and of missionary devotion I had never met with the like. Hankey received its name from one of the first treasurers of the London Missionary Society. It is one of the rare localities where the Hottentots had succeeded in maintaining their position, grouped round a chief, till the English Government recognised the civil rights of these aborigines who had been so long oppressed. On seeing in the distance the village surrounded with bright green clustering shrubs, and gigantic euphorbias, joined together like rows of columns by a network of bindweed and of clematis, I expected to find close by houses with fine gardens and rich plantations.

But the want of water has prevented the growth of kitchen vegetables, and our cereals have not learned to live without irrigation, as does the native vegetation.

The population maintained itself consequently with difficulty, and during the week a large number of the men were obliged to seek work amongst the colonists. After the death of Mr. Melvill, Mr. William Philip, the eldest son of our old friend of Cape Town, transformed Hankey into an oasis by bringing into it the waters of the Gamtoos, through a tunnel which the Hottentots were enterprising enough to pierce under his direction. He himself, when quite young, fell a victim to his devotion to the work. An overflow of the waters of the Gamtoos having given him anxiety about the state of the tunnel, he set off one day in a crazy little bark on a tour of inspection, accompanied by a nephew ten or twelve years of age. They never returned. Their corpses were found clasped in each others' arms. This catastrophe seemed the more inexplicable as Mr. Philip was an excellent swimmer. His grave is at Hankey, where lie also his father and mother, those noble Christian workers, to whom what is left of the Hottentot race owes existence and liberty.

From Hankey we directed our steps towards Pacaltsdorp, another of the London Missionary Society's stations amongst the Hottentots. This journey occupied us three days, but the aspect of the country was enchanting as compared with the parts of the colony I had seen up to then. The neighbourhood of the sea imparted a grateful freshness to the vegetation. We frequently encountered streams, while valleys and hill-sides stretched before us covered with trees of great height. The region of Plettenberg Bay is one vast forest where elephants still roam. The banks of the rivers Langekloof and Outeniqua, which enclose it, were sprinkled with farmsteads, recalling those of Europe. Thousands of sheep made their bleatings heard as they panted under the prickly mimosa shrubs; and to this was joined the cackle of an infinity of the denizens of the poultry yard, of fowls, ducks and geese, which roamed under the oak, mulberry, and fig-trees that afforded them both shade and food.

Certain colonists of this district, hostile to the coloured race, made me pay dear for my title of missionary, and were more than impolite. They saw at a distance what I was. It was enough to observe the costume of the Hottentot who accompanied me, and the easy manner with which he trotted by my side, instead of following in my rear. Others, on the contrary, showed themselves very hospitable. I may cite as an example an old man of the name of Zondag, whom I had the misfortune to surprise in a manner very disagreeable for him. It was towards eight o'clock in the evening, and we could hardly see a yard before us. Dressed all in white as a protection against the heat, I suddenly presented myself to him as he was in the act of opening his door: *Een spook! Een spook!* 'A ghost! a ghost!' he cried, overcome with terror. 'No,' I hastened to reply, 'not a *spook*, but a friend, a Frenchman.' This title of Frenchman, I have already said, is generally an excellent passport among the Boers, who are almost all related to some one or other of the descendants of the old refugees. We entered the house together, and stood for a moment each staring at the other, he very happy to find he had to do with a living man, and I strongly impressed with his great stature, his long white hair, and the extreme benignity of his features. 'You are a Frenchman?' —'Yes.'—'And your profession?'—'A missionary.' —'Ah! we don't see many missionaries of your nationality in this quarter. But sit down here. You are my brother.'

A great Bible was open on the table. I saw I had to do with a man of piety. He summoned his aged wife and his negro servants, and enjoined on them to prepare me a good supper. Then, lighting his pipe, he opened a conversation which turned entirely upon religious subjects. After supper, having learned that in France we sang the Psalms to the same tunes as in Holland and at the Cape, he made me try some of them over, and found here a further bond of union between us. He afterwards conducted me to a small bedroom, where, as I had to start very early in the morning, we bade each other adieu, happy to feel that we were both travelling towards the same Fatherland.

Early the next day we passed George-town, a place most charmingly situated, and where the Reformed pastor, an old disciple of Dr. Bogue, gave me a cordial welcome. Three miles from there, near the coast, is Pacaltsdorp. Like Hankey, this was one of the places where the Hottentots had preserved a semblance of their ancient independence and of their territorial rights. Their village had received from the Boers the name of Hooge-Kraal, from its position on an eminence. In 1813 the natives were under a petty chief, to whom the Cape Government allowed the exercise of a kind of patriarchal authority. The whites called him Dikkop, 'Big head.' Big or not, it was good enough to make him understand the necessity of improving the moral and material condition of his people, and he accordingly made application to the London Society to plant a missionary amongst them.

They sent him a man full of zeal, and of a turn of mind essentially practical. He was of German origin, named Pacalt. He made no difficulty about sharing the existence of this despised people. To prevent their scattering, he had the kraal surrounded by a high wall, and traced out two streets in the enclosure. The land was divided amongst the heads of families, who gave an engagement to build themselves houses in line, and to each cultivate a garden. In the middle were erected the church, the school, the missionary's house, and other constructions of public utility. At the end of the sacred building, almost on the seashore, a tower was built, whence visitors could enjoy a view of the sea. It served also to lodge them for the night. I found from experience, however, that it was almost impossible to get any sleep there, owing to the number of screech owls who chose to mingle their lugubrious cries with the roar of winds and waves.

I was received with much cordiality by Mr. Anderson, the successor of Pacalt. He was a fine old man, slim, with expressive features and a quite juvenile vivacity. The sight of a colleague coming from the interior roused all his enthusiasm. He could not keep in his chair. Every moment he was springing up, striding across the room, asking all sorts of questions about the lands recently opened to the gospel, and recounting his own adventures. He also had tasted the desert life, and loved it. He had for a considerable time followed the Namaqua Hottentots in their migrations, preaching to them the Word of God, teaching them to read and write, and civilising them as much as one can civilise populations condemned, by the utter aridity of their country, to a life of constant wandering.

At Pacaltsdorp his vigorous old age found an employment in which his imagination was as it were engaged, but where his work had more complete and permanent results. He was admirably seconded by his family. The schools left nothing to be desired. During the time I passed there, it was quite a treat to see the church filled from time to time with intelligent-looking Hottentots, all respectably dressed, and to listen to the incisive, well-thought-out, and always edifying discourse of their pastor.

Thanks to Mr. Anderson, I was enabled without difficulty to procure a guide and horses in place of those which had brought me thus far, and which were too fatigued to go farther. I set out from Pacaltsdorp, having this time as my objective the Moravian station of Gnadenthal, from whence I should be able to reach Cape Town by carriage.

I perceived, in proportion as I approached the metropolis of the colony, that the Boers had a greater range of ideas, and more amenity in their manners. Their prejudices against missionaries were also greatly softened. Between Pacaltsdorp and Gnadenthal, I had the opportunity of preaching the gospel to slaves. At that time even, throughout the whole colony, the domestic was a slave.

One evening I saw before me quite a congregation assembled. I had partaken previously of a substantial supper, after which a table was placed at the further end of the front sitting-room, named in this country the *boor-huis;* a large Bible and Psalter were brought in, and then entered the head of the family, a Baas Van Wyk, followed by his wife, his children, and some thirty blacks. My host asked me to lead in the worship. Spite of the defectiveness of my Dutch, I was listened to with profound attention and evident pleasure. All those present, the slaves as well as the whites, on retiring cordially thanked me one after the other, wishing me good night and a happy continuance of my journey. On this occasion as well as on some others, I saw that the religious colonists had succeeded in placing the institution of slavery in a very advantageous light. They considered that we in Europe judged it much too severely.

After some fatiguing stages I reached Gnadenthal on the hottest day I ever remember, which is saying much. Towards mid-day I found myself at the entrance of a narrow valley which widened further down, and a murmur of running waters saluted my ears. Soon, on both sides of the road, appeared some small well-kept houses surrounded by fruit trees and vegetable gardens. Women, with woolly hair and yellow complexions, were to be seen through the windows occupied in various household duties. At each turn of the road I remarked that the cottages became more and more like houses. My Hottentot watched me with a pleased and triumphant air, saluting here and there the passers-by, and telling them that I was a French missionary, intelligence which they received with a smile of pleasure.

Suddenly, while I was occupied in examining a kind of public square and the outlines of a steeple which appeared in the distance, he stopped me. 'Here,' said he, 'is the place where our pastors, the Moravian Brethren, desire strangers to stop and refresh themselves before going to salute them.' Already a black, of some forty or fifty years of age, decently dressed, had taken the reins of my horse, while my guide held out his hand to help me dismount. I was promptly installed in an airy whitewashed chamber, whose walls were somewhat darkened by the foliage of some fine shrubs planted before the windows. There were in it some chairs, a table covered with a white cloth, a bed, and everything requisite for copious ablutions. I performed mine at great length, plunging and re-plunging my head in beautifully clear fresh water.

A discreet knock at my door at length warned me that I was considered to have spent time enough over this function. The mistress of the house, a corpulent Hottentot, now brought me in peaches, grapes, bread, and a large cup of coffee. 'Soon,' said she, 'you will hear a bell ring; that will mean that the Brethren are about to dine; you will be conducted to them, and will eat at their table.'—'In the meantime cannot I take a nap?'—'Oh, certainly,' replied she, with quite a maternal air, 'have a sleep; somebody shall come and wake you if necessary.' A Bible placed on the table reminded me that this simple and touching hospitality was offered in the name of God.

I stretched myself on the bed; but I could not sleep. I had too much to think about. I was at Gnadenthal, the 'Valley of Grace,' formerly the 'Valley of Baboons.' It was here that the good Moravian Brother, George Schmidt, had come in February, 1736, to make a first essay at mission work among the Hottentots, an attempt which he had been rudely forced by the colonists to abandon. I was about to see the fruit of the labours which other sons of Herrnhut[1] had undertaken fifty-six years later.

After a little siesta I waited with impatience for the bell to invite me to penetrate into the station properly so called, and to seat myself by the side of the missionaries. The signal having been given, a few steps sufficed to bring me into a large hall, where I was received by Bishop Teutsch. Yes, these simple Moravian Brethren have their episcopal order; but their bishops are without mitre or crozier. They serve to remind one that the title *episcopos*, which the English have made into bishop, the Germans *bischof*, and the French *évêque*, carries after all only the idea of a paternal surveillance. A long table occupied two-thirds of the hall. It was covered with viands, abundant but quite simple, and with fruits which in my eyes eclipsed all the rest. Soon arrived in a file the missionaries and their wives, in all six or eight couples. They were dressed almost exactly alike. The men wore flat caps with long peaks, blue cloth jackets, and trousers of perfectly clean sheepskin dressed to resemble chamois leather. The women had plain dresses of calico, with long, close-fitting sleeves, and white caps made of fine cloth, reminding one of the head-dresses of our great-grandmothers. What it is impossible for me to describe was the benevolence, the candour, the serious and orderly habitudes written upon the features of all these friends. Each one of them shook me by the hand; they then sang a hymn, which is their manner of saying grace, and of returning thanks after the repast. The bishop, having placed me at his side, initiated me into the domestic habits of the community.

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[1] The parent community of the Moravians in Germany founded by Zinzendorf.

Each missionary family had its own rooms apart, but all took their meals together. One of the ladies presided in turn for a week over everything pertaining to provisions and the kitchen. Amongst the Brethren whom I saw before me two only were properly ministers; the others exhorted and prayed both in public and in private, but were especially devoted to teaching and to the direction of various industries. The greater part of this large family of Gnadenthal, which counted more than 2000 souls, consisted of natives. Some of these were members of the church, others were as yet only worshippers; but, by the fact of their admission into the station, they had renounced all practices of a heathen or even a worldly character. All of them worked together, and their gains went into a common fund, which was shared according to rules and upon a basis accepted by all. Without any exception, they sent their children to the mission schools. After leaving these, the young people were put to a trade under the direction of the Brethren.

These explanations naturally inspired me with a great desire to see, in all their details, the working and the results of the system. I was soon to enjoy this privilege. When the repast was finished the bishop invited me to come with him and have a look round the station. What a contrast with the primitive Hottentot village! I found myself in a kind of square, all the buildings of which were occupied by the families of the missionaries, except the schools and depôts containing the products of the common industry. These houses, painted yellow, to modify the effect of the sun, were surrounded with trees of dense foliage. In the middle of the square was a fine church, seating nearly 2000 people, and surmounted by a light spire.

M. Teutsch took me first to the schools. They were three in number: one for the infants; the others for the boys and the girls. The master and the mistresses were Hottentots. They taught in Dutch and English together, the Hottentot language having disappeared with the nationality of the old possessors of the country. The walls were covered with maps and with engravings representing Biblical subjects. Amongst the scholars of both sexes whom I saw there was not one whose dress was not quite as neat, if not perhaps as expensive, as those in our European schools. They were put through all kinds of exercises in my presence.

Their singing was delightful, a fact which previous experiences had prepared me for.

In passing out of the central square the plash of a fountain attracted my attention. It fell into a reservoir, where women were busy washing linen. There was no lack of soap, which was made at the station. A little further on some immense wheels, placed under the weir, furnished motive power for the corn and cutlery mills. I was glad to buy one or two of those knives whose finely-tempered steel are so much appreciated by the colonists of the Cape, and which are known by the name of *Herrnhuters*. To these industries are added a sawmill, and the works where are constructed those heavy rolling structures so often described under the name of Cape wagons. In all these workshops the sole artisans are Hottentots, directed by the missionaries.

My guide now conducted me across some kitchen gardens, orchards, and well-cultivated wheat fields, until we arrived before an iron grating, above which were written the words, 'They are sown in corruption.' It was the cemetery of Gnadenthal. There, missionaries and Hottentots repose together after having worked together. To the missionaries was reserved only one privilege—that of occupying graves near the entrance of the cemetery. Simple slabs of slate eighteen inches square, on which were written the names of the deceased, the date of their birth and of their death, were the sole monuments. I was walking silently through this humble necropolis when raising my eyes I saw before me another grating where I read, 'They shall be raised in incorruption.'

It was now evening, and the bell began to toll. ‘It is our custom,’ said the bishop to me, ‘for all to assemble in the house of God before going to rest.’ We entered, and I saw a Hottentot organist mounting the steps which led to the instrument. The vast nave in the form of a cross was already full of men, women, and children, in their week-day clothes, but all very neat and clean. One of the Brethren rose, and without naming page or verse commenced a hymn which every one knew, and which was beautifully sung. The reading of part of a chapter and a second hymn completed the service. The audience dispersed, each saying to his neighbour, with a shake of the hand, *Slaap gerust*, ‘Sleep in peace!’ I too slept in peace, my body wearied by the journey of the morning, my soul greatly refreshed by the edifying experiences of the afternoon.

I devoted the next day to a closer study of the wholesome and beautiful rule of life of this Christian hive. Then I left, feeling very much in accord with a sentiment recently uttered by an English colonel after his visit to the place: ‘If only these Moravian Brethren would allow it, I would ask them to take me as a boarder.’ I had no need of guides or saddle horses for the rest of my journey to the Cape. I had entered the region of stage coaches. On my passage through the district occupied by the French refugee colony I stopped a short time with my good friend Bisseux, who had great difficulty in recognising my dried up and sun-burnt countenance.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FINAL SEAL PUT TO MY MISSIONARY VOCATION.

I ARRIVED at Cape Town with the firm resolve to keep secret for a month at least the object of my adventurous journey. My first sensations on entering the city were those of excessive awkwardness and timidity. I had not forgotten the kind of life people lead in a town, but I had completely lost the habit of it. I felt as if I wanted to run away and hide myself.

The shades of night protected my entry. After descending from the vehicle in which I had made the last stage, I respectfully raised my hat to the first porter I saw, handed him my carpet-bag, and crept along the street till I reached the door of my old counsellor and friend Dr. Philip. He received me as a son, gave me supper, laughed heartily at my savage appearance, and then conducted me to an immense bedroom, where I could before going to sleep reflect at leisure on the oddity of my position. I had just learned that the doctor was about very shortly to start for London, whither the affairs of the Society called him. This news was really a comfort to me. The good man, as everybody knew, had a mania for match-making. Now, I was determined to admit no other intervention than that of God, and to leave to His providence the care of showing me the helper I needed, if He designed one for me, or else of sending me into a country where celibacy had not the same inconveniences as in Africa.

The next morning, at dawn, I went to breathe the fresh sea air. At this period, when navigation was an affair exclusively of sailing vessels, it was a glorious sight to watch, under an azure sky and over waves empurpled by the first rays of the sun, the white-winged homeward and outward bound ships passing each other at the entrance to the anchorage. On this occasion, however, the beauty of the scene added to the melancholy of my mood, for, as the result, I suppose, of my present position, never had I so deeply felt my isolation. That three-master was evidently steering for Europe, and I seemed to see at the end of each furrow which the prow was beginning to make the beloved shores near to which dwelt the friends and counsellors of my youth. A little while afterwards, the accents of my mother tongue falling on my ears rendered the illusion the more powerful. Some French sailors had fastened their boat to the piles of the jetty, and, while awaiting their comrades, who had gone to the market for provisions, were in the full tide of joyous talk and badinage. Amongst the oilskin sou'westers I could distinguish the caps of Bayonne and of Bordeaux. Volleys of jokes, of railleries, of exclamations were borne to my famished ears, amongst which I recognised words, phrases, and terms of expression of which I had almost lost the recollection. I was fairly beside myself with pleasure, despite the fact that the conversation was freely sprinkled with oaths. I seemed to be born over again. I was once more in my native land! But the charm was dissipated when, after putting some questions in a voice that trembled with emotion, I got only a few dry, constrained words in response.

A serious business meanwhile demanded my presence in the town. My toilette required renewal. For this I needed a guide and a counsellor. I found both happily in the person of an excellent mulatto, the son of a missionary. His father was one of those colleagues of Van der Kemp who proposed to raise the Hottentot race by coming down to its level. He had taken one of its daughters in marriage. These unions had not been numerous, happily, for their results both as regards offspring and in other respects had been the reverse of satisfactory. James Read, however, was an exception to the rule. In physique he had the fine figure of his father; his hair was rather curly than woolly, while those of his features which he had inherited from his mother were not repulsive. He was a true Christian, having as his great desire to aid his father in his evangelical labours, and to succeed him later on. He was, in addition, a very intelligent young fellow, well educated, and overflowing with spirits. He had studied at the Cape Town College, and was going to England to complete his theological preparation.

I had got upon excellent terms with him the evening before at the table of Dr. Philip, and I took him into my confidence as to the pitiable condition of my wardrobe. 'Put your hat on,' said he; 'I know where to take you.' We soon arrived at a fine shop furnished with goods of European make. I found there everything I wanted in the way of clothing. But that was not all. My friend the mulatto had jokingly advised me to add to my collection an elaborately embroidered neckcloth, to which I had replied, 'Ah! that is too good for a missionary.'—'Are you a missionary, sir?' asked the young lady behind the counter. 'Perhaps you might know a Mme. Rolland who is settled amongst the heathen beyond the Orange River?'—'Know her! yes. I was at her house only a few weeks ago.' During this time I was seeking in my purse for the cash wherewith to pay the bill. I found I had not enough with me. 'Oh! that does not matter; we will send the parcel to your address, and then you can settle the account.' I was so annoyed, however, at my thoughtlessness that I positively refused, and left the articles on the counter, saying I would myself return for them.

The next day in good time I marched into the shop, purse in hand, looking round for my parcel and for somebody to whom I could pay the money, when the wife of the proprietor, a Mrs. Williams, presented herself, and asked if it was I who had said to her daughter that I knew Mme. Rolland. On my reply in the affirmative she took me into a sitting-room, made me sit down, and said to me, 'Now you are going to tell me everything you know about my friend, or rather my daughter, for Miss Lyndall—that was her name before she married a French missionary—was as a daughter to me, and lived here with me.' Whereupon we had a long conversation about Mme. Rolland, her position, and her occupations at the infant station of Beersheba. I discovered in the midst of all this that the young lady I had seen the previous evening was the one about whom Mme. Rolland had said, 'There is the wife who might have been made for you; but it is not to be thought of: she has not health enough.' That word had been sufficient to make me even forget her name. The conversation was followed by an invitation to dinner.

The husband of Mrs. Williams I found to be a man who interested himself thoroughly in all Christian work, visited the hospitals and prison frequently, and received young people at his house for serious conversation; a round of activity about which he delighted to speak, and in which he hoped to secure my aid during my sojourn at the Cape.

I departed without having again seen the young lady, and with only a confused recollection of her features, but somewhat struck nevertheless with the fact that she, the first I had spoken to in the town, should turn out to be the very one Mme. Rolland had indicated as the wife she desired for me. During the conversation at dinner I learned that her health had been re-established, and that under a physique still somewhat frail were hid an intelligence and a heart such as I had dreamed of. 'It is enough,' said I, as I went away, 'I am on the track; the door is open: meantime I will keep to my first resolution: one or two months of observation and of prayer are indispensable to me.'

God furnished me with the means of employing this time in a manner instructive to myself, and, I hope, in some degree profitable to others. My first destination, it will be remembered, had been Algeria and the Mohammedans. At the Cape a small mission had been commenced amongst the numerous Malays, who, as we have said, had come there from the East Indies during the time of the Dutch dominion, and who formed the working men and free artisans of the town. At the time of my visit an evangelist of Dutch descent, M. Vogelgezang, had devoted himself to them with much zeal. He was a man profoundly pious, active, ardent, and endowed with an astonishing facility of speech. He had news of my arrival, and did not delay to propose that I should associate myself with him in his work, a proposition which I gladly accepted.

The Imans (Mohammedan priests) of the Cape appear to enjoy being sought after by the Christians. Two of their number had the title of Hadjis, from having made the pilgrimage to Mecca. They were delighted to show that they knew enough Arabic to be able to cite the Koran and to exalt its literary beauties. M. Vogelgezang had accordingly found easy access to them and to their disciples. On a given day we went to interview them. They welcomed us with profound reverences and the most flattering appellations. Fruit, drinks, preserves, dates, and other luxuries were offered us. As soon as our arrival was made known, thirty or forty believers of all ages came in, placing themselves respectfully behind the Imans; while the women who had brought in the refreshments retired. The discussion was then entered upon in a manner grave, courteous, and sometimes animated, but, at the bottom, without the heart or the conscience of our hosts being really engaged. Evidently it was for them nothing more than an assault at arms, an occasion for showing their dexterity, and for repeating to us the fact that we were incapable of understanding their religion. Each time one of their doctors pronounced a word all heads inclined. 'That is good! That is it, father!' was repeated on all sides. Our replies were listened to with a disdainful smile, while sometimes they provoked exclamations which made us understand that in a Mohammedan country we should have paid dear for the audacity of our refutations.

The meeting lasted nearly two hours. At the close we were conducted to the door with much politeness and many thanks. The interviews which followed were of the same character. In a place where a Mohammedan minority is grouped together in the midst of a Christian population all public discussion is almost useless. The people defend and sustain each other as one man. Every really religious feeling is repressed by the fear of seeing the least breach produced in their ranks: they watch over each other with looks in which may be read menaces of poison or the poignard in case of defection. If any real good is to be done amongst them it must be by individual dealing.

In the course of our conversations with the Cape Mohammedans I saw with astonishment to what an extent fatalism had perverted and blunted in them the moral sense. Naturally, in order to bring them to Christ, we insisted much on the necessity of an expiation. But this produced no impression on them.

They got out of it by saying that God having admitted evil into the arrangements of His universe, no reparation was due to His justice; that He rewards and punishes because He governs the world, but not in virtue of an inherent necessity of His nature; and that He can consequently pardon to the extent and under the conditions agreeable to Himself! 'He has told us,' they added, 'to seek salvation in prayer, in almsgiving, in fasting, and in fidelity to Islam; since that satisfies Him, why should we seek for more?' There was no getting them beyond that.

Admitting, as they do, that if evil exists it is God who has willed it, repentance with them, when they have broken some law of the Koran, is not a sense of shame or of filial regret, but simply a feeling of fear. Sins of thought or of the heart do not trouble them at all: all their righteousness is external. Accordingly, however little real inward piety they may have, they consider themselves perfectly holy. The Indian pharisaism was nothing compared with theirs. The grave air, the magisterial pose, the solemn walk, the sententious speech which they almost all affect, far from being a proof of wisdom or morality, are, most often, the result simply of a profound scorn of humility. That virtue of virtues has no place outside Christianity. Our opponents made themselves very merry over our Christian morality.

The races were at this time being held at the Cape, and they considered our religion responsible for all the excesses of the turf. 'Look at the horse,' said they, 'that treasure which God bestowed upon our brethren the Arabs. You pretend to appreciate, even to love it. You are in fact its executioners; after having pressed it into your slavish toils and into your wars, you degrade it to be the instrument of your cupidity.' They shrugged their shoulders at our Western civilisation. The Englishman was a drunkard, coarse and foul-mouthed; the Frenchman a being without consistency. As to themselves, veritable saints that they were, they knew how to content themselves with fruit drinks and a very moderate polygamy.

God forbid we should despair of missions undertaken amongst the Mohammedans; but it becomes more and more clear that Islamism perverts the reason as much as it hardens the heart, and that any real and widespread success amongst them will be obtained only by means of good schools, and above all by the example of a real Christian life.

I came away from the last of these fencing tournaments very happy to think that I should soon return to a people much more ignorant, and externally more degraded, but at least endowed with good sense.

Meanwhile I had not forgotten my special business. Six weeks of observation had confirmed in every respect the good impressions of the first day. As I had anticipated, God had arranged everything for me, and had as it were led me by the hand. After two months of civilised life I again set out for the barbarous regions of the Lessuto, this time with a companion and a help-meet. My wife's family name was Sarah Dyke, from that of her father Mr. Richard Dyke, the first husband of Mrs. Williams. Our union was solemnised by the pastor of Cape Town the 13th of April, 1836.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE THABA-BOSSIOU SETTLEMENT.

I QUITTED the Cape with my wife on a little brig, solidly built, but a bad sailer. The wind was at first contrary, and drove us a long way in the direction of Saint Helena. At the end of eight days' battling we found ourselves once again in Table Bay, where we had to cast anchor. My wife was thus enabled to spend two more days under the paternal roof—a joy which was somewhat dearly purchased at the expense of a second heart-breaking farewell. She bore it with the noble fortitude which always characterised her in presence of the trials which so plentifully bestrewed her chosen pathway.

On disembarking at Port Elizabeth, Mr. Robson and his wife, missionaries of whom I have already spoken in connection with our first arrival in this locality, welcomed us with their habitual cordiality. But, while the sacrifice of a sweet home-life, the loss of the pleasures of Cape Town, and the experiences of a sea-voyage had not shaken the constancy of my bride, it was while under their roof that she was to pass some hours of terrible discouragement. Mrs. Robson, good soul, thought she was giving her an excellent preparation for her work by recounting to her, in all its details and in all its harshness, the life she had formerly lived amongst the Caffres, when she was the wife of the missionary Williams. This picture of a wandering existence, of labours without number, of a privation almost absolute, ending by the premature death of her husband, and the spectacle of the young widow obliged herself to make his coffin, was more than untimely, it was pitiless. But the good woman never thought of that. She would, I think, have bitten her tongue out if she could have seen what she was doing.

I had not been present at the conversation, and knew nothing at the time of the effect it had produced. I discovered it, on finding one morning my wife leaning out of an open window, her eyes turned wistfully towards the ship which had brought us to Port Elizabeth. I divined what lay at the bottom of her heart. She told me what had passed between her and her friend. 'Don't look at the ship,' said I, quickly, 'look rather at the sun up there sending out light and hope for us. Remember, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and "My grace is sufficient for thee." These are the Master's own watchwords for us. He has guided and sustained you during the first part of your life: He will be your guide to the end.' She replied by a light smile, pressed me to her heart, and said, 'It is over.' And in fact it was indeed over, for never after then did I see the smallest doubt pass across her soul.

I found my oxen in excellent condition, and my men very impatient to retrace their steps towards their own land. We made the journey by the same route that we had taken in coming. Everything went capitally, and I had no anxiety except that which my wife caused me by her too pronounced taste for horsemanship. I had been able to obtain for her an excellent mount, and she delighted to dart ahead of us at a gallop. What I feared was lest the attraction of a flower or of some natural curiosity should lead her off into the thickets or into some place where the pathways crossed each other. I cautioned her as soon as ever she felt she was lost to stop short, and to remain without moving where she was. With that condition observed I knew we should always be able to find her without much difficulty. The wisdom of the precaution was proved one day, as we were traversing a region where it was no rare thing to meet with lions. Spite of my warnings, she had ventured too far. She had a moment of very disagreeable sensation, but, faithful to the agreement, she remained without moving from the spot until I at last appeared, when I was hailed with a shout of merry laughter.

On our arrival at Beersheba her old friend Mme. Rolland received her with a delight impossible to describe. But the pleasure of seeing her again was interrupted by an unexpected event which might have had very tragic consequences. During my absence a horde of Caffres had established themselves, without the authorisation of Moshesh, a short distance from Beersheba. Very soon these savages commenced to waylay passers-by, slaying those who resisted. One morning, two or three days after our arrival, we were informed that clouds of smoke had been seen rising over the locality where these intruders lived. It was the smoke of battle. The sons of Moshesh had fallen suddenly upon the marauders; but the attack had been prepared with the greatest secrecy, and we suspected nothing more than an ordinary fire. Carried away by her natural vivacity and her passion for flowers, my wife had gone quite alone along the banks of the Caledon, a mile or so from the station. Suddenly she heard savage cries, and then saw passing under the trees a crowd of fugitives armed with javelins, clubs, and shields. If they had perceived her she would most likely have been massacred, to prevent her betraying their presence to the Basutos. But God watched over her. They disappeared again with the rapidity of lightning, and she returned shortly afterwards, somewhat upset, to relate to us this strange apparition. Great was our consternation, for we had just learned of the terrible struggle which had taken place during the day. She could hardly understand our demonstrations of joy; the sensation of fear was so foreign to her that we had difficulty in making her realise that she had run any danger. She understood it, however, when on continuing our journey towards Moriah we passed over a part of the battle-field.

Two days later, after a night passed in our wagon, half submerged in a torrent from which our oxen could not succeed in extricating us, we arrived very late at Moriah. Gossellin gave us a mighty welcome, entirely in his own fashion. He saluted us in a stentorian voice, shook us heartily by the hand, and then brought us some water for refreshment. After this he made us sit down before a table where were smoking some bowls of black coffee by the side of a cold leg of mutton. Then handing over to my wife a bunch of keys, he said, 'Madame, these are for opening and locking the boxes where we keep our provisions. I hope you have brought something with you to fill them. I hand over the housekeeping to you. You'll have a very poor life of it if I continue to manage it.' By his aid our mattresses were carried into a chamber entirely bare, but perfectly clean, which he had prepared for us. Arbousset, much moved, did something by his quieter manner to tone down the brusque demonstrativeness of his friend. When the time came for prayers, he spread before God on our behalf all the riches of his loving and pious soul.

On the morrow the Basutos of Moriah had the satisfaction of contemplating at their ease the first white woman who had ever appeared in their country. There was at first a little hesitation, but soon the attraction became irresistible, and, without going beyond the bounds of respect, everybody got as near to her as possible. Her features were analysed one after the other. What especially drew admiration were her large blue eyes, the smallness of her mouth, and the whiteness of her skin, contrasting with a delicate pink, which was pronounced infinitely superior to anything which the ladies of the country could produce with the rarest ochres. There was quite a competition as to who should first discover and best describe the means by which she had so beautifully arranged her long hair. Her toilette was also minutely studied. Her garments descending to her feet did not prevent her from walking with ease and grace. There was nothing comparable to the varied designs on her dress. And then she wore no ornaments, no collar, only one or two rings on her fingers. Why no pendants or ear-rings?

When the hour came for our meal, to which we were obliged to give a certain amount of publicity, the native mind was bewildered to see that we put her in the best place, that it was sometimes she, sometimes we, who served, and that we were careful to choose for her the most delicate morsels. 'She eats like a bird,' said one. 'After every mouthful she takes a drop of water.' 'They are wonderful; they do everything differently from other people; but it is nice to see them, all the same.' They were less astonished on remarking that after the meal it was not we who collected the fragments, and washed and put away the table service. They followed us at our work. We took our tools for digging and weeding the garden, my wife seating herself in the shade near us. 'Look,' cried the woman, 'it seems she does not know how to dig. She is doing something though: what can it be?' She was knitting. 'Show us that! How fine that weaving is, and how quickly it grows. With us it is only the men who know how to weave!'

We had to accommodate ourselves to these observations, and others of a similar character, during several days; not only on the part of the people of the place, but of large numbers of visitors of both sexes who flocked in from all sides. The conclusion was always the same. 'The woman is not so strong, but she is much nicer to look at, and one would say that she is their queen. If they take care of her like that, it is no doubt in order to preserve her for a long time.'

The feminine part of the population, with the sagacity which characterises them, black or white, descried soon that in her they had what they needed—a missionary for themselves. They soon assured themselves of this by bringing to the new-comer the sick children who gave them anxiety, and in submitting to her cases of domestic difficulty which required advice. They, the women, soon began also to flock to the house of God, to which before we had had so much difficulty in attracting them, becoming, in fact, before long, the majority of the congregation. Since madame—the name by which my wife was generally known—went to church, it was clear that the women also had a soul to save, and might understand the things said and done in the worship. Then also madame knew how to read and write as well as her husband, and doubtless she was able to make books as well as he. And if she could make books she must know everything; there was nothing too hard for her.

Though we had reached Moriah we were not as yet absolutely at home, since it had been arranged between us that I should install myself at Thaba-Bossiou at the foot of the chief's mountain. I had, as has been already told, constructed a small cabin there, when, finding it was impossible for me to live alone, I had decided on the important journey which had procured for me a second self. During my absence it seems some thoughtless shepherds had burnt down this hut of mine. The worthy Gossellin, seeing the embarrassment this news caused me, offered at once to go and build me a solid stone house, any size I pleased.

'You will come and see me as often as possible,' said he, 'to give me a hand and to preach to the people. Madame will allow me to come here from time to time, to bring my linen for repairs and to polish myself a little at her table. It will take me at least a year to build your dwelling. During that time Arbousset, who is not like me vowed to celibacy, will make the experiment which has succeeded so well with you; and then when I have installed you at Thaba-Bossiou, I will return to Moriah, and we shall still be three there.'

Our worthy and faithful companion kept his word. Arbousset on his side took good care not to refuse the holiday which was thus offered him, and in due time returned with a lady, *née* Rogers, a life-long friend of my wife's, as his companion in labour.

It was in June, 1838, that the separation at Moriah, for a long time judged necessary, took place. It cost me as much as it did my brethren. Gossellin came to stop some time longer with me at Thaba-Bossiou, but I had the pain of quitting Arbousset, that dearly-loved colleague whose society had become, in a way, indispensable to me. Five years of experiences in common had created in us a conformity of ideas which doubled the value of our daily fellowship. In separating from him I was under the necessity also of saying adieu to a flock which I had come to consider as my family. During my visit to the Cape the work of the Lord had made notable progress at

Moriah. After my return conversions took place, the school prospered, and the mission-house was besieged from morning till night by people who came to seek instruction and advice. Amongst these were many neophytes whom we were preparing for baptism.

The appearance of my companion at Thaba-Bossiou produced amongst the women and children there the same feelings of admiration and confidence as at Moriah. The men, although more reserved, felt also the attraction of an element of sociability and of domestic happiness of which before they had no idea. 'You are a man now,' said they to me, with an approving smile, 'a man much better able to understand and to aid us than you were when you were only a bachelor. You have a house now, and what a house! You may reckon upon it that we shall come to see you pretty often. When you rallied us about our polygamy we used to ask ourselves if it was not a little out of envy. You knew better than that, and you meant to show it us one day.'

It was Moshesh who most of all spoke in this strain. He had received us with lively demonstrations of joy, the sincerity of which he proved by the eagerness with which he set himself to make use of the means of instruction now placed within his reach. 'Go,' said he, to the envoy of a chief who had proposed to him a warlike expedition, 'tell your master there is now a house of prayer at Thaba-Bossiou. I am learning in it that power consists in wisdom, and not in the number of one's cattle. My children are going beyond me at Moriah: it is time I got instruction myself.'

These good dispositions were general in the place. We profited by them to organise an infant school, which was very well attended. Several adults came regularly to learn to read under our direction. The number of our hearers was from the beginning from 200 to 250. To attend the service Moshesh descended from the mountain every Sunday, very carefully dressed. He dined with us, and observed at our table the rules of a politeness which he had no difficulty in learning.

At the same time God provided for us the support of a well-beloved colleague, M. Daumas, and of his young wife, a sister of Mme. Lemue. Although the station of Mékuatling, of which they were laying the foundations, was further off than Moriah, we had frequent communications with them ; and the excellent spirit shown by the people whom they were instructing was to become, for the inhabitants of Thaba-Bossiou, a very valuable stimulus.

We had with regret to see the moment arrive when Gossellin, our invaluable helper, was to quit us. He was replaced by Mr. Hamilton Dyke, a brother of my wife, who came from the Cape to associate himself with our labours. His presence did much to remove the sense of isolation which, especially in anticipation, had caused much suffering to my beloved companion. She and I laboured together nearly twenty years. Not wishing to go away, even for a time, from the task she had accepted, she made only one journey to the Cape during all that period.

Together we saw forming around us, at the cost of many fatigues and many struggles, a Church of believers, where women from the beginning formed the majority. A large number of these poor creatures, up to then so ignorant and despised, had learned to read, to understand, and to explain to others the Word of God. Many, even amongst the wives of Moshesh, were delivered, by persuasion alone, from the impure and degrading ties of polygamy.

Together we presided at numerous baptisms and communions, she adding to my exhortations the lessons of her own experience. How busy she used to be at these times! It was she who showed the neophytes how to make the garments for their reception into the Church,[1] who prepared the bread for the Communion service, and who superintended the infinity of other details. Together also we ministered amid scenes of suffering and death. Often she preceded me at the bedside of the sick one, prescribing first what might soften the pain or remove the danger, and when, human effort proved vain, offering the consolations of a Christian teacher, and preventing the survivors from giving themselves up to wild and heathen lamentations.

In times of war—and we had such, alas! war, too, which, to add to the misery of it, arose largely out of the ambitions of our own race—she heard without shrinking the cannon of the assailants, prepared beds, and tied up with her own hands the most terrible wounds. But I stop. That sweet and noble companion who had followed me into the desert rests under the willows of Moriah. It was there she began her labours, and it was there she fell asleep on the bosom of God, the 17th of June, 1854. She succumbed to a malady contracted in 1850 at the Cape, where I had left her with her children, while I was in France seeking to revive the missionary zeal which the results of the February revolution had somewhat relaxed.

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[1] In the French Protestant Church the catechumens, on receiving their first Communion, wear a special dress.

When the Basutos learned that *Ma-Eugene*, 'the mother of Eugene,'—her name amongst them since the birth of her first child—had departed for heaven, they rushed in from all parts. The chiefs, arriving on horseback, escorted by the notables of their district, stopped respectfully before the presbytery, and waited their turn to look once more upon the features of her whom they also called their mother. Some of these had been preceded by messengers, to earnestly request that the time of interment should be delayed as long as possible. The bounds prescribed by my reverence for the dear remains were already passed, while still others came to press kisses, bathed with tears, upon her forehead. And all this passed in a land where the terrors inspired by death were such that one would have believed a house rendered for ever uninhabitable, if in taking out a corpse it was not carried through a breach made at the end opposite the door!

At the moment when, over her grave, I had finished saying a last adieu to my beloved one, Moshesh began to speak. 'Chiefs and people,' cried he, 'what say you to this? After having often spoken over the graves of people who were strangers to him, our missionary speaks to-day over that of his companion, and, as always, he speaks of resurrection and of life. He has told us that our mother, before expiring, expressed the assurance that the gospel would finally triumph in our country. Perhaps that is a prophecy. From the heights to which she had already attained, she was able to see things which were hidden from us. Let us remember that if she has not written books like her husband, she has left footprints for us to follow.'

Some time after the death of her who had been my help-meet and my joy during eighteen years, I was recalled to France, to take there the direction of the Mission House in Paris. That would have been impossible, if God had not put it into the heart of my faithful friend, M. Jousse, and of his wife, to replace me at Thaba-Bossiou. They have laboured there with a limitless devotion. Under their direction the Church has rapidly grown, until my beloved field of labour has become in all respects the finest and most prosperous of our missionary stations.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

It may be felt, possibly, that 'these recollections' of my missionary life stop too abruptly, arriving at nothing definite even in what concerns Moriah and Thaba-Bossiou. The truth is, I have found it simply impossible to continue them beyond that day of mourning which brought so great a change into my life. I had not the intention of writing the history of the French Mission in South Africa, nor even of recounting in any complete manner that of any one of the stations which our Society has founded in those lands. Others will perform this task. They will easily find the materials for it in the *Journal of Missions,* which is now in its 58th volume.

It has been enough for the weary pen of a septuagenarian to pick out from amongst the notes which he jotted down from time to time for his own encouragement, the record of facts and observations which he trusts will be of some profit to his friends and children. God has lately permitted us to celebrate the Jubilee of our Mission. No one could take part in it with an interest equal to my own, or, I venture to say, with an equal knowledge of the facts relating to it. I will profit by the occasion to sum up here in a few lines the various blessings with which the Lord has crowned our work during this term of fifty years.

Our Society, in the days of its ardent youth, chose South Africa as a field of labour because it knew, in the first place, that it would find there numerous descendants of the Huguenot refugees. It hoped the more readily to renew Christian relationships with these from their natural sympathy with the French name. The Society knew also that it would find in these regions an immense field of exploration in which it would be able, with perfect liberty, to try and realise its ideas of Christian civilisation. And there was it, indeed, that Providence had prepared its greatest successes. It made a beginning in drawing together in 1830, with the consent of their masters, a numerous congregation of slaves in Wagenmaakers Valei, not far from what is still called Fransche Hoek, the French Corner. Converted by hundreds, and long since admitted to freedom, these blacks themselves now support a pastor as well as several schools, under the surveillance of the founder of this work, the venerable missionary Bisseux, whom the colonists and those who were formerly their property alike honour as a father.

In 1833 Basuto Land was explored, and brought for the first time into relation with Cape Colony and the civilised world. The discovery was made, at a height of 10,500 feet above the sea level, of the *Mont aux Sources*, whose French name has been since preserved in all geographies. Here the rivers Orange and Caledon take their rise, as well as the Vaal, which runs into the Atlantic, and the Tugela and its affluents, which fall into the Indian Ocean.

The language spoken by all the Basutos, and understood by thousands of other natives, has been not only conquered, but rendered richer and more flexible, so as to suffice for all religious and social needs. Nineteen great centres of teaching and worship, with churches, manses, schools, and agricultural establishments, have been successively created. Wars, externally provoked, have caused us to lose five of these; but the fourteen which remain to us have been reinforced by sixty-seven branch stations, having under their direction 105 zealous and capable native catechists and teachers. Two large normal schools for young men and girls, a preparatory school of theology, and an industrial school, are filled by intelligent pupils, amongst whom are many belonging to the first families of the country.

For many years past, thousands of copies of the New Testament, as well as collections of hymns, manuals of history, geography, and arithmetic have been in circulation. The whole Bible, beautifully bound, is now to be had at the depôts of Moriah, where, at the price of ten shillings, it is eagerly bought.

A great number of Basutos, converted to Christianity after having proved the sincerity of their faith by renouncing the manners and superstitions of their fathers, have quitted this world with joy, assured of their salvation. With them also have passed to the eternal rest the excellent chief Moshesh, who was the means of our first entering into the country, as well as my worthy colleagues Frédoux, Rolland, Lemue, Pellissier, Daumas, Cochet, and my intrepid companions in arms, Arbousset and Gossellin.

Their successors, to the number of twenty, pursue this work amongst thousands of hearers and of children in the faith. On the occasion of the Jubilee at Moriah, the churches sent 150 recognised representatives; and when the hour came to render glory to God at the sacred table, 900 communicants presented themselves, filling up the whole church, and compelling the crowds who had flocked in to the celebrations from all quarters to remain outside for want of room.

To these results on the religious and intellectual side must be added, as fruits of the teachings and example of the missionaries, the culture of wheat, of the potato, and of our principal vegetables and fruit trees; the almost universal adoption of the plough; the raisings of horses, of merino sheep, of the angola goat, of all the denizens of our poultry yards, and the great improvement of the breed of oxen; a considerable and constantly growing export of cereals, wool, and cattle; an importation of clothing, utensils, and European merchandise generally, amounting to several millions of francs; the substitution of solid and commodious houses for the huts of former times.

France will reap only in an indirect manner the results of these labours; but the Basutos will ever bless her name in the remembrance of what a handful of her sons have accomplished amongst them. Let us trust that their young churches may continue to edify us by the simplicity of their faith, growing daily in strength and wisdom, until they have caused every remnant of Paganism around them to cease!

May it not indeed be that, becoming in their turn missionary centres, they will, in the exercise of that rich temperament and of that capacity which distinguish the Basutos among the African races, prove the great means of bringing about the Saviour's reign in what has so justly been called 'the Dark Continent!' Herein is my expectation and my hope, and for this cause do I bless God for sending me as His messenger into their midst.

THE END.

INDEX

Aisne, 46
Algiers, 48, 49, 69, 271
Algoa Bay, 56, 163
Alps, 46
Amelotte, Father, 12
Amiens, 54
Anderson, Rev. W., 258–9
Andrieux, 49
Anglican Church, 82
Antelope, 113–4, 118, 129–32, 137, 141, 149, 191
Arabic, 48, 50
Araujugon, 7
Arbousset, T., 46, 48, 52, 60–1, 65–6, 134, 190–1, 194, 200, 204, 215, 240, 243, 280, 283, 292
Archives de Christianisme, Paris, 112
Armans, Booi, 140
Audebez, 44

Baboon, 192
Babut, Mme. (*née* Monod), 56
Baharoutsi, 48, 139
Barriére de Sevrés, 44, 45
Basutoland, see Lesoto
Basutos
  attitude to missionaries, 165–9, 171–2, 174, 186–7, 211–2
  appearance, 170–1, 173–4, 176–8, 221
  hospitality, 167, 174, 177, 179
  attitude to manual labour, 199–200, 206
  tribulations of the past, 182, 230–1
Basuto language, see Sotho
The Basutos, by Eugene Casalis, 189
Baviaan's Kloof, 80
Bayonne, 9–10, 12, 18–23, 25–7, 30, 37, 51, 268
Béarn departement, 10, 12, 19
Beauce, 19
Bechuana–Batlapin, 139
Bechuanas, 74, 98, 157, 160, 162
Beersheba Mission Station, 240–2, 248, 270, 278
Bergenaars, see Griquas
Bethel, 169
Bethelsdorp, 100–3, 110, 252
Beulah Mission Station, 240, 242
Biarritz, 23, 26–7
Bible and Tract Society, 82
Bisseaux, Isaac, 45, 47, 87, 91, 96–7, 266, 290
Boers, Cape, see Dutch Colonists
Bogue, Dr. David, 67, 99, 257
Bonnard, Prof., 18, 55
Bordeaux, 268
Boschjesman, see Bushmen
Bost, Ami, 19
Boudry, 43
Boulevard Mont-Parnasse, 40–1
Boulogne, 39
Bovet, Charles, 43
Brown, Capt. Richard, 56–8, 60–1
Brunet, Mlle., see Casalis, Mme. Jean
Bushmen, 128, 133, 139–40, 154–63

Caffraria, see Kaffraria
Caffres, see Kaffirs
Caledon River, 169, 170, 172–3, 175, 240, 279, 291
Calvin, 47
Cannibalism, 230
Cape of Good Hope, 49–51, 54, 60–1, 64, 80, 81, 83, 85, 161, 162
Cape Town, 68–9, 71–6, 82–6, 104, 135, 255, 259, 267–76, 283, 285, 287
Cape Town College, 269
Casalis, Arnauld, 9, 10, 12, 17–9, 22, 50, 52, 209–11
Casalis, Jean, 7, 10–11, 15
Casalis, Mme. Martha Benjamine, 9, 10, 17–8, 22, 35, 50–2, 247
Casalis, Mme. Sarah, 275–9, 283–7

Casalis, Mme. (*née* Brunet), 8, 13–15
Chabraud, Pastor, 18, 19
Champillion, 49
Chateau of Gaston Phoebus, 38
Cholera, 45
Chosané, 174
Clarkson, 67
Cochet, L., 292
Colani, Mlle. Eléanore, 56, 60–1, 99, 112
Colani, Pastor, 45, 46
Cole, Sir Lowry, 132
Colesberg, 132–3, 242
Collége de France, 48
Concordat, 22
Congregational Church, 82
Constant, Benjamin, 40
Continental Society, The, 37
Cousin, 36
Crane, 117
Cuckoo, 118
Cuvier, 49

Daillié, Pastor, 77
Daumas, F., 249–52, 285, 292
Daumas, Mme., 285
de Lobau, Count, 45
de Mazères, Gachon, 191
de Percival, Caussin, 48
de Saly, Silvestre, 48
de Staël, Baron, 33
de Tassy, Garein, 48
Dikkop, 258
Dixie, 66
Dover, 56
Drakenstein, 91
Drelincourt sonnets, 12
Dutch colonists, 74–6, 79, 80, 92–6, 118–21, 132–3, 152–3, 154, 160, 252, 258–60, 265
Dutch East India Company, 77
Dutch language, see Nederlands
Dyke, Hamilton, M., 285
Dyke, Sarah, 270–1, 275

East Indies, 272
Edict of Nantes, Revocation of, 7, 18, 77, 91
Elephant, 256
Ellis, William, 56
Epitome Historiae Sacrae, 23
Esquehéries, 47
Eylau, Battle of, 28, 29

Faure, Abraham, 82
Ferdinand VII, 30
Fish
  Bonito, 62
  Hottentot, 73
  Pilot, 62–3
  Sharks, 63
  Swordfish, 63
Florian fables, 12
Fransche Hoek, see French Hoek
Frédoux, J., 292
Freeman, Mrs., 61
French Hoek, 77, 91, 290
French army, 30
French fleet, 56

Gaika, 105–6
Gamtoos River, 255
Gare River, 38
Genadendal, 80, 259–66
Geneva, 12, 19
George, 257
Gnadenthal see Genadendal
Gosselin, C., 54–5, 60–2, 190, 200, 204, 208–9, 242, 244–5, 279–80, 283, 285, 292
Graaff Reinet, 121–4, 126, 139, 207, 250, 251
Grand-Pierre, 40–1, 44, 53, 55
Grand-Pierre, Mme. Eugénie, 40, 41–2, 53
Gravesend, 56
Green Point, 65
Griquas, 136, 186
Gruner, Louis, 43
Guers, 19
Guinea Fowl, 192
Guizot, 36, 40

Haldane brothers, 29
Hankey, 252–5, 257
Hare, 118
Hebrew, 48

Heidelberg Catechism, 95
Herrnhut, 80, 262
Hill, Rowland, 67
History of Conquest of Peru, 17, 32
Homer, 31–2
Hoogekraal, 258
Hottentots
  appearance, 72–4, 102
  missions to, 80, 99, 100–8, 110–111, 215, 254–5, 257–9, 260–6
  drivers etc., 110, 113–6, 121, 131, 191, 198–9, 249, 252
  origin, 160–3
Huguenots, 7, 77–9, 91–3, 266, 290
Hyena, 144–5, 198, 230–1

India, 66–7
Infant schools, 83, 285
Iron Gate Church, Orthez, 11
Islamism, see Mahommedanism
Israel, 30

Jackal, 144
James, Angell, 67–8
Jesuits, 33
Jews, 30–1, 35
Journal des Missions, Paris, 112, 289
Jousse, T., 288

Kaffraria, 90, 107
Kaffirland, 104, 108
Kaffirs, 50, 74, 99, 105–6, 108, 136, 160, 162, 170, 277–8
Karroo, 98
Khoabane, 184
King of the Mountain, see Moshesh
Kitchingman, Rev. J., 98, 102–3, 108, 110, 115
Kolbé, Rev., 135
Korannas, 136, 138, 173, 176, 186, 195
Krotz, Adam, 136–9, 154, 164–6, 174, 176, 180, 182, 191, 195, 198, 213
Kuruman, 49, 98, 138

Labourdette, Jean, 8, 9
Labourdette, Martha Benjamine, see Casalis, Mme. Martha Benjamine
La Fontaine fables, 12, 49
Lancastrian system, 13
Lacretelle, 49
Landes, 51
Langkloof River, 256
Languedoc, 191
Laromiguière, 49
Latin Grammar, by Lhomond, 23
Lauga, 249–52
Lemaire, Dr., 125–6
Lemé, 45, 46
Lemue, Mme., 285
Lemue, Prosper, 45, 47, 49, 56, 68, 87, 98–9, 108, 112, 131–2, 138, 139, 214, 292
Leopard, 144, 192
Lépoko, 170
Léris, Raymond, 28
Lesoto, 134, 164–5, 169–76, 178, 180–1, 290
Létsié, 173–4, 212
le Vaillant, 50, 78, 161
Libé, 185
Lion, 141–53, 192, 195—8, 230–1
Lion Mountain, see Lion's Head
Lion's Head, 65
London, 54, 56, 61
London Missionary Society, 66, 99, 100, 104, 135, 139, 252, 254–5, 258, 267
Lubbe, Hans, 140
Lutheran Church, 82
Lutteroth, Henri, 42
Lyndall, Miss, 83, 270

Madagascar, 66–7, 82
Magokari River, see Caledon River
Mahommedanism, 48, 275
Mahommedans, 72, 272–5
Makhoarane, see Moriah Mission Station, 188
Makoanyane, 184

Malan, César, 29–30
Malays, 72, 74, 83, 88, 272
Malouti Range, see Maluti Mountains
Maltitz, 132, 133
Maluti Mountains, 174–5
Mamohato, 179–80
Ma-Yankana, 108
Maze, 18
Maze, Mme., 8, 19, 21
Mékuatleng Mission Station, 285
Melvill, Rev., 253–5
La Fontaine fables, 12, 49
Messer, Rev. J. G., 111
Mexican, The ss., 98
Missionary Society of Rotterdam, 81
Mission Committee of Paris Evangelical Missionary Society, 34, 49, 67, 241, 247
Mission House of Paris Evangelical Missionary Society, 38, 40–50, 54, 288
Moffat, Rev. Robert, 49, 98, 137, 214
Mokhatchané, 137, 170, 184–5
Molapo, 173–4, 194
Monkey, 118
Monod, Frédéric, 42
Montauban, 7, 18, 38, 55
Mont-aux-Sources, 290
Mont de Marsan, 51
Moravian Missionary Society, 39, 80, 190, 259, 261–2
Moriah Mission Station, see Morija Mission Station
Morija Mission Station
  site, 187–8, 191–4
  establishment, 194–5, 197–8, 200–9, 233
  religious instruction, 215–6, 233, 238–240
  learning language, 214–5, 217–8
Moselekatse, 68, 139
Mosémé, 166–70
Moshesh
  interest in missions, 137–8, 173–4, 176–84, 194, 216–29, 239, 241, 243–4, 284
  appearance, 176–7
  character, 170, 177, 187, 221, 224–5, 229, 239
  hospitality, 179, 180, 245
Mosquitoes, 204–5
Motito, 138–9
Murray, Rev. Andrew, 121–3

Namaquas, 67, 102, 259
Napoleon, 22
Navarreux, 7
Nederlands, 49, 167, 215
Neff, Félix, 46
Ntalimi, 180

Oleron River, 7
Orange River, 110, 124, 132, 134, 138, 139, 169, 240, 254, 270, 291
Orthez, 8–11, 13, 19–20, 22, 37, 51
Orthez consistory, 20
Osterwald catechism, 16
Osterwald commentaries, 12
Ostrich, 113, 201, 235–6
Outeniqua River, 256

Paarl, 87–91, 102
Pacalt, Rev. C., 258
Pacaltsdorp, 255, 257–60
Paris, 40–54, 60, 123, 125, 136, 288
Paris Evangelical Missionary Society, 16, 32, 40, 70, 83, 289–90, 292
Paris Protestant Bible Society, 16, 40
Partridge, 117
Passage du Commerce, 43
Pastors of the Desert, 8
Pau, 9
Pédézert, 51–2
Pellissier, Rev. J. P., 49, 68, 139, 240, 242, 292
Philip, 110, 113–4, 191
Philip, Dr. John, 66–8, 70, 73, 82, 122, 135, 138, 255, 267, 269
Philip, Rev. William, 255

Philippolis, 135–6, 139, 169, 180, 194, 215, 254
Phuthiatsana Stream, 175
Picardy, 46
Pizarro, 32
Plettenberg Bay, 256
Polygamy, 225–7, 284
Polynesia, 56
Port Elizabeth, 98–100, 252, 276–7
Postry, 45
Presbyterian Church, 123
Pyrenees Mountains, 38, 39
Pyt, Pastor Henry, 19–30, 33–41, 53

Quagga, 142–3, 149
Quatremére, 48

Rasébéla, 176, 178
Ratsiou, 184
Records of Christianity, 16
Revolution, July 1830, 40, 44
Robertson, Dr., 90
Robson, Mrs., 100, 276–7
Robson, Rev., 99–100, 276
Rolland, Mme., 270–1, 278
Rolland, S., 49, 68, 83, 87, 138, 214, 240, 242, 248, 292
Rondebosch, 86
Rue de Mail, 40
Rue St. Honoré, 53
Rue Taitbout, 44
Rutherford, 66

St. Helena Island, 276
St. Mary's Church, Paris, 53
St. Peter's Church, Orthez, 9
Salies, 34
Salles Montisgard, 8, 15
Salt River, 87
Sauveterre, 34, 35
Saverdun, 19
Savoyard Vicar, by J. J. Rousseau, 16
Schmidt, Rev. George, 80, 81, 108, 262
Ségalas mansion, 8, 9, 10–12
Sékhésa, 240
Semeur, Paris, 112
Sépéami, 140, 213–5
Shrike, 118
Simond, Pastor Pierre, 77–8
Sinkou River, see Orange River
Slavery, 32, 74, 260
Smith, Rev. Alexander, 112
Sneeuberge, 124
Snow Mountains, see Sneeuberge
Society for Promoting Christian Morality, 40
Soga, Rev. Tyo, 90–1
Sonda Islands, 72
Sorbonne, 49
Sotho, 30, 214
Souquas, 161
Spain, 9, 30
Sparrman, 161
Sunday Schools, 42, 44, 83
Sundays River, 121
Swellendam, 90
Swiss, 30, 43, 132

Table Bay, 276
Table Cloth over Table Mountain, 84–5
Table Mountain, 64, 65, 83–5
The Test, *ss.*, 56–66
Teutsch, Bishop, 262, 264
Thaba Bosigo, 170, 174–5, 178–9, 183, 188, 217, 228, 230, 238, 241
Thaba Bosigo Mission Station, 241–6, 282–5, 288–9
Thaba Bosiou, see Thaba Bosigo
Thaba Nchu, 166, 169, 170–9
Thaba Ntsou, see Thaba Nchu
Toulouse, 10, 18, 19
Transport
  horseback, 127–31, 174–6, 243, 245, 252, 278
  horse drawn, 87, 259, 266
  ox drawn, 108–24, 131–2, 134–40, 164–5, 171–3, 249, 247
Trinidad Island, 63
Tugela River, 291

Ursuline Convent, 9

Utrecht, 123
Uitenhage, 111, 121

van der Kemp, Rev., 81–2, 101, 103–7, 126, 269
van Ryneveld, Commissioner, 123
van Wyk, 260
Ver-Huell, Count, 40
Villemain, 36
Viret, 10
Virgil, 31–2
Vogelgezang, 272

Wagenmaaker's Vallei, see Wellington
Wagram, Battle of, 28
Waldeck, 132
Wellington, 87, 91, 290
Wesleyan Church, 82, 135
Wilberforce, 33, 67
Wilks, Matthew, 67
Williams, Mrs., 270–1, 275
Williams, Rev. Joseph, 100, 277
Wynberg, 86

Zinzindorf, Count, 191, 262
Zondag, 256–7
Zondag's Rivier, see Sunday's River
Zulus, 153–4

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